

July 31, 1963

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● If you like black as a basic color, Brisbane TV personality Jackie Ellison has a hint to add to our "Good-Grooming Guide" (page 55).

SHE says: "Black is one of the most difficult colors to prevent picking up little pieces of fluff, etc.

"I wind transparent sticky-tape around the fingers of one hand, sticky side out, and dab at the material with short, quick movements.

"The tape picks up all the little pieces that even a clothesbrush can't remove."

★ ★ ★
COMMONWEALTH Bank officer Mr. Arthur Hene, who went to South Africa to report on that country's changeover to decimal currency (story, page 7), said: "In the early stages you could go into one store which was still operating in the old currency and buy something for 2/-.

"In another store you could buy the same article with the same coin, marked 20 cents."

★ ★ ★
MRS. IAN CAMPBELL, who writes from Britain about Australian cooking (page 4), told us:

"One of the greatest surprises to me was to find that no one makes a fruit salad as well as Australians. "Other people slice a small selection of fruit into individual dishes ready to eat.

"This is a very poor substitute for the Australian method of dicing a great variety of fruit into a big basin, sugaring, and letting it stand before serving."

Our Cover

● The Golden Wattle (*Acacia pycnantha*) on our cover is the one State tourist Ministers want to see gazetted as Australia's official floral emblem.

Known also as Broad-leaved Wattle and Tanner's Wattle, it grows in Victoria, South Australia, and some parts of southern New South Wales.

The first organised move to make wattle the Commonwealth flower began before World War I, when a group, including the poet Agnes Storrie (Mrs. J. W. Kettlewell), approached J. H. Maiden, the N.S.W. Government botanist.

Mr. Maiden became active in the Wattle League, of which Mrs. Kettlewell was honorary secretary. August 1 was chosen as Wattle Day and for many years the flowers were distributed, but never sold, in Sydney streets on that day.

Because the Golden Wattle was among the most spectacularly beautiful, it came to be accepted as the national flower. It appears with the coat-of-arms on florins. However, it has never been gazetted.

Cover picture by Mrs. Bon Strange, of Ballarat, Victoria.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS



3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. G. D. Stuart, ULVERSTONE, TASMANIA, wins a Philips Transistor Radio. For her recipe see page No. 49.

120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a set of 6 multi-colour Agee Pyrex ramekins.

N.S.W.: Mesdames B. Dick, Inverell; A. Howland, D. Why, E. Harris, Gdn.; S. Rice, Nrbren; J. May, Ash; M. Brown, Cheltenham; L. Stanforth, Kogarah; W. Eichhorn, Mosely; Ph. J. Fick, W. Ryde; P. Smith, Macgill, Hdr.; S. Campbell, Orange; L. Robins, Fairfield; N. Myers, Kogarah; J. Rolfe, Ffrd.; J. Pomfret, Mayfield; J. Pettis, Mayfield; E. Nelson, Gerringong; N. Griffiths, Hamilton; S. J. Young, Murrumbidgee; A. Smith, E. Maitland; W. Egan, Adamstown; A. Dabbs, Oatley; W. N. Vandenberg, Bermagui; S. J. Boundy, Mt. Pritchard; H. Jarrett, S. Grafton; J. Elliott, Buge; F. Edmonds, Armidale; S. Korten, Batic; M. Salter, Gulgong; A. Williams, Rbbs; S. Celer, Bktwn; E. Dobney, Lesmont; W. Jackson, Gulgong; I. Houser, Frml; T. Bellincanta, Fogali; E. Johnston, Mbra; B. Ryan, Camray; E. Yddes, Gwn.; S. Wegner, Walla Walla; N. Field, Toongabbie.

VIC.: Mesdames K. Simons, St. Alb.; E. Semini, St. Alb.; A. Keger, S. Geelong; A. Sugden, St. Alb.; G. McDonald, Hamp; R. Cattons, Werbee; D. Vaughan, Wurum; J. Osborn, Clematis; V. Roberts, Swan Hill; E. Janky, Bayview; D. Bird, Geelong; M. Daw, Kew; B. Tilgner, Wangaratta; A. Currie, Moab; C. Savanaka, Ash; M. Norfolk, Dand; C. Lyons, Chelsea; B. Lester, Wandin; N. D. Frazzetta, Manzie; Ch. B. Schumann, Portland; V. Sennett, Norlane; I. Sullivan, Chelms; A. Jenkins, Werthe; E. Giffen, Colong; D. Day, Nob. Ph.; E. Thomas, Strathmore; H. Cleghorn, Wand; E. Yddes, Warragul; Misses B. Nowtown, Pres; V. Windmill, Colac.

QLD.: Mesdames D. Herdman, Rockhampton; N. N. Bonazzi, Babin; B. Hensell, Redgate; E. Cheesman, Julia Creek; E. Hunter, Yuleba; D. Hady, Inverleigh; S. Bristow, Cairns; S. Bloomfield, Targoh; R. Critchley, Maly; A. Scheuler, Murrumbidgee; N. Wolff, Bundaberg; E. Schiberg, MacAlister; M. Jensen, Garbutt; D. Parker, Bardon; A. Leamond, Yagoo; R. Clarke, Camp Hill; R. Merrick, Broadway; E. Cory, Dalveen; R. Tye, Cynthia; A. Granzin, Gympie; A. Reinsdeller, Galt; P. Moore, Maly; E. Cooper, Bundaberg; V. Price, Ash; Miss A. Wieden, Kingsport.

S.A.: Mesdames V. Starick, Murray Bridge; R. Hann, Robe; I. Schiller, Angaston; D. Kapelle, Mar. Rks.; N. Milbu, Freeling; M. Razmus, Angaston; N. Trevor, Pt. Lincoln; D. O'Connor, Kimba; D. Wilmhurst, Hctville; F. Shepard, St. Pr.; V. Walkley, Mount; M. Gwynne, S. Woodville; F. Ipswich, Bmt.; J. Reichen, Broadview; V. Duggan, Yongala.

TAS.: Mesdames B. McQuitty, Burnie; J. Whitehouse, W. Hobart; C. Winkler, Devonport; T. Webb, Devonport; D. Douglas, Bell; G. White, Legana; I. Rodwell, Crt.; A. Pearson, Ulverstone; T. Gunderson, Rose; Miss M. Wegman, St. Leonards.

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FROM ITALY—WITH LOVE



SIX motherless children from southern Italy were reunited with their father in Melbourne this month. Mr. Carmelo Spurio, an Italian migrant, is pictured above holding Rocco, his baby son. Beside him are his five daughters (back row, from left), Concettina, 8, Serafina, 9, and (front, from left) Rosina, 14, Rita, 3, and Mattea, 11.

Mr. Spurio, a former country laborer from Laureano di Borrello, in Calabria, came to Melbourne in May, 1962, to prepare a home for his wife and family.

But his wife died when their son, Rocco, was born just one year ago, on July 7.

It looked as if the family would never be together in Australia.

Mr. Spurio earned £16 a week in a Preston leather factory, but by the time he paid £6/10/- a week rent for a five-room terrace house nearby, bought food, and sent money home for the children, he could save nothing. The house was "furnished" with old fruit cases.

Three months ago the Italian Consul mentioned the family's plight to the Italian newspaper "Il Globo." The paper interested the Immigration authorities in the Spurios' case and launched an appeal for money to help them.

The appeal raised £780. Some of this was spent on blankets and other household needs. The remainder, £650, was given to Mr. Spurio. He has banked it, hoping later to use it as part-deposit to buy a house.

The children were brought to Australia in double-quick time, thanks to speedy joint action by the Immigra-

tion authorities and the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration.

A great many people in Melbourne had a part in making the Spurio family welcome, among them the ladies of the Italo-Australian Welfare Association, who arranged many gifts of furniture and clothing.

Mr. Spurio has a big task ahead bringing up his large family. But Rosina and Mattea, although so young, are experienced housekeepers, and all the girls compete for the chance to look after their baby brother, the whole family's pride and joy.

The most dedicated little mother of them all is the eldest, Rosina, 14, who has had special charge of Rocco since his birth, and who will be the "official" family housekeeper.

Says the bright new **MARGARET SMITH:**

TENNIS AND BOYS DO MIX

From **BARBARA LAWSON**, in London

MARGARET SMITH, below, in the Wimbledon women's final in which she defeated America's Billie-Jean Moffitt; and, left, in a recent Press picture.

● "Mighty Margaret" they call her, and "Marg the Magnificent." The phrases and praises fly over her head like a high-lobbed ball, leaving her one of the most unaffected world champions in tennis history.

AUSTRALIA'S first winner of the Wimbledon women's title hasn't been spoilt by her scores of triumphs, but she is a very different girl from that rangy kid from Albury, N.S.W., who won the Australian women's championship in Brisbane in January, 1960, at the age of 17.

Last year the crowds admired her for her whiplash ground strokes, man-size volleys and smashes, and machine-like service. This year, as well as noticing an improved style in her tennis, they admired the slimmer vitality of the girl who flashed across the court, her blond wavy hair held in a bandeau.

"Tennis and boys don't mix," Margaret used to say each year. Now she admits, with a happy smile,

that the combination isn't so bad after all.

"Gee, I like going out on dates very much," she told me soon after her victory at Wimbledon. She'd just gone through gruelling interviewing by TV, radio, and newspaper reporters in the unruffled way that makes people mistakenly think she is nerveless and mechanical.

"I love dancing," she said. "That's probably what I like most to do on a date — though I'm pretty keen on going to a film, too."

On a diet

Her lively dancing at the Wimbledon Ball, where she Twisted and Cha-cha'd most of the night, was one of the first indications that "Majestic Marg" was relaxing off the courts in a way she'd never been able to do before.

"Robyn Ebbenn and I went on a diet recently," she said, explaining the loss of weight which gives her this new look.

"We went off bread, potatoes, butter, and all sweet things."

"I know it sounds funny, but I enjoy dieting."

"The thing is, the thrill I get from the results at the end makes the whole idea of dieting enjoyable to me."

Margaret has a sweet tooth, but avoids cakes and chocolates because she knows they add inches to her figure.

In the past the concern for her figure was always with tennis solely in mind. Now I'm not so sure.

She has grown her hair to almost shoulder-length, and turns the naturally curly ends up at night. But nothing could bring her to wear frilly tennis frocks.

"I don't look right in frothy things," she told me. "I feel happier in simple tailored clothes — though at a party I don't mind something softer-looking."

Now that boys have seriously entered her life (she was only interested in the occasional date before) she has been faced with a bugbear of fame.

"Just because a girl goes out with a fellow four or five times, everyone says she's going to marry him," she lamented.

"So angry"

She was referring to the speculation in London as to whether she would announce her engagement soon to Melbourne oarsman Robin Hodson, whom she met this year at the Henley regatta.

"This makes me so angry," she said — not at all the calm Margaret of old. "I haven't known Robin very long. I suppose this fuss will happen every time I go out with a fellow more than once."

Remembering how sincerely and excitedly she'd said: "Gee, I like going out on dates," it seems likely there will be many more boys she will be dating.

And whatever tennis tournament she enters from now on, this new grown-up Margaret will have some romance in the offing.



AUSSIE FOOD GOES DOWN WELL OVER THERE

By **FAY CAMPBELL**

● While Australian women are enjoying the current vogue for international cookery, they may be interested to know that I am enjoying a modest success in England serving traditional Australian food to my friends.

I DON'T suppose many housewives at home realise how many of the recipes they regard as everyday fare are uniquely Australian.

The first time I made a Pavlova (meringue marshmallow cake topped with passionfruit and cream) and served it as dessert at a dinner party it was the talking point of the evening.

No one had ever tasted one before or even heard of it. It was praised so highly that I glowed in reflected glory.

It was such a success I foresaw fame as a purveyor of good Australian food opening out before me.

I have been asked often for the recipe and know it will be a sure favorite.

If you are wondering where I get the passionfruit it is from South Africa—in tins.

Another habit I have copied — from a chain of Sydney restaurants — is to

serve chocolate mints with coffee. I had done this at home for years.

Over here it is a welcome novelty and always appreciated.

Australian breakfasts are, of course, famous. If people know nothing else about Australia they do know about our breakfasts.

Although my family usually eat lightly for this meal, whenever we have guests I make a special effort and serve fruit, chops and eggs, or steak and eggs.

This is an astonishing breakfast to anyone but an Australian.

It's a good tradition and one worth encouraging.

I always enjoy the result and wish I could muster the energy to cook it daily.

Spurred on by the enthusiasm for Australian food, I've often baked dampers and served them at morning coffee parties.

Lamingtons are another novelty here, and an as-

sured success with the five-year-old brigade.

One recipe which I have used repeatedly, and always successfully, is for an Australian sponge.

The recipe was one sent in to The Australian Women's Weekly years ago by a country reader. It is called Orange Sponge, but obviously one can vary the icing.

If anyone would like it back, here it is:

INGREDIENTS (for the mixture): One cup of flour, 1 scant cup of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/4 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons milk (hot) in which is melted 1 dessertspoon of butter.

METHOD: Separate whites from yolks, beat whites until stiff, add yolks, beat again, then sugar gradually, beat well, add well-sifted flour, cream of tartar, and bicarbonate of soda, fold in gently but thoroughly. Lastly add boil-



FAY CAMPBELL at her farm on the Isle of Wight. Nee McFarlane, of Gulgong, N.S.W., she became a journalist in Sydney, married in England in 1955, and has two children.

ing milk and melted butter and quickly pour into buttered sandwich-tins. Bake about fifteen minutes in a fairly hot oven, 375-400deg. electric.

(Self-raising flour may be used if preferred.)

Icing: Mix about a teaspoon of boiling water and a dessertspoon of butter with icing-sugar. Add orange

juice, and when it is mixed to an easy-spreading consistency, ice. Grate a little orange peel on top of the cake for an added fresh flavor.

So, while you are all having fun cooking Continental or Asiatic, spare a smile for me, 12,000 miles away — "going Australian" and loving it.



NEARLY THIRTEEN. Princess Anne leaves the Windsor polo ground after watching her father in a tournament. Centre: Leaving a rehearsal at Westminster Abbey for Princess Alexandra's wedding; and, right, in her bridesmaid's dress on April 24.

For Princess Anne now: England's "happiest school"

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Benenden, the girls' school deep in lovely rural Kent where Princess Anne will become a boarder in September, has the reputation of being the happiest school in England.

"WE are not at all fashionable," one of the governors of the school told me proudly.

"Nothing debbie about Benenden," said his wife, Mrs. Pat Frere (daughter of the late Edgar Wallace). "It's a school that gives a good, sound education and aims to prepare its girls for a career."

Benenden isn't an educational forcing-house; nor do the governors insist on the rigidity of games.

"You are not an outcast if you're not feverishly devoted to sport or riding, as at some schools," Mrs. Frere remarked.

Her own daughter, Patricia, was at Benenden, and like half a dozen of her school friends she is working in New York.

I asked whether Princess Anne would be allowed to take her pony to Benenden, since she so loves riding.

"Certainly not," boomed one of the governors. "There is no stabling and no exceptions will be made."

Princess Anne, who has been taught by a governess from the age of five to nearly 13, becomes the first daughter of a British reigning monarch to go away to school.

The headmistress, good-looking Miss Elizabeth Clarke, who is also a barrister and local magistrate, said that the Princess would

not be coddled. "She will sleep in quite an ordinary bed with a stuffed mattress, and will have to make it herself."

"The girls are called by a bell at 7 a.m. and breakfast is at 7.40. The Princess will have to be in bed at 8.45 p.m. and lights-out is at 9.30."

Miss Clarke hopes that the Princess, who will be 13 on August 15, will stay at the school until she is 18.

In top six

Many of the pupils do, and as Benenden is among the top six schools and ranks tenth in the highest entries to Oxford and Cambridge, its old girls include an unusually high proportion of barristers, lawyers, and doctors.

Most of the 315 boarders are the children of professional men, including some very rich ones. The fees are £480 sterling a year.

Ever since Easter the Princess has had extra tutors for Latin, French, history, and mathematics to bring her up to the standard demanded by this first-class school.

The papers for an examination which every girl must pass before she can go to Benenden were sent to Buckingham Palace in a buff envelope. I am told that Anne, after this cramming, sailed through.

At that result the Queen and Prince Philip must have

heaved a sigh of relief, like other parents anxious for their children's education.

For them it was perhaps even more of a strain, because unless Anne could keep up with the rest of the girls in her class it would have been unwise to send her to school, especially one with a high standard where the class marks are set down for all pupils and parents to see.

Benenden, on a hilltop overlooking an undulating, pleasant district of woodland and hop gardens, was once the home of a Press lord, Viscount Rothermere.

"There is a navy-blue uniform for winter, but the prettiest simple-but-sweet cottons for summer," Mrs. Frere said. "The girls may choose any of the pastel shades."

"It's so cheerful to go there for the day and see them like clusters of flowers in their pale cotton frocks, creating such a nice atmosphere, not at all like a big school."

The Princess will wear the orange tie and hatband of her house, Guildford House.

She will start in the Lower Fifth, and will have at the school her own dressing-table and wardrobe.

Pupils are allowed to bring a few ornaments and some of their treasured belongings, so Anne may arrive weighed down with her transistor radio, tape-recorder, and

even typewriter (though secretarial courses are not part of the curriculum).

There is limited television viewing — the pop sessions, with guitar accompaniments, are the most favored.

Since an all-round education is Benenden's aim, dressmaking, cooking, drawing, painting, pottery, and handicrafts are on the curriculum, as well as the subjects one would expect at a school like this — English, history, French, Latin, biology, and dancing.

In the field of sports Princess Anne's house could do with a good strong tennis player, which she is, to strengthen their teams for inter-house rivalry.

They are strong in music, particularly guitar playing, and among the hobbies of the house there is just about everything in which a girl may indulge — even bell-ringing and brass-rubbing.

Optional, too, are fencing, judo, piano and cello, ballet, drama, amateur acting, and public speaking.

Great freedom

Pocket-money is restricted, and Anne, like the other girls, will have no more than £2 for a whole term.

There is no tuckshop as at boys' schools. The girls may go to the village of Cranbrook whenever they wish outside lesson-time, for great freedom is allowed.

Old girls of Benenden are known as Seniors.

"Without being stuffy and old-school-tie," Mrs. Frere said, "we are so fond of our school that the Seniors go back to keep in touch, and

read the school magazine. In fact, we have a saying: 'Once a Benenden, always a Benenden'."

One of the Seniors told me: "I do hope having Princess Anne at our school isn't going to spoil it for everyone."

"Our unpretentiousness has been the very heart of Benenden, and it would be such a pity if too much limelight was focused on us."

So happy and relaxed is Benenden that, it is claimed, no girl wants to leave. Princess Benedikte of Denmark was in floods of tears at the end of her last term.

During the school holidays Princess Anne may continue her foreign travels with her new school friends.

Benenden has an exchange arrangement with a school of its own standing in Sweden, and some of the girls go there during holiday time to continue their drama classes and afterwards to go as guests to the homes of Swedish girls.

"We just love these holidays when we can pursue our hobbies and see another country," said Vicky White-Franklin, daughter of a leading London pediatrician. Her mother, too, was a Benenden girl.

"We are thrilled," Vicky added, "that Princess Anne is coming to our school. We know she will love it as much as we do. Everyone does."

Princess Anne will be no timid, shrinking schoolgirl when she leaves the protection of her parents and

governess in September, for her life already has been far from cloistered.

She has no airs; and, what is even nicer, she shares much the same interests as any girl of her age.

It was Anne's fondness for little Prince Andrew that caused the Queen to delay so long in sending her to a boarding-school. So Anne stayed with her governess, to be given lessons in company with two girl-friends.

There was a lot of criticism of this "Victorian system of female education that died with the suffragettes," as one well-known writer put it, but the Queen and Prince Philip were right.

Lively Princess

The governess system may be deemed old-fashioned, but there is nothing old-fashioned about the Princess, product of this system.

For Anne could drive a car at nine, and she manoeuvred her father's Mini most dexterously to the admiring cheers of polo spectators.

She has helped to groom his polo ponies every season since she was seven, and is one of the few women to play polo—though not yet grown up.

Dan Maskell, the Wimbledon tennis coach who has coached Anne for three seasons, calls her "a very good tennis player."

The Queen wisely balanced the sheltered life of lessons in the Palace school-room by seeing that her daughter met and mixed with as many girls and boys of her own age as possible



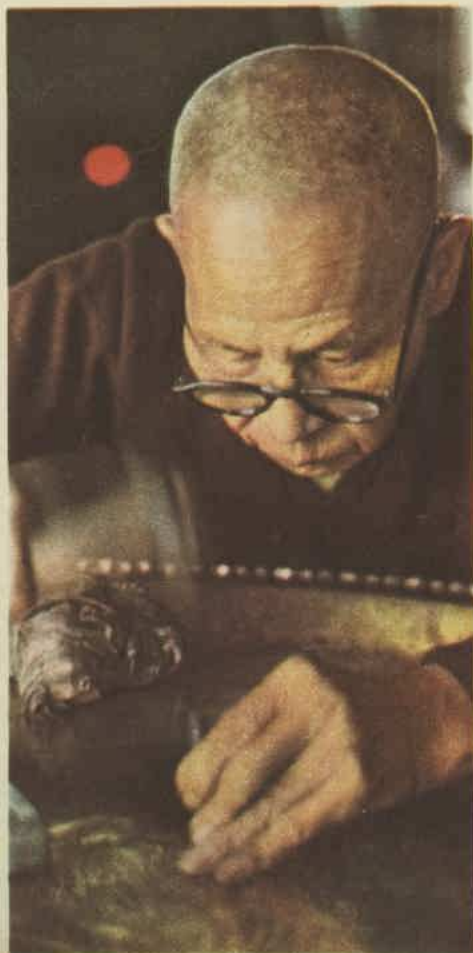
HONG KONG vacation

The floating restaurants of Aberdeen amidst a cluster of junks and sampans. An artisan decorating a ceremonial gong — an example of an ancient Chinese art. Both help set the scene for the tourist in Hong Kong. For a Hong Kong vacation. Hong Kong is a mixture of races, of paces, of feelings, of actions, and of worlds. Gateway to the Orient, it is the only city in the world where East *truly* meets West, there is a complete co-existence of the old and the new, and the mysticism of the Orient comes face to face with the realities of the West.

It is 398½ square miles of contrast, of British rule and Asian people, of glorious panoramic views and crowded streets. Day and night tours fill the tourist's agenda from disembarking until that touching moment of farewell.

And in between the time spent touring the sights there are so many shops to visit. Being a tax free port Hong Kong can offer you a wide range of goods often at cheaper prices than in the country of their origin. For the adventurous gourmet, Hong Kong offers delights of the palate beyond expectation. Over and above specialities such as Peking duck, the most tender sweet and sour pork in the world and Hong Kong's famous seafood, one has a choice of Japanese, Russian, French, Portugese and many other types of food. N.B. Fresh oysters, meat and vegetables are flown in from Australia.

If you think you couldn't afford a holiday in Hong Kong, ask your Travel Agent for details of the Group Travel Plan, where 15 or more people belonging to the same organisation or firm can travel to Hong Kong and back, saving £94.15.0



each in air fares. For the more leisurely traveller both passenger and cargo/passenger boats sail regularly to Hong Kong. In all there are 6 flights per week direct from Sydney to Hong Kong and, on an average, one ship sails every 5 days for this fascinating port. Your Travel Agent will give you information on fares and schedules. Call him now.

The actual island of Hong Kong itself, with neighbouring Kowloon and the New Territories, is a fascinating study for the tourist. And for the sports-minded, there are golf, tennis and swimming with an occasional surf rolling on to the brilliant white sands of Big Wave Bay. Whatever your choice, unforgettable scenery will imprint itself on your mind. To cap it all there is accommodation to suit every need, from a single room to a luxurious suite.

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These are the changes people will be facing

● In February, 1966, on a day to be announced, Australians will begin to go shopping with paper royals (worth 10/- in the present currency) and newly minted crowns (5/-), florins (2/-), and cents (worth 1.2d, or a penny-and-a-fifth).

On D (for decimal currency) DAY

SOME people remember with gloom long childhood hours spent in wrestling with decimal points. And because of this they maintain with conviction, "I'll NEVER be able to understand decimal currency."

It's really very simple — once you understand the basic rules.

There will be initial difficulties, of course, but these will be caused mainly by the strangeness of the new currency rather than by any mathematical problem.

For up to two years after D-day Australia will have both currency systems in operation. Price tickets in shops will be in the old and new currencies.

But there'll be many occasions when people will be doing their own mental arithmetic, struggling to convert royals and cents back into the familiar pounds, shillings, and pence to make sure of getting value for money.

Here are some of the rules which will help make conversion easy:

● Keep in mind that there are two royals to every pound. If an article is marked R (for royal) 50, it would be worth £25 in present currency.

● For small amounts, say up to R20 (that is, £10), shift the decimal point one place to the right. This gives the value in shillings. The remaining figure, which represents pence, can be ignored for a rough approximation, but if you want an exact figure multiply the remaining figure by 1.2.

For example, if you have an article marked R18.78: Move the decimal point one place to the right (which is simply an easy way of multiplying by ten). This will give you 187.8 shillings, which is £9/7/- and some pence. The .8 represents 8 cents or roughly 9d in present currency (see conversion table).

Another example: R15.62 becomes 156/- (ignoring the cents), which is £7/16/-.

● For larger amounts, where it is not important to find out the value to the nearest penny or shilling, it is sufficient just to halve the number of royals to give the value in pounds. For example: R284.76 is near enough to £142. The .76 represents 7/7 (see table).

● When South Africa changed from pounds, shillings, and pence to decimal currency in 1961, three officers of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia were sent there to make a report on the changeover.

THEY returned to Australia some months later with their findings. Mr. Arthur Hence, one of the investigating officers, was specially interested in people's reaction to the new currency.

"I found that the average housewife was not particularly interested in decimals," he said. "She felt that she would learn the new system in time and she wasn't going to worry too much."

"In fact, when one lady learned that I was in South Africa to report on the changeover, she said, 'Good, then you can tell me all about it, because I don't know a thing.'"

It wasn't as if the new system was brought in overnight. There were enormous posters all over the country explaining the new currency; there were constant radio broadcasts, and newspapers and magazines all helped to spread the word about decimals.

"One of the most successful advertising gimmicks was a little cartoon character called 'Decimal Dan'," said Mr. Hence.

"We will have Dan here, too, and our educational programme will probably begin six months before the actual date of the changeover."

To get used to the new money, South African women had two full years while the two currencies were operated together.

One of the problems the South African Decimalisation Board faced was the education of the natives. "But, surprisingly, they had no difficulty in adapting themselves," said Mr. Hence, "because they were used to counting in tens, anyway — on their fingers."

"D-day was February 14, 1961. The new money had been minted and trading in the new currency began. But a strange thing happened."

"There were 33,000,000 cent and half-cent pieces minted. The metal in these coins had been bleached and they were an attractive pale golden color. Over-

night nearly 33,000,000 of these coins vanished.

"No one knew what on earth had happened to them, until someone suggested that children were hoarding them."

"The chairman of the Decimalisation Board, Dr. Arndt, didn't believe that children could be responsible for ALL the coins disappearing, but he asked his grandson if he had any. The little boy put his hands in his pockets and drew out great handfuls of them."

"All his friends had collected them, too. The Government had to mint huge quantities of new ones in a hurry."

Mr. Hence told of other odd things that happened in the early days of the changeover.

● The churches were afraid they might lose revenue from the new currency. The popular coin for the collection in South Africa was the half-crown, worth 2/6. The closest equivalent in the new currency was the florin, worth 20 cents, so the churches would lose 5 cents per florin (see conversion table).

● There was profiteering in the initial stages, though it was not widespread. Storekeepers were offering goods at 10 for 10 cents instead of 12 for a 1/-.

At a quick glance this seems reasonable, but a look at the conversion table, 10 cents now equalling 1/-, shows that the goods should have sold at 12 for 10 cents.

● Matches, retailing for 2d. per box, were now priced at three cents, so the customer was paying a fraction more for them. Manufacturers overcame this by putting more matches in each box.

● In some districts natives had been taking 1/- a day with them to work — 4d. for fare there, 4d. back, and 4d. for lunch. When the currency was changed, the Transport Department couldn't charge three cents each way for fares, because they would have lost too much money. If they had charged four cents, the natives would have had only two cents left for lunch.

So the Department went on accepting four pennies in the old currency.

— PATRICIA KENT

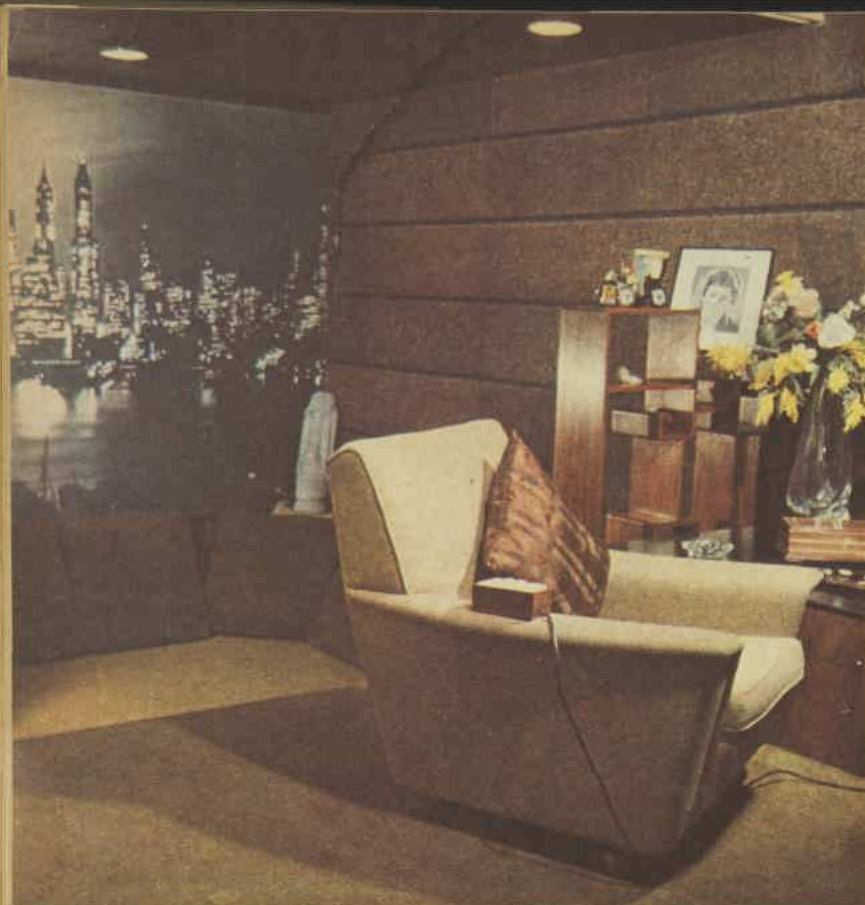
Africans' "golden" cent mystery

THE NEW MONEY AT A GLANCE

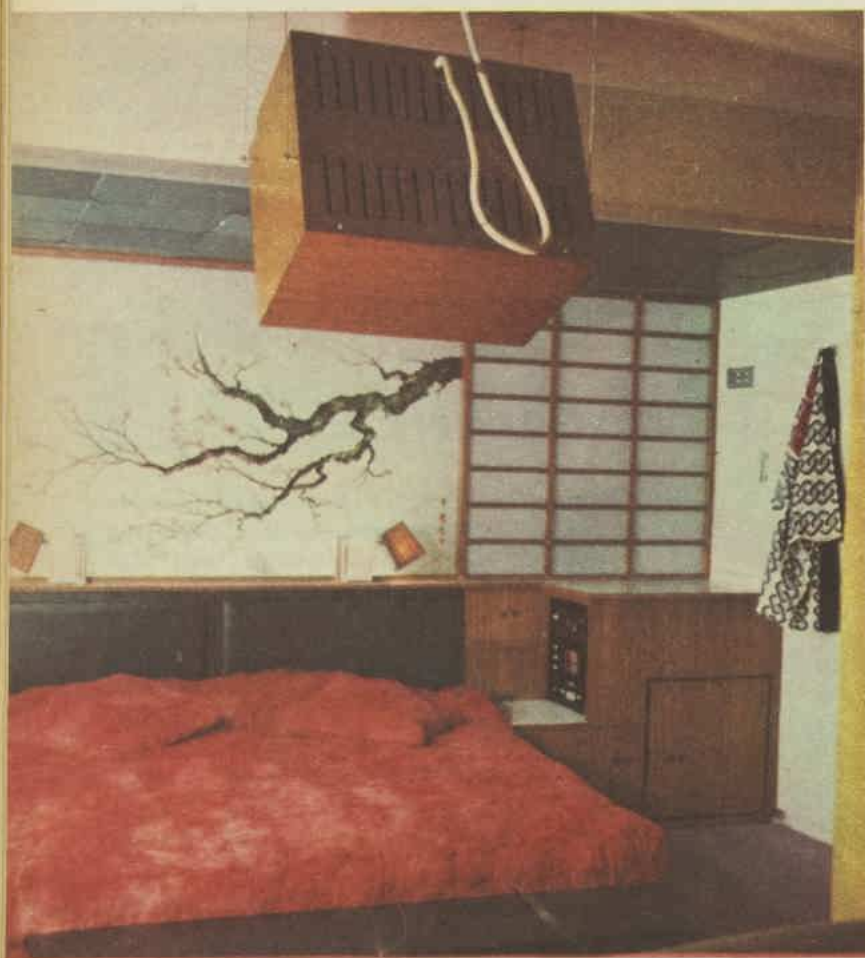
Cents	Shillings, pence	Cents	Shillings, pence	Cents	Shillings, pence	Cents	Shillings, pence	Cents	Shillings, pence
1	0/1.2	21	2/1.2	41	4/1.2	61	6/1.2	81	8/1.2
2	0/2.4	22	2/2.4	42	4/2.4	62	6/2.4	82	8/2.4
3	0/3.6	23	2/3.6	43	4/3.6	63	6/3.6	83	8/3.6
4	0/4.8	24	2/4.8	44	4/4.8	64	6/4.8	84	8/4.8
5	0/6	25	2/6	45	4/6	65	6/6	85	8/6
6	0/7.2	26	2/7.2	46	4/7.2	66	6/7.2	86	8/7.2
7	0/8.4	27	2/8.4	47	4/8.4	67	6/8.4	87	8/8.4
8	0/9.6	28	2/9.6	48	4/9.6	68	6/9.6	88	8/9.6
9	0/10.8	29	2/10.8	49	4/10.8	69	6/10.8	89	8/10.8
10	1/-	30	3/-	50	5/-	70	7/-	90	9/-
11	1/1.2	31	3/1.2	51	5/1.2	71	7/1.2	91	9/1.2
12	1/2.4	32	3/2.4	52	5/2.4	72	7/2.4	92	9/2.4
13	1/3.6	33	3/3.6	53	5/3.6	73	7/3.6	93	9/3.6
14	1/4.8	34	3/4.8	54	5/4.8	74	7/4.8	94	9/4.8
15	1/6	35	3/6	55	5/6	75	7/6	95	9/6
16	1/7.2	36	3/7.2	56	5/7.2	76	7/7.2	96	9/7.2
17	1/8.4	37	3/8.4	57	5/8.4	77	7/8.4	97	9/8.4
18	1/9.6	38	3/9.6	58	5/9.6	78	7/9.6	98	9/9.6
19	1/10.8	39	3/10.8	59	5/10.8	79	7/10.8	99	9/10.8
20	2/-	40	4/-	60	6/-	80	8/-	100 (R1)	10/-

● This table converts pence to cents, expressed in decimals, and also fractions of a cent:

Pence	Cents	Fraction of cent
1	0.83	5-6th
2	1.67	1 2-3rd
3	2.50	2½
4	3.33	3 1-3rd
5	4.17	4 1-6th
6	5.00	5
7	5.83	5 5-6th
8	6.67	6 2-3rd
9	7.50	7½
10	8.33	8 1-3rd
11	9.17	9 1-6th
12	10	10



"CONVERSATION PIT" at one end of the living-room of Stirling Moss' new London home is set off by a blown-up photograph of city buildings at night. Wall at right consists of slabs of cork. A push-button brings dance music from a hi-fi set two floors above. Another button dims the lights in the synthetic-leather ceiling. All windows in the house are double-glazed to keep out cold and traffic noise.



MAIN BEDROOM has a suspended television set and an elaborate control panel at the right of the bedhead. Stirling takes for granted the bath-filling switch, but is excited about switches which enable him to see if any lights in the house are left on. "I can control all lights from my bed," he says. "It acts as a burglar-scarer, too; if I hear anybody downstairs I can light up the entire house."



EX-RACING-DRIVER MOSS — he shaved off his beard the day this picture was taken.

A push-button home for Stirling Moss

● People who ring the doorbell go on closed-circuit television at the new home which retired racing-driver Stirling Moss has built in Mayfair, London.

THE house, with its elaborate control panels, reflects the owner's precise methodical mind. For example, a switch by his bed sets the water running for his bath — to exactly the right level and temperature.

In spite of all the luxurious gadgetry it's not the home of a lazy man—it has four compact storeys and a business-boardroom in the basement, but no lift.

Stirling divorced his Canadian wife last May (after parting from her in 1959) and in the same month announced his retirement from racing as a result of the crash last year. He bought the property, a disused bomb site, four years ago, and the house has taken two years to build.

During that time he collected gadgets and ideas as he travelled about the world on business and racing ventures.

A garage, large enough for his Cortina estate car, Cortina Grand Turismo, and Mini-Cooper, takes up a large part of the ground floor. As he approaches the house he beams open the garage door by means of an electronic device in his car.

It's not so easy for callers to enter. A hidden TV camera is trained on the front door, so that when the bell rings a flick of a switch will cut out whatever programme is on TV, cut in a closed circuit, and project the caller on to the screen.

The visitor is admitted into a tiny hallway. When Stirling himself arrives home the first thing he may do is to press a switch in the hall which turns on the television set upstairs so that it's warmed up and in focus by the time he gets there.

Beyond a concealed door in the hallway is his business office, which looks out on to a small garden with a waterfall.

Stirling's domestic life begins on the first floor, where there are the kitchen and living- and dining-rooms.

Stainless-steel tiles shine from behind a stainless-steel range in the kitchen. There are all sorts of devices, like the bread-drawer with sliding-top cutting-board; if crusts are trimmed off toast a slot opens to receive them.

Garbage disposal is mechanical, and a dumb-waiter serves all floors.

Up the spiral stairs is the second floor, containing the main bedroom and guestrooms, each with bathroom.

The most striking thing in the master bedroom is the cherry-red bedthrow made of skins from rabbits raised on the Moss farm at Tring. But then you quickly notice the large television set which hangs by white cords from the ceiling and can be adjusted in height for comfortable viewing.

Some of the buttons on the elaborate control board at the head of the bed are for the TV set, the hi-fi system, the lighting throughout the house, some of the doors, the closed-circuit television, telephones, and Stirling's tub.

Clever "valet"

One wall of the bedroom is all cupboard space, closed off by electrically powered shutters, containing Stirling's many clothes, neatly hung on Moss-designed hangers.

There's a "silent valet," the usual thing designed to hold overnight a jacket, trousers, shoes, watch, and so on.

But Stirling's has a thermostatically controlled heating unit in it, so that it will press a pair of trousers overnight and deliver them warm in the morning.

At the top of the house is the studio or trophy-room, planned solely for entertaining.

The turntable and the master controls for the hi-fi system (there are speakers throughout the house) are built into one wall, and glass doors open to a balcony with a barbecue.

Down in the basement, next to the noiseless air-conditioning plant, is a driftwood-panelled boardroom where Stirling, at 33 a director of six companies, holds his business meetings.

— BARBARA LAWSON

ALL PARIS MOURNS LUCKY

"She is fashion come to life," said Dior. But at 41 death claimed Lucky, world's most elegant model.

THE mannequin who turned Dior's dresses into dreams will be buried in Brittany, her home province, but it will be the entire world of fashion that mourns.

The fabulous Lucky, who was born Lucie Dauphars in the Breton port of Quimper and rose to be Dior's star mannequin, died of cancer in a Paris clinic.

This slim, practical brunette was the most celebrated model of the post-war era.

She is indelibly associated with Dior and his return of grace, glamor, and elegance to fashion in the late 1940s.

Born a farmer's daughter, she at first envisaged a life very far removed from the elegant salons of Paris, and wanted to become a nun.

But she made a teenage marriage and went to Paris, where her only child, a daughter, was born.

This was the daughter who made her a grandmother at the age of 40 — a slim, elegant 40, with a figure like a girl's, her dark almond eyes still mischievous and beautiful, her skin still as fine and taut as it was when she first started her modelling career.

Australians saw her in 1957, at The Australian Women's Weekly Dior parades in Melbourne and Sydney.

Her color

That was the year Rouge Dior, a lively, glowing red, became famous in Paris, partly because Lucky, with her dark hair and eyes and pale magnolia skin, wore it so superbly.

Red was always her lucky color. She will be buried in the red satin dress that the grateful Dior gave her in 1957, not long before he died.

Dior paid her the highest salary a Paris mannequin had ever commanded, and she was his top model for 10 years.

Her Breton accent faded; she assumed the swift, smooth accent of the true Parisienne, but she never lost her streak of Breton practicality.

It was Lucky who organized the French Fashion Models' Union — a task to make even the most tactful and talented labor organiser quail.

CHRISTIAN DIOR creates red satin on Lucky, his favorite mannequin. The picture was taken shortly before the designer's death in 1957.

She made headlines repeatedly in 1959 with her demands that fashion houses employ professional models rather than wealthy girls who were eager to work as models in Paris for pin money and the glamor.

When Lucky retired from modelling for the House of Dior, she opened her own highly successful school for models.

Everything she touched, it seemed, turned to gold — "Lucky by name, lucky by nature," she used to say.

But a few months ago her luck ran out, her health failed, and she entered a Paris clinic.

She had always been famous for her pencil-slim figure.

She always said, "I never have trouble losing weight." But it seems ominous now that she had trouble putting weight on.

Her too-slim body became frailer, till the peasant strength of her native Brittany, a strength and endurance that was in its way as rich and wonderful a gift as her elegance, finally failed her.

LUCKY last year in the boutique she opened in Paris.



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Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

A **ATTRACTIVE** Christina Wilkinson is keeping her fingers crossed for a balmy spring sunshine on the afternoon of September 6—the day she has chosen for her marriage with Melbourne Peter Gebhardt.

Christina is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Wilkinson, of Woollahra, who will entertain guests at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay, after the ceremony at All Saints' Church, Woollahra.

She will be attended by Sue Crago, and John Dunlop will be best man.

Three days after the wedding the young couple will leave for America, where Peter will study at Harvard University for the next twelve months.

THREE hundred guests, clad in colorful fancy-dress costumes, will arrive on skis to attend a party at the The Man from Snowy River Hotel, Perisher Valley, on August 7. It's being organised by Sue Furse, Mrs. Jack Radford, Mrs. Jack Tanner, and Dawn Hughes, who's going as an edelweiss flower and is busily making hundreds of tiny petals for her costume. Proceeds from the party will help raise funds for the Olympic skiers who will compete in the 1964 Winter Championships at Innsbruck next January.

BELLE of the ball—flaxen-haired debutante Carolynne Underwood, who looked absolutely lovely in a floor-sweeping gown of white guipure lace and nylon tulle at the Police Commissioner's Ball. She offset the gown with a dainty marcasite bracelet, a gift from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Underwood.

THE engagement has been announced of Miss Roslyn Weedon, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Weedon, of "Walwa," Breadalbane, to Mr. Kerry Packer, younger son of Sir Frank Packer and of the late Lady Packer.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Green, of "Gunnegallerie," Wellington, who were among youthful spectators at the polo tournament which the Wellington and District Polo Club organised on behalf of the New South Wales Polo Association.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Bob Mackay, of "Tinagroo," Scone, with his daughter Jane and Miss Elizabeth Buchanan, of "Delamere," Pokataroo (on the right), at the Countess of Dudley Cup Polo Tournament which was held at Wellington.



MRS. CHARLES WALTON, of St. Ives, will be up at dawn on July 25 to welcome home her daughter Tweed when she arrives at Kingsford Smith Airport at 6.15 a.m. During her seven-month trip overseas Tweed skied in Switzerland and France and stayed with airwoman Elly Beinhorn while she attended the Freiburg University, in Germany, as a guest student. On August 8 she and her mother will leave for Victoria to attend the National Alpine Championships at Hotham before continuing on to Perisher Valley, where they will spend a fortnight with Mrs. Walton's niece, Gillian Garland, of Double Bay.

HEAR that the Michael Osbornes, of "Lakelands," Bungendore, have named their son, who was born in Canberra recently, Dominic Arthur John.

"ONE long reunion with Australians" is how Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell, of Vaucluse, describe their recent trip overseas. "No matter where we went we always met someone we knew," Mrs. Minell said. In Rome they visited Phil Loneragan, of Mudjee, who told them she is planning a trip home later this year. During their stay in London they saw the Hal Bartletts, of Darling Point, and also went to the races with Mrs. Dick Allen, of Edgecliff, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, of Widdon Stud, Denman. On the final stopover of their trip home, Honolulu, where they went swimming for four days, they ran into Mr. Minell's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jim. White, of "Belltrees," Scone, who are spending a fortnight there.

UNITED STATES bound is Margaret Allsop, of Killara, who will sail in Willem Ruys on September 2 for an indefinite stay. Main reason for the trip is to visit old schoolfriend Mrs. Ernest Hilton, formerly Pattie Nossiter, of Wahroonga. The Hiltons have a lovely apartment on Manhattan Island, and Margaret will stay with them while she looks for a flat of her own. Margaret's mother, Mrs. R. C. Allsop, will give her a bon-voyage party at their home later next month.

MUST pass on the little story actress Maggie Fitzgibbon tells about her fingernails. She says her fingernails have never looked so dreadful. They're short and broken, whereas they're usually long and shapely. The cause? The scene she does with six dogs in her current show, "Sail Away." Said Maggie: "I have to walk the dogs, then pick them up, and their leashes get tangled around my fingers and break my nails." Poor Maggie. There'll be no end to the problem for a while yet. The show has three months to run in Sydney, then goes to Brisbane and Adelaide.



ABOVE: Dr. Roderick Scott, of Grafton, and Miss Pamela McDouall, of "Lowana," Barraba (couple on the left), chatted with Mr. Jim Hoyt, of Newcastle, as he exercised Mr. F. E. T. Coventry's horse, Gitano, between races, at the Grafton Cup.



ABOVE, from left, Mr. Geoffrey Hughes, of Grafton, Miss Gillian Godfrey Smith, of Roseville, and Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace, of Grafton, at the races. On the second day of the meeting they attended a party given by the Chairman of the Clarence River Jockey Club, Mr. F. R. Blood, and Mrs. Blood.

GRAFTON CUP MEETING

● The three-day meeting of the Clarence River Jockey Club got off to a gay start at Grafton with perfect winter weather and record attendances.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Geoffrey Hiatt, of Grafton, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sandilands, of Beauty Point (couple on the right), who were among Sydney racing fans who drove to Grafton for the Clarence River Jockey Club's three-day meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Sandilands spent a week's holiday with their daughter.



ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Alton Cuisick, of Newcastle (couple on left), with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schaeffer, of Grafton, at the cocktail party which was held at the Grafton Club after the first day of the meeting. The Club president, Mr. N. T. Owen, welcomed more than 200 guests.



ABOVE: Colorful hats were worn by (from left) Mrs. John Stratton, of Grafton, Mrs. F. T. H. Scules, of Grafton, and Mrs. Greg Carlton, of Ulmarra, to the Cup Meeting held at Grafton Racecourse last week.

AT RIGHT: Miss Sally Blair, of Grafton (left), with Chief Justice Herron and Mrs. N. T. Owen, of Grafton, at the cocktail party held at the Grafton Club. The Chief Justice was made Grafton's first honorary citizen recently.



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It seems to me

SOME people have reproached me with printing a chestnut—that anecdote about the party guest who swallowed the goldfish.

Frankly, it was new to me, which shows that it falls into the class of chestnut based on odd incidents which occur from time to time. The friend who retailed it says she saw it happen. This suggests that the world is full of gay party characters forever swallowing goldfish.

The other kind of chestnut gains currency because every now and then there is a new audience for it. A classic is the one concerning the woman who wore a floral toque to a funeral and to her dismay saw it disappearing with the wreaths.

Another goldfish story appeared in a book of memoirs by a diplomat. He was being shown around the Kremlin by Stalin and admired some beautiful fish in a glass tank. "Do you like them?" asked Stalin. "In that case I'll have some sent up for your breakfast."

Footnote: But is it a diplomatic chestnut?

HOW did the word "chestnut" come to be applied to an old joke?

According to Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable it was popularised in Boston, U.S.A., in 1886 by an actor named Warren.

He got it from a play called "The Broken Sword."

One of the characters in the play, Captain Xavier, kept repeating the same yarns. When telling of an exploit connected with a cork tree, another character, Pablo, corrected him, saying: "A chestnut tree."

"Bah! I say it was a cork tree," said Captain Xavier.

Pablo: "A chestnut. I have heard you tell that 27 times and I'm sure it was a chestnut tree."

Edwin Radford, in a book called "Unusual Words and How They Came About," gives a different version. He claims that an American painter, Edwin Abbey (1852-1911), regularly told a story about a man who started a chestnut farm and made no money because he gave the chestnuts away. He began the story differently each time he told it, but his acquaintances always recognised it before he had gone very far and used to interrupt with the shout of "Chestnuts!"

AN "olive" in a martini placed near two American diplomats in a Moscow bar proved to be a plastic voice transmitter. The "toothpick" was the antenna. Consequently —

Let the contents of the shaker
Should discreetest lips unseal,
See that the martini-maker
Uses twists of lemon peel.

By



IF you are a divorced woman, don't wear green eye-shadow, mauve lipstick, or hard hair-lacquer.

This piece of advice is contained in a half-serious, half-comic article entitled "An Extra Man's Advice to the Newly Divorced Woman" by Leonard Spigelgass in the American magazine "Town and Country."

The author is evidently much in demand as an extra man, though he does not explain how he came by this status. To hear him tell it,

people in his circle are always getting divorced and he is eternally being asked to partner the feminine half.

And very poor company he seems to find these girls. They are either too gloomy or too eager.

His warnings are summed up finally as: "Stay married. Don't get a divorce. Remember that a woman can't eat in a restaurant alone. A man can. She can't buy one seat for a theatre. A man can."

The above is all reasonably true, provided that you interpret restaurant as the author does — that is, a high-priced eating house with male waiters and a wine licence.

There is no law to say that a woman can't book a table for herself at such an establishment and choke her way through the expensive menu. But—divorced, single, or widowed—she rarely does. Which shows that equality is still a dream.

IN Sydney the custom of giving away parsley has been dying for some time. This rainy winter has killed it.

At the end of June parsley reached an all-time high — 14/- a bunch wholesale. And what constitutes a bunch? "A loose term," says a market authority, "but in general it means the quantity encircled by the two hands of the average man."

AN American congressman has criticised a National Science Foundation grant of £9000 for "Investigation of the mating calls of the Central American toad."

Hark, hark, the toad, who calls his mate
With cries mysterious.

It seems that in his lovelorn state
He grows delirious.

The birds and bees and flowers rate
Attention serious.

How sad that toads who make a date
Should seem hilarious.

• Because of pressure of other work in my job as News Editor, "It Seems To Me" appears this week for the last time for some months.

WORTH REPORTING

OVERSEAS women's golf teams have visited Australia before, but never three international teams together, as will happen at the Commonwealth tournament at the Royal Melbourne Golf Club on August 8, 9, 10.

The Great Britain team will arrive in Perth, visiting Adelaide before Melbourne. The Canada and the N.Z. teams will visit Hobart and Launceston first.

After the Melbourne tournament the teams will travel via Canberra to the Australian championships in Sydney.

The Canada and N.Z. teams will also visit Brisbane.

Four of the Australian Ladies' Golf Union team — Burtta Cheney, Pat Borthwick, Joan Fletcher, and Margaret Masters — were members of the first Commonwealth Tournament team which went to St. Andrews in 1959. The fifth, Judith Percy, is also internationally known; the sixth, Diana Cross, is a newcomer.

Miss Cross, a 20-year-old telephonist from Wagga, has been playing golf for only 3½ years. She is N.S.W. junior champion.

Burtta Cheney, Australian team captain, won the Junior Championship of Victoria in 1933, the year her mother won the State Veterans' Championship.

Outstanding stylist Pat Borthwick is a hairdresser, and has played golf since she was a child at Palm Beach, Sydney.

Judith Percy, who has always attracted big galleries with her hard-hitting style, works on the land near Dalby, in Queensland. She has some unusual

pastimes — collecting semi-precious stones and whittling small articles from wood. She is also building a boat.

Brisbane's Joan Fletcher started golfing at Maryborough about 19 years ago. She is on the Commonwealth Bank staff, and likes squash and fishing for relaxation.

Margaret Masters, who works in a pharmacy at Frankston, Victoria, shares with Pat Borthwick and Joan Fletcher a keen interest in photography.

★ ★ ★
WE always thought those little bits of parsley which generally accompany a fish dish were put there for decoration. But the reason, we learned recently, goes deeper than that.

It's a continuation of the medieval custom of putting parsley or other sharp-smelling herbs round a dish to keep off the flies.

That mint sauce you serve with lamb is a culinary trick from the Middle Ages, too. English housewives in those days thought meat tasted best with the wild herbs on which the animals lived. And valley lambs fed on wild mint.



MICHEL SANTRY, of Northwood, N.S.W., with part of his mural for a new hotel.

Mural made of chips

"YOU might say my hobby has grown to be a monster," Michel Santry told us with a grin.

Michel's hobby — mosaic work — HAS become monster in scale. It has also become a full-time career.

His first design, many years ago, was a bluebird on a plate made from left-over bathroom tiles. Last year he designed 190 yards of mosaic mural for the A.M.P. building, Sydney, made from "about half a million chips."

Michel was a designer at ABN Channel 2, Sydney, until recently, when he left to concentrate on applied arts and interior design.

In the studio at his Sydney home, rows of boxes piled with Italian glass tiles, glowing in jewel colors, give it an Aladdin's cave look.

On a sheet of marine plywood on his work-table a picture was emerging. It was part of the 27ft. by 3ft. mural he is doing for the new Menzies Hotel. We could see part of a wall, a soldier's red coat.

"Rather like a jigsaw



THE little girl above shouldn't lack an escort when she grows up. She is Carmel O'Brien, pictured in 1960 with her nine big brothers. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. O'Brien, of Roma, Queensland. Carmel is now six, and the boys' ages range from 21 to nine.

After we published a story about the nine Trevarthen sisters in our March 13 issue, we received news of many more big families of sisters and eventually decided not to publish any more. However, we were so taken with this group that we decided to give the boys a turn.

News from Buntly Turner

REMEMBER Buntly Turner, whose name became a household word during the long run of "My Fair Lady" in Australia?

In a letter to a Brisbane friend she says she will again play Eliza — for a 30-week season in Durban and Capetown, South Africa.

"I have had mixed feelings about performing in 'M.F.L.' again," she said. "But on re-reading the script and after my exciting break away from it, I am looking forward to it."

"When I first returned to England I had a month's holiday in Spain, then did the BBC-TV pantomime show last Christmas Day.

"I also played at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, and from there played cabaret on a liner travelling between New York and Italy.

"Now I'm doing the first two in a Charlie Drake series

on ITV. Then I'll be off to South Africa.

"I have had the chance to see and do so much.

"In New York I saw practically every show on Broadway, lunched with Cyril Ritchard and Hermione Baddeley, and supped with



● **Buntly Turner with the theatre cat at Her Majesty's, Brisbane.**

Vivien Leigh after seeing her play 'Tovarich.'

"Robin Bailey (Professor Higgins) has just left for New York, where he is playing in a musical with Mary Martin."



● **Australian Ladies' Golf Union team competing in the Commonwealth Tournament are (from left) Diana Cross, Pat Borthwick, Burtta Cheney (captain), Margaret Masters, Joan Fletcher, Judith Percy.**

THE BEST IN SHOW BUSINESS

● **Everyone is interested in show business, and every week the Sunday Telegraph brings you the world of entertainment.**

Denis O'Brien's Leisure section reports on all the new shows.

There's all the latest news from the world of show business at home and overseas — live entertainment, TV, films, and radio.

You'll enjoy this big entertainment feature every week in the Sunday Telegraph.

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Spray for about four seconds towards the ceiling to freshen the room before guests arrive and spray again first thing in the morning when you tidy up to remove stale old tobacco odours.

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Air-O-Zone kills the pungent cooking odours of fish, onions, cabbage and the unpleasant smell of burnt food. A few seconds spraying when you are cooking will stop unpleasant cooking smells from invading the rest of your home!

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After you spray, you'll enjoy the Pine freshness of Air-O-Zone Pine, or the Spice fragrance of Air-O-Zone Spice.

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AIR-O-ZONE REGULAR SIZE—NOW ONLY 8'11.
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Sunset Strip shock

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Said Edd ("Kookie") Byrnes in a recent episode of "77 Sunset Strip" (ATN7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.): "I've just come to the conclusion I'm no detective."

HIS words turned out to be prophetic.

Along with most of the rest of the cast—except for Ehem Zimbalist, Jr.—he has been sacked from the series by Warner Brothers.

The dismissal of Edd, Roger Smith, Louis Quinn, and Jacqueline Beer was one of the first acts of Jack Webb (host and narrator of the new TCN9 series "True") when he took over as head of TV production at Warners.

Webb's aim is to try to inject more life into "77" by revolving the show round one man—Zimbalist.

It will be some time before the effect of the dismissals will be felt in Australia, as they will not take place until the current series is finished.

I think Jack Webb is right to prune the programme. It's been getting more rambling, more improbable with each episode. Although the Hollywood experts don't agree among themselves that Webb's move will succeed.

Naturally the sacked men are convinced the show will fold up without them.

Roger Smith (married to former Australian model and actress Victoria Shaw) said: "The show hasn't got a chance."

"Kookie" Byrnes says that after five years with the same show he's ready to try something new.

His first "something new" since his release from the studio will be an hour-long television show which he'll do in Munich.

Byrnes is "tops" with West German viewers and was recently awarded a Golden Otto as the most popular TV actor of the year.

He will host the show, dance and sing. He doesn't speak German, but says, "It doesn't matter what language you speak. The language of entertainment is understood the world over."

After the show he'll go on to Yugoslavia to make a film with Bobby Darin and Mickey Rooney.

★ ★ ★
HAVE you noticed the enterprising new news service on Channel 9?

In addition to the regular half-hourly news and news-ree and weather reports at 6.30 every night there are additional news headlines flashes throughout the evening.

This is an invaluable extra service when you arrive home late from work and have missed the 6.30 bulletins.

In case you haven't yet noted the frequency of the headline flashes, I checked on them at Channel 9 and they are:

● On Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8.27 p.m. and 10.27 p.m.



● Edd Byrnes does the Twist with Grace Lee Whitney for a scene in one of his last appearances in "77 Sunset Strip." Edd will compere, sing, and dance on a German TV show after leaving "Sunset Strip."

● On Wednesdays they are at 9 p.m. (if the "Hollywood Movie Parade," which starts at 7.30 p.m., is over in time) and at 10.27 p.m.

Show with real people

IN England, where TV is much older than here and folk are far more blasé about it, the "in" people boast that they "never watch television"—but make exceptions for two programmes.

The two intellectually acceptable TV shows are "Tonight"—a Michael Charlton "Four Corners"-type programme which is shown every night and has been running for donkey's years—and "Z Cars" (ABN2, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m. See story, page 18).

When the series first came to Australia I used to act as interpreter to my Australian friends who insisted they couldn't understand a word these Northern England cops said.

Australian ears now seem to have become attuned to the Liverpool-Irish of P.C. Lynch, and the cross between Liverpudlian and Lancashire of the other characters, and I, personally, am delighted to hear that series number two has been bought for Australia.

It is my own favorite "cops and robbers" series by a long way, and I think one reason—apart from the consistent excellence and intelligence of the scripts—is that "Z Cars" is packed with real people.

Its heroes often do unheroic things. They have human foibles.

So often P.C. Bob Steele

(who's not handsome by anybody's standards) is irritable enough to look as though he had a good old set-to with his wife before he left for duty.

His mate, P.C. Lynch, the young Irish constable of Z-Victor 2, is often too cocky for his own good, and Bob doesn't always succeed in hiding his irritation with him.

Chubby Fancy Smith (played by Brian Blessed, who had never been on TV before this series) is sometimes gruff; while big boss, Inspector Barlow, is so

positively unpleasant at times you can understand why the boys fail to find their jobs glamorous.

The programme is a great favorite with policemen as well as with the public. In fact, they say the nearer the policemen who watch the series are to pounding a beat the more they like the series.

The strength of "Z Cars" is that the regulars are so skilfully integrated into the stories they hold equal importance with them. They don't need big guest names to hold the episodes together.

★ ★ ★
I LOOKED at the first "Flo show" (ABN2, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.) and thought that the less said about it the better.

Joe Martin's jokes were weak, the dancing girls were, to say the least, lethargic.

The second show has improved, but still has a long way to go before it is less than mediocre.

The producers have been wise to drop the dancing girls, and, in the second show, produced a gay little trio known as the Gigi Ballet, which performed a spirited can-can.

Joe Martin's jokes, however, are still weaker than weak tea. Inanities like: "You could tell he was a footman—no hands," and of Francis Van Dyke, a talented jazz violinist: "He's a great lover of music, but he still insists on playing!"

And his most outrageous comment was to Duke Hallett: "You don't only look like Sinatra, you sing like him, IF NOT BETTER."

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★ THE UGLY AMERICAN

Marlon Brando stars as U.S. ambassador to a mythical Far Eastern country in this adaptation of the controversial novel. Though the film bears only the slightest resemblance to this book, it gives a very frank picture of America's diplomatic relations with other countries. Brando is excellently cast as Ambassador MacWhite. Pat Hingle plays the American engineer who knows the country and its inhabitants, and gives wise but unheeded advice to well-meaning but know-it-all MacWhite. — State, Sydney.

In a word . . . REVEALING.

★★ CRITIC'S CHOICE

With the exception of a short and funny sequence in which he almost falls over the balcony of a theatre, Bob Hope indulges in less slap-suck than usual, but the film

is all the better for that—witty and sophisticated; and Bob has the sense to grow old gracefully and very amusingly.

He is a mature, twice-married theatre critic who has the unenviable job of criticising the first play written by his wife (Lucille Ball, who looks much smarter and more attractive than in her zany Lucy shows).—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . HOPEFUL.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

Film version of one of Agatha Christie's whodunits. The plot is confused, the acting hammy. Glynis Johns tries to hide the body of a drug addict because she thinks her stepdaughter has killed him. She is aided in her machinations by Jack Hulbert and Ronald Howard. You'll have to be a Christie fan to enjoy this.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . CORNY.

NEXT WEEK:

BUTTERICK AND VOGUE PATTERNS

—our new service

Next week, for the first time, we incorporate the world's two leading pattern suppliers, Butterick and Vogue, in a new service for readers.

To launch the service are 18 patterns for spring-summer sewing.

Each pattern is drafted in a complete range of sizes and half sizes.

Most (like the smart two-piece at right) provide several variations of the one basic design.

Among the 18 patterns next week is a top-selling eight-in-one—coat, jacket, over-blouse, short and ankle-length skirts, shift, slacks, and Jamaica shorts—for 5/6.

Our new service enables you to copy designs by the world's leading couturiers.

It also has a wonderful range of budget-priced patterns for all age groups.

The service is linked with stores in Australia and New Zealand.



● Calorie Counter

In answer to thousands of letters, we reprint our famous Calorie Counter—the complete blueprint for dieters.

It lists the number of calories in every kind of food and beverage; is an easy method of calculating your daily calorie intake.

Reduce your eating by 500 calories a day and you can lose 11lb. a week.

● New suspense serial

Beginning "The Secret Place," an exciting new suspense serial by American author Edwin Lanham.

"A Secret Place" blends mystery with a heart-tugging story of two children that mounts to a surprising climax.

● The high cost of scrimping

"After many years of penny-pinching, I suddenly realised I was paying too much for security," writes a housewife in a story every woman will want to read.

● Hand-lotion sample

Don't miss the free sample of a new hand-conditioner in our next issue.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 31, 1963



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Mamma once said: There is an awful lot of talk about love at first sight. Books have been written about it, movies made about it, but usually they end up just as the two are getting married. I often wonder just how many of those marriages have turned out . . . Oh! I imagine some of them last, but I bet it's a very small percentage. I would have to go with a person quite a while before I would be prepared to say, "I do." I'd like to know just a little more about them. Remember the old expression — Fools rush in where angels fear to tread? Marriage is a sacred thing (at least to me) and I don't believe it should be rushed into. So, if you are planning on getting married a week or two after you have just met, read Mamma's moral VERY CAREFULLY.

Mamma's moral: Have you noticed — most of the people who fell in love at first sight are now wearing glasses?

DID YOU KNOW?

NINE countries will soon be learning "English By Television" through the B.B.C.'s first beginners' course of 39 programmes about a young married couple, Walter and Connie. Currently the series is being shown in Switzerland (in French and German networks), Finland, West Germany, Egypt, Thailand, Venezuela, and Uruguay, and soon it will be seen in Denmark and the Sudan.

"BOGIE," the story of the late Humphrey Bogart, will be the first half-hour documentary to go into production for "The Hollywood Story," a coming NBC-TV series.

LUCILLE BALL, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers, Danny Thomas, Garry Moore, and Andy Griffith will all be in CBS-TV's second annual "Opening Night," an hour-long special to be seen in the U.S. in September. The reason so many stars appear on the same show is that "Opening Night's" sponsor happens also to sponsor the named stars' regular shows.

B.B.C. figures show that the last series in England of "Step-tot and Son" started with the spectacular viewing figure of nineteen and a half million, and the closing programme was watched by twenty-five million viewers — nearly half the population of Great Britain.

RICHARD ("Dr. Kildare") CHAMBERLAIN has been banned from using Los Angeles' highways for two months — after getting two speeding summonses in eight weeks.

Television

AMERICAN television producers are reported chagrined that the B.B.C. has snared Sammy Davis Jr. for at least six programmes after his one-man show in May earned the highest ratings in B.B.C. television history. It appears that the B.B.C. will be exporting Sammy Davis Jr. shows to the U.S.

THE B.B.C.'s new serial of the West Country classic "Lorna Doone" has been a trial of strength between the actors and technicians and the British weather. The Battle of Sedgemoor sequences were shot on a peat bog in Somerset, where it poured with rain unceasingly.

Sodden cameramen were man-handling their equipment, the horses had to be kept moving so they didn't sink in deeply and damage themselves, and, to add the final touch, smoke canisters had to be let off all over the place because the battle was fought in a thick fog.

FIRST of the new season's "Judy Garland Shows" will have Mickey Rooney as a guest performer.

CRAIG STEVENS, filming a bullfighting episode in his "Man of the World" series, went with a location unit to Algeciras in Spain and hired a leading bull-fighter as technical adviser.

But some over-zealous character let a bull into the ring before its cue, while the star was still standing there, and Mr. Stevens had to leap for safety.

Technicians who thought this funny were laughing the other side of their faces a few days later, when a whole herd of bulls was sent careering down the wrong side of a fence, charging the entire unit, who had to jump for their lives over the wire.

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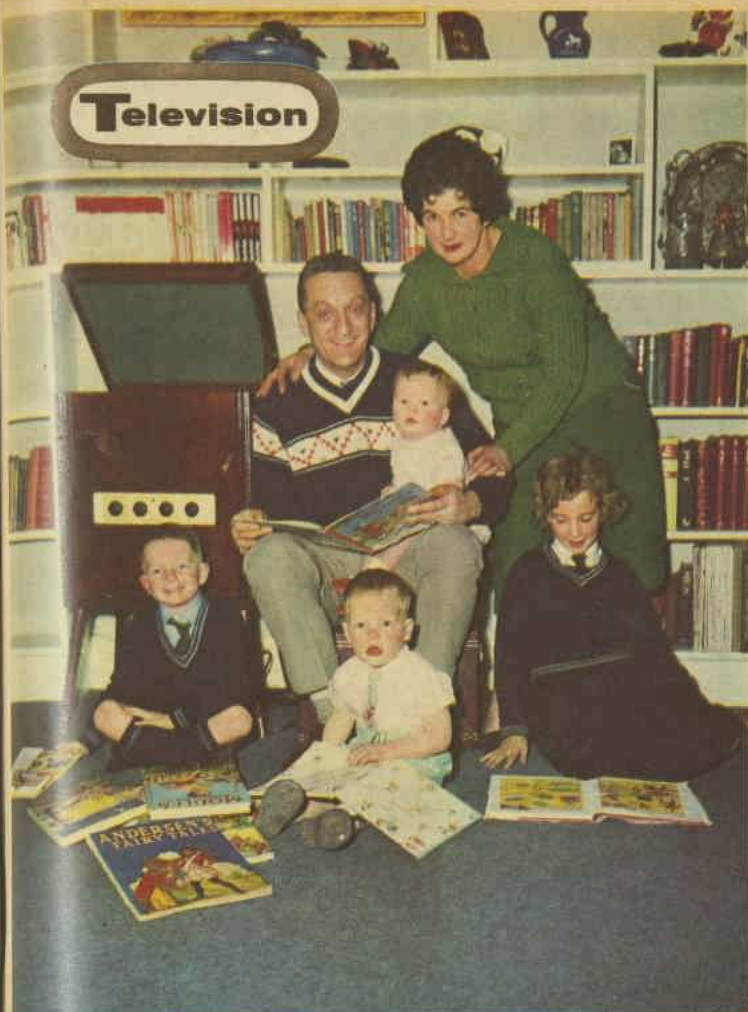
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Television



STAGE and TV star Frank Wilson and his wife, Beryl, with their four children, baby Shauna, 14 months, on Frank's knee, and Damien, 5, Matthew, 2½, and nine-year-old Amanda. Frank is unashamedly a family man.

CALM COMPERE

● Tall, well-dressed, and handsome, in a craggy sort of way, Frank Wilson, compere of the TV word game "Take the Hint," always exudes calm confidence.

FOR the past year he has been presiding over this afternoon programme, gently encouraging the guesses of the show's two special guests and their partners.

Frank is, after all, an actor first and foremost, and his TV image owes a lot to his days in the theatre, going back to his first job at the Tivoli, Melbourne, just after the war, as a 6/- performance supernumerary.

Frank vows he originally went into show business because he doesn't like getting up early in the morning. TV offered the same attraction, he thought, but his jobs on TV have involved an awful lot of early mornings.

"Certainly TV is not physically hard," he said. "But it is mentally exhausting."

"I know you never achieve perfection in anything, but sometimes in the theatre you can get pretty close to it. Once in 200 performances you may feel that this one was almost perfect."

"But you can never get even close to perfection on TV. In the theatre you can improve your performance as you go along. You can't do this on TV."

Frank's theatrical days started in earnest when he stopped being a Tivoli supernumerary and got a part in the chorus of "Oklahoma!"

Those were the days when the Plaza, Northcote, was the home of vaudeville, and Frank did 25 shows there, along with many of his present TV contemporaries, people like Buster Fiddess, Honest John Gilbert, Toni Lamond, Joff Ellen.

In 1952 Frank left Melbourne for London to try his luck as a songwriter, but ended up on stage again, scoring parts in "Call Me Madam," "Paint Your Wagon," "Guys and Dolls," and "Wonderful Town." He also appeared on BBC-TV and acquired a taste for this medium.

So when TV began here he hastened back home, only to cool his heels for three years waiting for a permanent job on-camera.

"People from the theatre didn't have much chance of breaking in in the early days," he said.

The job he finally cracked was compereing HSV7's variety show "Club 7." Twelve months ago he moved to GTV9.

Frank's biggest single role to date in TV was as Lola Montez's American manager in the ABV-TV production of "Lola Montez"—a role he had already played on stage in the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's production.

Away from TV, Frank is a typical family man. His wife, Beryl, is cheerful and easy-going, laughs when she says her husband's hobby is "sleeping."

Even when he goes out to play the occasional game of golf, it's always after lunch, she says. No early morning nine holes for Frank.

They have four charming children, Amanda (9), Damien (5), Matthew (2½), and the baby, 14-month-old Shauna.

● "Take the Hint" is screened in the following capital cities, Monday to Friday inclusive: Sydney—TCN9, 3 p.m.; Melbourne—GTV9, 3.30 p.m.; Brisbane—QTQ9, 3 p.m.

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Page 17



YOUNG WRITER Troy Kennedy Martin, who wrote the first scripts.



ELWYN JONES, B.B.C. drama-series chief, who planned "Z Cars."

The men behind "Z Cars"

From CELIA HENDERSON, in London.

Television

● With another series bought for Australia and the first one starting soon in Canada, "Z Cars," the B.B.C.'s top police drama series, is really going places.

THE characteristic "scousers" voices are being heard a long way from their native Liverpool.

Now that Chief Inspector Barlow and his boys are national—even international—figures, it is time to meet some of the backroom boys who first devised the programme that has broken all the rules of TV crime shows.

Elwyn Jones, now head of the B.B.C. Drama Series, was the man who started it all.

"I was looking for a new crime series," he said, "but I wanted to get away from Scotland Yard, away from London. And away from the glamorised goodies and baddies.

"Crime isn't funny, and it's not glamorous, either—but real coppers are a lot more interesting than the fictional ones.

"When Lancashire started these patrol cars it seemed just what we wanted for a dramatised documentary."

So there was the idea—but who was to write it? First to break the new ground was brilliant young writer Troy Kennedy Martin, now only 30, and then on the B.B.C. staff.

The series had to be genuinely true to the district, but Troy himself had no connections with Lancashire.

He is a mop-headed Celt

of Scots and Irish blood, who spent his National Service fighting E.O.K.A. in Cyprus, and later wrote two TV plays on it, "Incident at Echo 6" and "The Interrogator," both of which have been seen in Australia.

But now he had to soak up quite a different kind of local color and expert knowledge, and before starting on his scripts he spent five weeks working and drinking and talking with the Lancashire police on the job.

Since then every writer and many directors on the series have done the same, as Elwyn Jones himself still does.

Pub brawl

One writer had his introduction to the job when his Z car was called to a brawl in a dockside pub. As the car moved off a vast beefy detective landed on top of him and said tersely, "I hope you can fight!"

Luckily reinforcements arrived before he had to prove himself.

Another writer, with a patrol chasing a gang on the run, found himself thrust back into the car with the first captured thug, was handed the policeman's baton and the brief order, "Look after him till we come back!"

The first six stories and the general format were

done by Troy Kennedy Martin.

Working on the series then and since are North-country novelist and documentary writer Allan Prior, Robert Barr, another documentary expert, and John Hopkins, one of the brightest young fiction writers.

With one producer, David Rose, there have been several directors, mostly young, and the series has grown up in an atmosphere of excitement and tension with arguments every inch of the way.

Elwyn Jones, acting as umpire, says, "I think that's what keeps the thing so alive—there's a new problem every moment and everyone minds about it."

Most of the stories, all based on fact, are supplied by two retired senior policemen—Bill Prendergast, formerly Detective-Sergeant in Liverpool City Police, and now doing a security job with a banking firm, and Cecil Lindsay, who was head of the Lancashire C.I.D.

Both have endless stories to draw on from their experience, and as they are retired they can be acknowledged and paid.

The contributors who really work for nothing are the Lancashire police who are still in the Force and so not allowed to get credit or money but who supply a lot of material and help, which

is proof of how well they think of the programme.

This in spite of the fact that their Chief Constable objected to the idea at first, saying that it gave a derogatory picture of the police.

On the technical side the production planning was just as thorough.

Many heroes

The idea of a whole group of "heroes" instead of one leading character was to speed up output.

The Liverpool atmosphere is so faithful that plenty of viewers take it for granted that it is all produced in the northern studios: of the B.B.C. In fact, the show goes out live from the Tele-

vision Centre in London, and most of the filmed sequences have been shot in the same neighborhood.

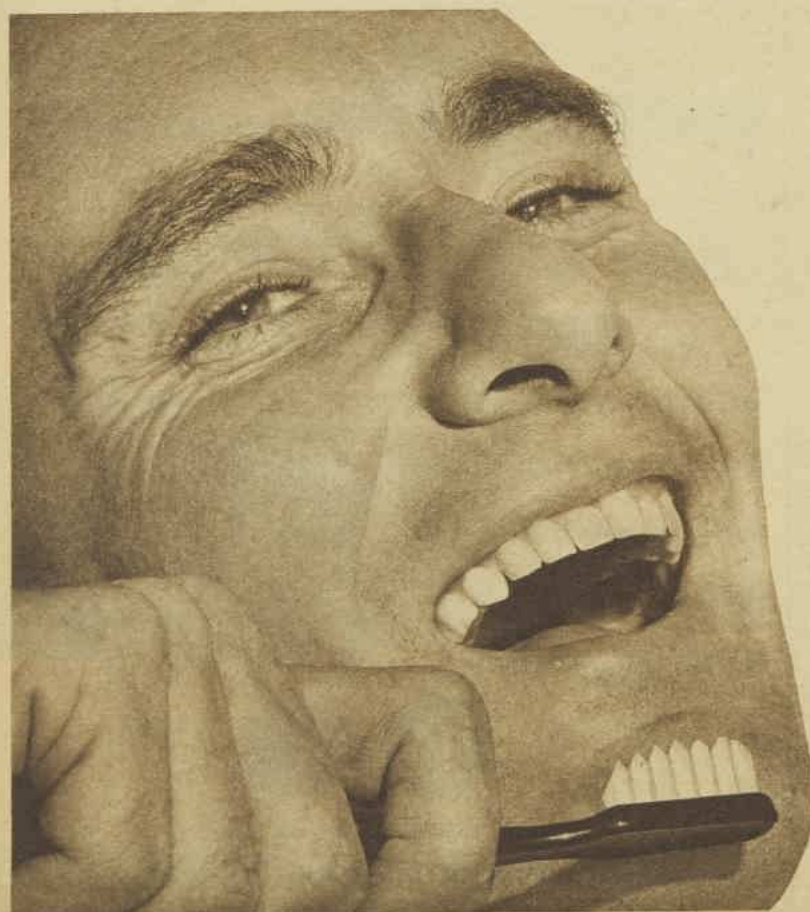
Most of the actors must have one of the varied accents of the area—Irish, Ulster, Welsh, Lancashire, or the particular Liverpool accent, which is one of the hardest to imitate.

This sometimes limits the choice of actors—but by now more than 1100 actors have played speaking parts in "Z Cars," and only nine of these have appeared more than once.

No wonder the hard-working regulars look forward to their holidays as each series ends.



● Two of the "Z Cars" regulars—P.C. Jock Weir (Joseph Brady) and P.C. "Fancy" Smith (Brian Blessed), the crew of Z Victor 1.



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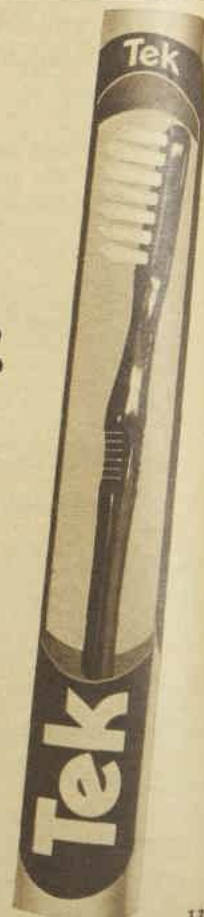
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ELIZABETH AND HER CAPTAIN

A poignant short story
By **BARBARA
ROBINSON**

In her world of darkness a light shone when her dog guided her footsteps

FRANK and I long ago abandoned any idea that our modest little restaurant would ever become the Brown Derby of Kimball Street, and we content ourselves with serving plain food, hot and in a hurry, at noontime. Our dinner menu is limited, but satisfying, and priced not for the social diners-out, but for those who live alone and must eat somewhere, or for businessmen, working late, who want a hot meal without frills or dinner music.

The very informality of our management gives us certain advantages. It enables us to retain Martha, our head waitress, who after twelve years with us has become a law unto herself, not above dictating to regular customers what they should order or to us what we should serve.

She has slowed down, naturally, with age, and her comfortably ventilated shoes add little tone to the establishment; if ours were a more cosmopolitan clientele we would require someone with faster feet and a more ordered appearance.

But Martha suits us and she suits our customers, many of whom we know by name. This casual familiarity is the greatest advantage of business as we do it. If the restaurant were bigger and more bustling, we might never get to know the people who eat with us day after day.

We might never have come to know Elizabeth and Captain, and certainly we would never have become so involved with her problem.

It was Martha who realised months ago that a problem existed. From the beginning she made Elizabeth her special

responsibility and for three years she has served Elizabeth's lunch every day, taking special pains to arrange the plate in clock-face fashion and testing the chef's patience with demands for "something extra-nice for Elizabeth," or "that big marrow bone for Captain."

At first we paid no attention when she grumbled under her breath about "something the matter with that dog," but Martha is persistent and she literally bullied me into going to Elizabeth's home. She hammered away at me: "You could just drop in on Elizabeth, just a friendly visit . . . she only lives four blocks away. You'll see what I mean about Captain . . ."

And she hammered away at poor Frank: "You and Mrs. Miller are too busy in the noon rush to see what I mean about the dog, but if Mrs. Miller could just drop in on her . . . My stars, what's so terrible about that? She could lead the conversation around . . ."

We couldn't hold out forever against her insistence, although we both felt it was an intrusion on Elizabeth's privacy and none of our business.

Finally, armed with an insulated bag of sherry biscuits—Elizabeth's favorites—I walked the four blocks to her apartment building and rang her doorbell, feeling very devious and uncomfortable.

"What a nice thing to do!" Elizabeth said, as she opened the door and then, in explanation, "It's the biscuits. I smelled them, and you all know how I love them. Now you must have some coffee with me, Mrs. Miller. It must be Mrs. Miller? . . . too light a step for Martha. Just switch on another lamp there over your head."

I had never seen such an ordered room, such absolute tidiness, and when I followed Elizabeth into her tiny kitchen I thought ruefully of the clutter on my sink-board at home.

"Oh, yes," she said. "A place for everything and everything in its place is the eleventh commandment for the blind. I sometimes worry that it may look bare . . . you know? But people tell me it's cosy, and of course it feels cosy to me, being home."

She moved easily and without hesitation from counter space to cabinet, getting cups and saucers, sugar and cream.

To page 51



Elizabeth was quite relaxed as she talked to Mrs. Miller and Captain lay at her feet.

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letters with signatures.

Trip or trousseau?

I AM a widow and I had always hoped to make a trip abroad when my insurance policy matured in 1964. But now my daughter is getting married and I don't know whether I should use the money to help her make a home or whether I should still have my trip. What do other readers think?

£1/1/- to "Undecided" (name supplied), Northgate, Qld.

Those unpolished shoes

IF asked what is the rarest sight in Australia today, I'd say it was a person wearing well-polished shoes. Carelessness about footwear was once considered an indication of a lazy mind. If that ruling still stands, laziness must be our national characteristic.

£1/1/- to E. McL. (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

Gran got a frilly nylon nightie

WHAT a shock it was when my youthful-looking grandmother replied she "would like a frilly black nylon nightie" when I asked her what she wanted for her 73rd birthday. The rest of the family thought I was crazy choosing such a gift for her. Only Gran and I know she likes it more than all her other sensible presents put together.

£1/1/- to "Forever Feminine" (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

Differing school standards

RECENTLY arriving in New South Wales from Queensland, we found the school standards completely different. My daughter, who did well at school in Queensland, has had to repeat the same grade here. As so many public servants and others are transferred to different States, it would be an advantage if school standards were the same throughout Australia.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Shirley Sansom, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Birthday co-incidence

I HAVE four children, whose birthdays are on August 31, September 28, November 16, and December 7. Although born on different days of the week, now their birthdays always fall on the same day of the week each year.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Edgerton, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

He half-does-it-himself

HOW can I solve the problem of a "do-it-yourself" husband, who never quite finishes any of the jobs he undertakes at home?

£1/1/- to "Exasperated" (name supplied), Frankston, Vic.

Hubby's "gifts"

"STILL Love Him" (Vic.) lamented that she has to finish paying the instalments on "gifts" her husband buys for her on the lay-by. I think that, unless she is a working wife with her own salary, as he brings home all the money it doesn't matter who nominally does the paying. She is lucky to have a husband to tell her to buy such gifts in the first place. Many wives never receive anything for themselves.

£1/1/- to "I Know" (name supplied), Morgan, S.A.

AFTER 20 years without receiving a present from my husband, I was amazed when he said he would buy me new kitchen furniture for Christmas. No expense was spared—extra chairs, a serving-table to match, etc.—and they really looked beautiful in the kitchen which I had repainted! The only catch was he had bought everything on £5 deposit, leaving me another £90 to pay. Now when I see he is in a generous mood I say, "No presents, please, I can't afford them!"

£1/1/- to "Love Him?" (name supplied), Vic.

FOR the first six months of my marriage I washed in a copper and had to wring the clothes by hand. My hints about needing a washing-machine were of no avail until I became "conveniently sick" one washday. After two and a half hours my husband emerged from the laundry tired and wet. He suggested we should get a washing-machine for my birthday the following week. He paid the deposit and I had to finish the 12 other payments. Now he tells everyone it is our best purchase and offers to wash at any time.

£1/1/- to "Wife" (name supplied), Sydney.

WHEN electric frypans first came on the market my husband gave me one for Mother's Day. My daughter said, "Mum, you must be specially nice to Dad—he's bought such a wonderful gift for you. Don't ever let me hear you nag him again." I could not dissuade her, nor could I nag, when I discovered he had paid only the deposit as my present and I still had to meet the balance. But I would never have bought it myself, and so it was still a "wonderful gift."

£1/1/- to "Still Laughing" (name supplied), Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

"I'VE finished two ski sweaters," said Mrs. Moffitt. "That leaves only three to go."

She is making the sweaters for her family's visit to the snow country.

The mothers who knit these sweaters are the backroom women of winter sports.

You see many photographs of young people cavorting in colored sweaters, but no pictures of the gallant toilers who knit them.

Skiing is one of those sports in which clothes are very important. If you don't wear sweaters and gloves with the right patterns you have no standing at all.

Take the case of Gary Watkins of our district. He went to a ski resort in a yellow-and-black football sweater and the girls wouldn't talk to him.

It was as bad as playing tennis in braces at Wimbledon.

Mind you, Gary was asking for trouble—he should have taken the number off the back of his sweater.

Keen skiers take their knitwear seriously. Sometimes I wonder whether they wear their sweaters to ski or ski to wear their sweaters.

THE SMART SNOW

The Leapers, for example, are an enthusiastic snow-sport couple (they met on a chair-lift in the Australian Alps).

Mrs. Leaper is going to have a baby. The news got around because she was seen knitting a tiny red-and-blue ski sweater.

To be properly turned out you don't just need ski clothes. You



need after-ski or apres-ski clothes as well. I don't know if there are before-ski or avant-ski clothes; there will be if someone thinks of it.

The multicolored stripes and doodads on the sweaters make them tricky to knit. Hence the workload on women like Mrs. Moffitt.

Her daughter Maureen tried to knit a ski sweater for herself, but got hopelessly tangled in green, blue, and yellow wool. Mrs. Moffitt said, "It's simpler to do it yourself," and took over the job.

Maureen wanted an apres-ski cardigan, too. But when her mother heard that she told her to ski-jump in the lake.

Skiing is so fashionable now that you get the odd phony who pretends to do it but doesn't, like Barry McDill.

Barry wears ski sweaters to barbecues and parties and has ski-type pyjamas. Yet he has never been on a mountain higher than the Hill at Sydney Cricket Ground.

I would like to try skiing myself, but my wife has hurt her hand and can't knit.

If you buy all the equipment it comes expensive. I confess I am put off by the experience of the Pimlotts.

They bought ski sweaters, ski gloves, apres-ski wear, ski boots, and skis. Then they found they had no money left to go skiing.

By the time they saved up enough the snow had melted.

PROBLEM BOY YESTERDAY



Problem solver today

Based on a real life story.

Johnny came top of the class in his arithmetic test today.

"I'm so pleased with him today," says Johnny's mother.

"But only yesterday he was so cross and cranky and just wouldn't settle down to his homework. Then I remembered Laxettes. Today he's as good as gold."

When childhood constipation upsets your family, Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle Laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Only 3/3.

Is your baby BREAST FED?



Soon it will be time to wean baby. When the time comes for bottle feeding you should know what type of teat to choose so that baby is weaned without difficulty.

Most baby authorities recommend a teat with similar softness to mother's breast.

Maw's Teats are made by a "dipping" process which gives every teat a unique softness. Because Maw's Teats are soft, baby is able to control the flow of milk itself.

Maw's Teats, in 4-hole sizes, fit any bottle with the new Maw's adaptor. Maw's make a full range of baby feeding needs.

Ask your family chemist about the Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks.

Maw's Teats are sterilized in a Unit that keeps boric acid and teats germ-free.



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End corn pain instantly with these soft, famous, super-soft pads. Soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs remove corns. Size also for Calluses, Bunions. 3/6 packet at Chemists and Stores.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS
For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy.

THE SINGING RAIN

When one is young and gay, life is seen through rose-colored glasses . . . a romantic short story

By HONORIA TIRBUTT



FOR the lonely ones in cities autumn is a strange and desolate time. In villages, in fields, and woods it is a time of fullness, the barns stacked high, the trees weighed down with fruit, the sun slanting over stubble fields, bushes caught in early morning veils of gossamer. But among the tall buildings and the many-eyed blocks of flats the dusk slips blue and shadowy. Lights bloom sudden and mysterious, exotic golden blossoms suspended in the sky, rain blows light and chill along the pavements. Men and women move quickly now, blurred into dream faces in the early twilight.

Francesca paused in front of a lighted store. It was past closing time; the streets were almost deserted. Scraps of paper whipped along the gutters; buses ground past full of home-going faces.

But there there was an illusion of life, of company. The windows glittered out into the roadway. Models smiled in fixed gaiety, a hand extended to the skirt of a coat or pointing gracefully to a scarf lying negligently against the imitation grass.

Her own image looked back at her, vague and wavering, the face a misty blur. Somewhere over the high buildings a clock struck the hour. She tucked the violin case securely under her arm and moved away again; the skirt of her tweed coat blew against her, a shadowy, indeterminate figure in the pale evening, another student going home.

In the side streets the houses stood tall and dim. Wooden boards offered a night's lodging, but the houses retained an air of past grandeur, still with their pillars and porticoes, still with the areas and basements left over from another age.

Francesca's fingers were cold as she took the key from her pocket. She had left her gloves somewhere again — she scattered a little trail of belongings as she moved daily between her lodgings and the college, a library book, a music score, a packet of something frozen bought for supper.

Inside the hallway familiar sounds greeted her: bath-water running, the splutter of something frying, voices raised in argument, a radio reciting the news.

She glanced at the letter-rack. There were two envelopes for her, one in her mother's firm hand and the other in a strange writing, with a city postmark, posted close at hand.

Miss Cowley came up the basement stairs and opened the door into the hall. She was huddled in a woollen dressing-gown; her sharp-featured face looked cold.

"That you, Francesca? Anything for me?"

"Yes, here's something."

Miss Cowley took the envelope without bothering to open it. "Only a bill —" she sighed. "Are you going out this evening?"

"No, I'm going to study, wash my hair, perhaps."

"At your age I was out every evening — dances, cafes, concerts." Something lost and lonely looked out of Miss Cowley's pale blue eyes, dwelling on old and long-dead gaieties. "You should make the most of it, you won't be young for ever."

Poor thing, Francesca thought. I wonder what she was like when she was young. She couldn't have been born forty-five with watery eyes and wispy brown hair. Even Miss Cowley must have lived somewhere other than a basement once. Impossible to imagine her like oneself, nineteen, full of dreams, excitement lying just around the corner. A little chill seized Francesca. One could never grow like her. She looked down at the bony figure.

"Have you always lived in London?"

"Oh, no, I came from Devon — we lived on a farm." Miss Cowley laughed a little. "I was going to be a painter. Can you imagine?" She laughed again in genuine amusement. "I thought I had talent." She struck the banister with an emphatic finger. "I really believed that all I had to do was keep on painting and one day . . ."

She went back into the basement, holding the buff-colored envelope. The sound of her laughter stayed with

Francesca, echoing through the hallway. She gave a little shiver. She went slowly up the narrow stairs, up, up, past the jazz concert, the second-floor bickering, the third-floor pianist running up and down the keyboard with an exasperated slam of hands after a wrong note.

She opened the letter from home. Everyone was as usual, father had a slight cold, mother hoped the five pounds would last a long time. One item of news halted Francesca on a stair. Edward's boy, the cousin from Australia, was coming to London; he had Francesca's address.

She tore open the other envelope, glanced at the signature. Martin Hayward — he was in London already.

" . . . perhaps we could meet somewhere. I'm afraid I can't afford anything very fancy — I have this grant for a year and a small allowance from my father. But I could run to a cup of coffee or a cinema . . ."

She was smiling as she opened the door of her room. She threw her things down on the bed, stooped and lit the gas-fire; it burst into a small blue flame. She sat down on the divan and read the letter again.

It was full of excitement; she recognised the note of exhilaration. She had felt like that herself a few months ago, coming to London, scarcely able to wait till the train had drawn into the station, standing on the crowded platform looking about her with ecstasy . . .

I am here at last, she had thought, a whole year to study music, to taste life, to discover who and what I am. Her very loneliness had seemed exciting. No one to help her, not a single soul she knew in the whole vast concourse of teeming millions, only herself, her talents, her own two hands.

She smiled and sighed, shaking her head. Something of the magic still clung to every day. There were moments when she lifted the violin and flowed away on a ripple of sweet, piercing notes, days when her tutor was a little more pleased with her, when she felt that after all she might one day reach perfection, might play something as it was meant to be played.

Martin was a writer. "I have had some work accepted in Australia. I'm working on a novel just now. The grant will just keep me going for a year — by that time I should have . . ."

She put the letter down. Just suppose, she thought, just suppose by that time, Martin, you haven't . . . What then? Back to Australia, a little dimmed, a little less eager, back to a secure job from nine till five, forgetting London at last, forgetting dreams?

A knock sounded at the door. The girl from the next room put her head in.

"Have you any matches?"

Francesca hunted in a drawer. "There's a spare box here somewhere."

"I've got this Pole coming in for a lesson in twenty minutes. I'll have to light the fire, the room's like ice." Discontent, habitual now, echoed in Beryl's voice. She took the matches, looked curiously at Francesca.

"What's happened? You look pleased with yourself." A tiny edge of envy ran through her tone. She stood, tall and striking, in the doorway, her pale, high-cheekboned face interested.

Francesca laughed. "Oh, nothing. Just a letter from a distant cousin. I've never met him. He's coming to London to make his fortune."

Beryl put up a hand to her red-gold hair. "Another starry-eyed hopeful. What does he do? Act? Paint?"

"What would you like to eat?" Martin asked Francesca as he picked up the menu.

"He writes. He must be some good, he's won a grant for a year — some Australian foundation."

"Mm, the novelist of the century. He can have my claim to the title." Beryl closed the door behind her with a little slam.

Francesca turned on the radio. A voice read out the weather forecast. Rain, a possibility of gales. She laughed, taking out a tin of soup, emptying it into a pan, setting it on the ring, humming a tune. Martin might be fun.

"And again, Miss Hayward. A little more legato, if you please." She lifted the bow, plunged back once more into the stream of sound, closed her eyes, let the music swell and die beneath her fingers.

"A little better today. Keep it up. Not much longer now till the scholarship." The tutor dismissed her, his mind already on the next pupil.

She picked up the violin, pleased with the way it had gone this morning. Today she had felt power flow through her fingers. Today she knew she would win the scholarship. A whole year in Rome. She began to dream as she put on her coat, smiling as she remembered herself last year, sitting at the window of her room at home, dreaming of a year in London.

There was never a full stop; one moved always toward the next goal glittering ahead. London, Rome. What then? She had no idea — simply went forward in obedience to some compulsion she could scarcely define.

In the echoing entrance hall a young man sat reading a newspaper. He glanced up as she came down the stairs, stood up, and smiled at her.

"I'm sure it's Francesca. You look just like the photograph. I'm Martin Hayward — they told me at your lodgings you'd be here." He held out a hand formally, but he smiled at her with warmth and openness. His eyes were a startling blue in a tanned face. Australia, she thought, smiling back at him. Of course he would be tanned. Even a writer might acquire a tan in Australia.

"Yes, I'm Francesca." She had a strange feeling that she had known him all her life, that she had always been waiting for him to journey across the seas. "I'm just going to have something to eat. There's a cafe not far away."

"I know a place, Toni's, quite near here. Do you go there?"

"I've passed it." She had looked inside sometimes, but it was always crowded and noisy. She had felt alone and shy, longing to join the chattering throng but unable to propel herself through the door. Martin had been in London only a few days and already he knew Toni's.

Already he was able to greet three or four people, looking up from their plates, waving at him. He took her hand lightly, piloted her to a chair. Oh, it's going to be fun, she thought with a rush of high spirits. I'm glad he came.

"What would you like to eat?"

"Anything." She didn't care. "You order for me. I don't mind what it is. I'm always hungry."

He picked up the typed sheet, studied it with a little frown, looked up at her with a sudden smile, put out a hand and touched her own.

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As a child you lived in a world of make-believe ...

But life is a series of changes — from childhood to adulthood, from single blessedness to married bliss, from a rented flat to your own home. One of the biggest changes comes when you become a parent.

Make sure you love them with your head as well as your heart.

You don't have to have a lot of money to guarantee future security for your family — but you do have to be a good manager.

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She was like an alien
bird poised for flight
hoping all the time for
some friendly gesture

A PLACE OF STARLINGS

A short short story

By ROSEMARY FRANCIS



The birds swarmed outside as Della Overton stood watching them at the window.

THE resolve to go away for a while began to simmer in Della Overton the morning she noticed the blackcap chickadees: first, wistful longing; then, aching need; finally, the full boil of fixed decision. It would show Fred she couldn't stand it here, if nothing else would.

In the month since they'd moved here because of Fred's transfer, she'd taken to laying out bread for the birds every morning, partly, she supposed, because even starlings, chirping and hopping around the small backyard, were some kind of company in this large, strange, unfriendly town, and partly because housework was so quickly accomplished for just her and Fred.

That particular morning she took the half loaf from the bread-box and, crumbling the hard slices, was stabbed by the thought that even leftover bread pointed to middle-age and its emptiness.

When the kids were growing, she could scarcely keep bread in the house. Now it staled before she and Fred could eat it. Back home, with friends and interests, such gloomy comparisons hadn't shadowed her outgoing nature.

Near the window, bread in hand, Della paused and stiffened to motionlessness. An unaccustomed streak of color flashed to the garage roof; small speckled body, black cap on the tiny head. The chickadee's mate lighted beside him. Blackcaps didn't belong here this time of year: transients, just passing through, or off course, perhaps, and in a strange place.

Della felt vaguely touched. It seemed suddenly important she befriend them. She opened the window, tossed out the bread, then lowered the sash and retreated a step. Almost instantly the pair flew down and pecked eagerly at the bread. Della smiled. But almost as instantly the usual starlings, at least a dozen of them, swarmed from nowhere to the ground. They fussed and hustled around the backyard as though they owned it. Outraged, Della watched them grab the bread, snapping their beaks at the smaller, alien birds.

By the time Della moved to the sink and the dishes, the blackcaps had fled. Surprised at herself, Della saw her own tears drip into the soapy water. She was a stranger herself in a place of starlings, for all that any neighbors had shown the slightest sign of friendliness.

On impulse, as though impelled, Della shook her hands free of suds, dried them on her apron, and hurried to the phone. Magic how you could dial code number and all now, and in a minute, across a hundred miles . . .

"Yes . . . ?" her married daughter's voice snapped, sounding impatient. "Oh . . . it's you, Mother! I've got the baby's food on the stove . . ."

Della had never allowed herself to be an interfering, clinging mother. But just Betsy's voice resurrected everything familiar; home town, friends, all of it. Some things were more important even than food. "Betsy . . . I want to come and stay with you for a while," Della blurted, not caring that her voice trembled. "Would it be all right . . . maybe for a month?"

"A month . . . ?" Betsy repeated. The pause lengthened. "What about Dad? You mean, leave him alone there . . . ?"

"He eats a good meal at the plant at noon," Della cried irrelevantly. "It's all fine for him. He goes off whistling every morning. I'm the one who is alone all the time . . ."

"He likes it, then?" Betsy said in a pleased tone, as if she hadn't heard the rest. "I'm glad. It was a good step up for him, the transfer . . ."

Betsy had always been practical, her father's daughter. Hurt, Della demanded: "What good's a little more money if you're cut off from everything you care about? He didn't have to take the transfer. We could go back. Do you know how many people I've seen in the past month? One. Just

one. Mrs. Conway, the woman next door. And she only came by to ask me to do some volunteer work at the hospital . . ."

Betsy spoke unintelligibly to one of the children before she asked, "Why didn't you do it, Mother?"

Della felt herself close to tears again. Betsy was busy, of course, but she might try to understand. "She just wanted another pair of hands, that's all. I thought she was making a welcome call, the way you or I would have done . . ."

"Oh . . ." Betsy said. "Maybe they don't do things like that there. The town's bigger. Look, Mother, the food's boiling. Of course, you can come. We'd love it. But, think it over first, will you . . . ?"

With Betsy's hanging up, Della's separation from everything familiar and safe and longed for made her bury her face in her hands. She didn't need to think it over. Fred could drive her to Betsy's on Saturday.

She started upstairs for a suitcase, and turned back in irritation at the ring of the doorbell.

Mrs. Conway from next door looked apologetic. "I hate to be a pest, but today's volunteer for the visitors' desk can't make it. Twisted her ankle. Could you go with me, as a favor, just this once . . . ?"

Refusal almost escaped Della's lips. Then, some perverse relish in showing that she, at least, knew how to be neighborly, and something else, a nagging aftermath of her conversation with Betsy, made Della say "yes." She went for her coat and her becoming new black hat.

The day at the hospital was busy enough. Della donned the grey uniform and learned quickly to turn one of the two revolving circular pedestals of cards.

During the first few hours Mrs. Conway introduced her casually to a bewildering number of people, some of them staff, some visitors. There was the lady who apparently lived near them; her little boy was in for tonsils. And another neighbor, whose husband had suffered a severe heart attack.

In the late afternoon they took a coffee break in the hospital's little shop while a nurse relieved them at the desk.

"Has it been awful, working you like this?" Mrs. Conway asked.

Just another pair of hands. "No," Della said. "It's all right for today. Naturally, I don't expect people to be very friendly. I haven't lived here a long time, as you have . . ."

Mrs. Conway hooted. "Long . . . ? Six months." She leaned across the table and spoke conspiratorially. "I had to make friends, and fast, for my husband's sake. He needed bolstering. The job he found at the plant was a step down for him. I wanted to make everything as pleasant as I could for him, to compensate . . ."

She went on chattering amiably, but Della's mind replayed the first sentences. Mr. Conway had had to accept a step down. Fred had taken a step up, and all his wife had done was complain. This woman had put out bread for her before, so to speak; she'd refused it.

"Say!" Mrs. Conway giggled. "Do you know you still have your hat on? It looks funny, with the uniform . . ."

Della's hands went up. She smiled back. So she did have her hat on, just like a blackcap chickadee. Her fingers worked, removing the hat-pin. She had the good feeling of doing more, of rolling up her sleeves.

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THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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to the swift . . .
concluding instalment
of our amusing serial

By **LEONARD
WIBBERLEY**

Dr. Kokintz recorded the
scene as Vincent held the
flag and read the scroll.



By the time the astonished members of the President's Cabinet had assembled in the White House, official confirmation of the launching of the Grand Fenwick rocket had come through. It came from the U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland, through the legation in Bern, which had sent a messenger scurrying to Grand Fenwick to check on the report as soon as it came over the Swiss radio.

The President confronted his Cabinet grimly with this official confirmation received by telephone by the Secretary of State.

"There is no sense in trying to tone down or underplay in any way the massive defeat we have suffered at the hands of Grand Fenwick by their incredible success," he said. "We have been concentrating all our resources on making a lunar landing for the past ten years.

"We have had every facility available to us and unlimited funds. We have been beaten by a nation of five thousand people using a second-hand rocket and with a budget of only fifty million dollars — which they got from us. You've seen the headlines in the New York tabloids, I suppose?"

They nodded glumly.

"Well, that's the kind of reaction we can expect from the whole nation," said the President. "And I might add, the whole world. We have suffered a tremendous blow to our prestige and, whether we deserve it or not, will have to endure it. What I want to know is why nobody informed me of what was happening in Grand Fenwick."

"Why do I always have to be taken by surprise like this? Why does the administration and the whole nation have to suffer this sudden and overwhelming assault on its prestige? Wasn't there anyone in this room — anyone among you gentlemen who are concerned with every phase of our foreign affairs, our military defence and our space programme, anyone at all who had an inkling of what was going on in Grand Fenwick?"

The Cabinet members looked uneasily at each other but made no reply.

"I don't understand it," said the President. "I may live the rest of my life and never understand it. How can this little nation keep such a momentous project secret right up to the last second so as to astound the world, and we, a very big nation indeed, seem to be incapable of keeping anything secret at all? That's what I'd like to know."

The Secretary of State cleared his throat. The major fault, he felt, rested with him, and his New England upbringing demanded that he accept the blame.

"They didn't try to keep it a secret, Mr. President," he said. "They plainly, publicly, and many times announced that they were going to try to send a rocket to the moon. Nobody believed them. The fault, if it is anybody's, is primarily mine. In his initial letter asking for a loan, the Count of Mountjoy stated plainly that the object of the loan was to enter the space race by devising a rocket to send to the moon. And to buy a fur coat for the Duchess Gloriana XII."

"A fur coat for the Duchess?" echoed the President, who had not been aware of this paragraph in Mountjoy's letter.

"Yes," said the Secretary of State. "Five million dollars

for a rocket and fifty thousand dollars for a fur coat. How was I to take that seriously?"

"I consulted with my advisers and we came to the conclusion that the request was only a blind — that the real objective was to install bathtubs in the Castle of Grand Fenwick, while at the same time providing us with an excuse for lending the money by bringing a third and neutral power into the space race. Five million was ridiculous for rocket research. So I upped it to fifty million."

The President covered his face with his hands and groaned. "You made them take forty-five million more?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Secretary of State. "I did. We never lend a sum as small as five million," he added. "It is too paltry."

"I don't understand about this fur coat," said the President after a little silence.

"I don't understand about it, either," said the Secretary of State. "I find that I am incapable of divining the intentions of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, and I feel that I should tender my resignation, effective at whatever time is convenient to yourself."

The President shook his head wearily. "I don't think that is necessary," he said. "I'm not looking for scapegoats and I don't think that you are any more to blame than any of the rest of us here. What I still don't understand is how at no time at all did any of us — even our highly specialised technical staffs — suspect that Grand Fenwick was seriously engaged in rocket research."

"There was an invitation to the rocket launching addressed to yourself through me," said the Secretary of Defence. "I assumed that it would be a propaganda launching — that at the last moment it would be cancelled or a misfire would be staged, and so did not bother to reply."

"Why did you assume that?" asked the President.

"What else was there to assume, Chief?" asked the Secretary of Defence. "How were we to suspect that they were actually going to launch a rocket to the moon? What clues did we have that we could take seriously?"

"There was a grant of fifty million dollars. That's not enough to get a manned rocket to the moon and back again, starting from scratch. There was Kokintz. Well, to be sure he is the outstanding man in his field. But could we assume that one lone man was a match for the corps of top physicists, chemists, mathematicians, and engineers we have at our disposal who have been working on the project for more than a decade? Certainly not. There weren't any grounds to suspect for one moment that they were actually engaged in rocket research. Why, they didn't even go through the basic step of orbiting a sputnik first."

"Not even as much as a wine bottle," said the Secretary of State.

"A wine bottle?" cried Dr. Fritz Meidel, who had also been summoned to the meeting. "A wine bottle?"

"What about a wine bottle?" demanded the President, turning on him.

"When we were checking Hotfoot off Ascension Island a couple of months ago," said Dr. Meidel, "a wine bottle

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HURRY!
CLOSES 2ND AUGUST

3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

1,025 PRIZES WORTH £11,050



5 FORD FALCONS TO BE WON

(one for each State)

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5 METTERS RANGES—
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MIXERS—one
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23

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AGEE PYREX
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of 6)—multi-
colour 12 oz.
ramekins for
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winners (See
Page 2).



Special Prizes for Schoolchildren—£50 cash for each State Schoolgirl Princess. The National Princess also wins a Philips Rhapsody Stereogram. This section open only to school students (under 18). Tick entry form if eligible.

Winners of the State Bake-offs will compete in the National Bake-off at Sydney, and the winner of this will be 1963 Marville Baking Queen.

Competitors in State Bake-offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State capital. National finalists will be flown to Sydney via Ansett-ANA and accommodated at the Carlton-Rex Hotel.

EASY TO ENTER

1. Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with MARVILLE Margarine to: 3rd Marville National Baking Quest, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney.
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3. Attach a MARVILLE Margarine wrapper to your entry (except where this contravenes State Law). Weekly and princess prizes (see prizes panel) will be awarded on recipe alone. State Bake-off finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in the State capitals.



Conditions: Judge's decision is final. Employees of MARVILLE Margarine Company, or their associated companies (and their families), Home Economists, Chefs and Bakers may not enter. All recipes submitted become the property of the makers of MARVILLE Margarine.

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To: 3rd Marville National Baking Quest, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney.

I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 3rd Marville National Baking Quest as advertised.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS

Name of Store where Marville purchased

Tick here if school student (under 18) ☐

Closing date for entries: 2nd August, 1963

MM193

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WHAT'S NEW....

FOR SPRING

FASHIONABLY speaking, Paris says almost anything is possible. The fads, the indispensables, the flirty, and the feminine are all wafting in on the pre-spring breeze. The new clothes are young, but not coy, and the young look is for all age groups.

With such variation, the problem becomes to pick what is lasting and what looks ravishing on you.

Warning: watch your waistline. Belted or not, the new closer-to-the-body silhouette demands a slim-jim figure.

Paris likes short hair by day, with a fake piece added for night. The nightlife coiffure is often ultra-elaborate.

Wear a large back-blown hat — it's still a Paris mystery how it stays anchored to the head.

Stand up straight, square your shoulders, and step lively into the new season. Slouching is old hat.

— Betty Keep

● In Paris the freshest way to look feminine and flirty is in flowery chiffon. This version of the chiffon dress, by Capucci, is softly swathed in to the neat waist.





● Dior's figure-following coat-dress (above), worn with a large-brimmed back-blown hat. The dress, in lacquer-red linen, is patterned in far-apart scattered flowers. The melon sleeves are a Maison Dior signature. Linen, whether plain or printed, is fabric news again.

● Shift (left), the dress of spring, trim, spare, whittled to perfection by clever seaming. The shift can look chic on beach, street, or ballroom; it can be short, long, or above the ankle.

● Nina Ricci peasant smock suit (right) in tussore. From the collarless neckline, the top is cut loosely to the hips and finished with important sleeves. The skirt is slender.



● Nina Ricci's exotic oriental look for after-5 (above). The dress is finished with sleeves in this season's most exaggerated form. The sleeves are a steal from the Japanese kimono. Note the elaborate jet-black wig worn by the model.



● Dior's straight-cut nine-tenths coat — a double-breasted streak of superbly tailored black-and-white check. The coat is worn with a check-mate dress. The neat back-flipped beret is in the same check.



● Yves Saint-Laurent's elegant white jumper dress, worn with tobacco-brown accessories. The jumper barely but surely touches the body and has trimly cuffed sleeves; skirt is slim and easy.



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a penny more?”

NEW LUXURY NAPKINS BY KOTEX*

Luxury means added comfort, special quality. It's an absolutely *new* napkin! Luxury in everything but the price!

Extra thickness 16% more absorbent, gives 16% more protection without bulk. **New cover**—softer, lighter, yet stronger. The perfect combination of softness with strength. And it's *pink*!

Safety shield on the under side where it's needed most. Polyethylene to guard against moisture penetration.

Blue thread instantly shows you the napkin side to turn away from the body.

Special side strips for safeguard against chafing. In every way, new Luxury Kotex means luxury comfort.



Kotex is confidence

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK—KIMBERLEY-CLARK CORP.

Dress Sense

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"Is the formal evening dress with a full-length skirt being worn this season? If it is, could I have a style and pattern in size 34in. bust? I like the fitted sheath type of frock and some sort of softness at the neckline."

The floor-length formal is back in fashion, but there are still plenty of short-skirted party



DS526. — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Requires: With long skirt, 5 yds. 36in. material, 1 1-3rd yds. 36in. contrast, 3 yds. 36in. lining; short skirt, 4 yds. 36in. material, 1 1-3rd yds. 36in. contrast, 2 2-3rd yds. 36in. lining. Price 5/6. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

dresses. To solve this problem, I have designed a two-way pattern — a figure-following sheath that can be made with a short or long skirt.

The dress is illustrated above with further details and how to order.

"As I am very short, I wondered if I should wear high or medium heels."

Ultra high heels are going out of fashion; furthermore, they are apt to draw attention to short legs.

"What kind of a bridal headdress would go with a tailored white velvet wedding gown?"

A coronet made in the same velvet as the dress and an elbow-length tulle veil.

"My son is being married in early spring and I would like a suggestion for what I should wear."

The wedding is at 3.30 p.m. I am fairly slim, but as my neck is short I can't wear a collar. I was

thinking of a pretty pinky-beige crepe. I would also like to know the correct shade for accessories."

Have the crepe made with a side-draped skirt and a bodice finished with an oval neckline and wrist-length sleeves. Have the

dress finished at the normal waistline with a narrow self belt.

For accessories I suggest a matching shade of pink for the hat and pale beige for gloves, shoes, and handbag. The hat would be best small, and made entirely of flowers. Carry a small bouquet made in the same flowers you choose for the hat.

By Betty Keep

"I have 3 1/2 yds. of 36in. pure silk and I want to make a two-piece outfit. I like all Parisian styles. I am slightly above normal height and fairly slim."

I suggest a two-piece with a slim skirt and what Paris calls a fisherman's shirt.

A fisherman's shirt is a lightly fitted tunic with a high yoke and long sleeves, and reaches to below the hip line. The length can be varied to suit the wearer's figure proportions.



"More luxury?"



a rose tab tells you it's the Luxury Belt by Kotex*

It feels like velvet against your skin! If you love nice things you'll want the Kotex Luxury belt. With its rose-printed tab, come so many luxury touches! The wide elastic is a special kind . . . soft-stretch . . . with a rose-pink lace edge. Behind the elastic is a chafe-proof cushioning of velvety brushed nylon. Self-lock napkin clasps and self waist adjustment, too. Luxury in every detail.

Combine your Kotex Luxury belt with the new Luxury Kotex napkins, and make the most of luxury comfort and blissful security.



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KK654

All set for winter!



There ought to be a better word than delicious —
just for *Kellogg's* **CORN FLAKES**

Best flavour. Crispness that welcomes milk.

More nourishment in every friendly flake

"the best to you each morning"



*Registered Trade Mark

How to make perfect PIES

BY OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

● If you haven't yet made good pastry, don't despair. Good pastrycooks are made — not born. This six-page feature tells you all about pastry, how to make it, and gives many recipes for perfect pies.

YOU don't need a "golden thumb" to produce the light, crisp, tender pastry that makes a perfect pie: all you need is a sound recipe, plus care and practice in preparation and a reliable oven for baking.

WHAT IS PASTRY?

Most pastries are made from a combination of fat, flour, and liquid, in varying quantities. The type of pastry depends on the proportion of fat to flour; this also determines amount of liquid to be added, and method of making and baking. Tenderness of pastry depends upon amount of flour, fat, and handling; flakiness is determined more by method of combining ingredients.

THE SIX ESSENTIALS

There are six essentials in perfect pastry-making. Here they are, with an explanation of the importance of each:

1. Keep everything as cold as possible.

The fat must be as firm as possible, to coat flour. If fat gets soft and is absorbed into flour before baking, it interferes with correct development of the gluten in flour, and pastry will not rise so well or evenly. Liquid used should be chilled. Another reason for keeping everything cool is that cold air expands under heat more than hot air. This helps pastry to rise better. This is why puff pastries are refrigerated several times during the rolling process.

2. Use as little liquid as possible.

Too much liquid will make pastry heavy and sticky; it will interfere with absorption of fat into flour during baking, and will result in hard pastry. More flour can be added to counteract addition of too much liquid, but this will alter proportion of flour to fat and pastry will be less rich.

If insufficient liquid is added, dough will be too crumbly for rolling and folding.

Liquid should be added gradually, until just sufficient has been added to make dough firm enough to be handled and rolled out without breaking.

3. Always sift all dry ingredients.

Sift together flour, salt, and any spices which may be added to pastry (such as cinnamon for sweet pastries or little nutmeg for savory pastries). This sifting also helps to incorporate air into pastry mixture, and ensures the flour is fine, without lumps.

4. Fold in as much air as possible.

Air bubbles must be incorporated in dough so that starch grains are kept apart as they

burst and do not cook into a heavy mess. Roll pastry with short, jerky movements and lift up rolling-pin after each roll. This allows air bubbles to move about in dough. Rolling like a steamroller will destroy all air bubbles and result in heavy pastry.

With short pastry, additional air is incorporated by lifting flour and butter mixture from bowl when rubbing in with fingertips.

With puff pastries, air is incorporated through the process of folding and rolling.

5. Handle lightly.

The less dough is handled, the flakier will be the pastry. It is high praise indeed to have a reputation for "a light hand with pastry." Too much handling will make pastry heavy; where fat has to be cut into flour, use knife or pastry-blender so heat of the hands comes into contact with flour as little as possible.

When handling soft pastries, such as biscuit or champagne, roll them out between lightly floured sheets of greaseproof paper; this makes them easier to roll and avoids over-handling. Never stretch pastry — it only shrinks back when cooking.

6. Put pastry into a hot oven.

The richer the pastry the hotter the oven. Puff pastry is richest of all, so a very hot oven is needed. The quick heat produces steam from the liquid; steam makes pastry rise in flakes, and there is more fat to be absorbed quickly into flour before pastry sets.

A hot oven is needed for short pastry, too; flour absorbs fat as it melts and pastry sets as it rises.

THE INGREDIENTS

FLOUR: Plain flour is usual for most pastry-making and is essential for puff pastry. Puff pastry contains more liquid and the rising of flaky layers depends chiefly on the steam from liquid. Raising agents might break up long strands of gluten in flour, which are necessary to produce flaky layers.

Flaky pastry is one of the few pastries to which a raising agent is added; for this reason it should not be allowed to stand too long (about 30 minutes) or it will over-rise and be hard and tough when cooked.

Some of the richer, cake-type pastries, such as champagne pastry, use a proportion of self-raising flour.

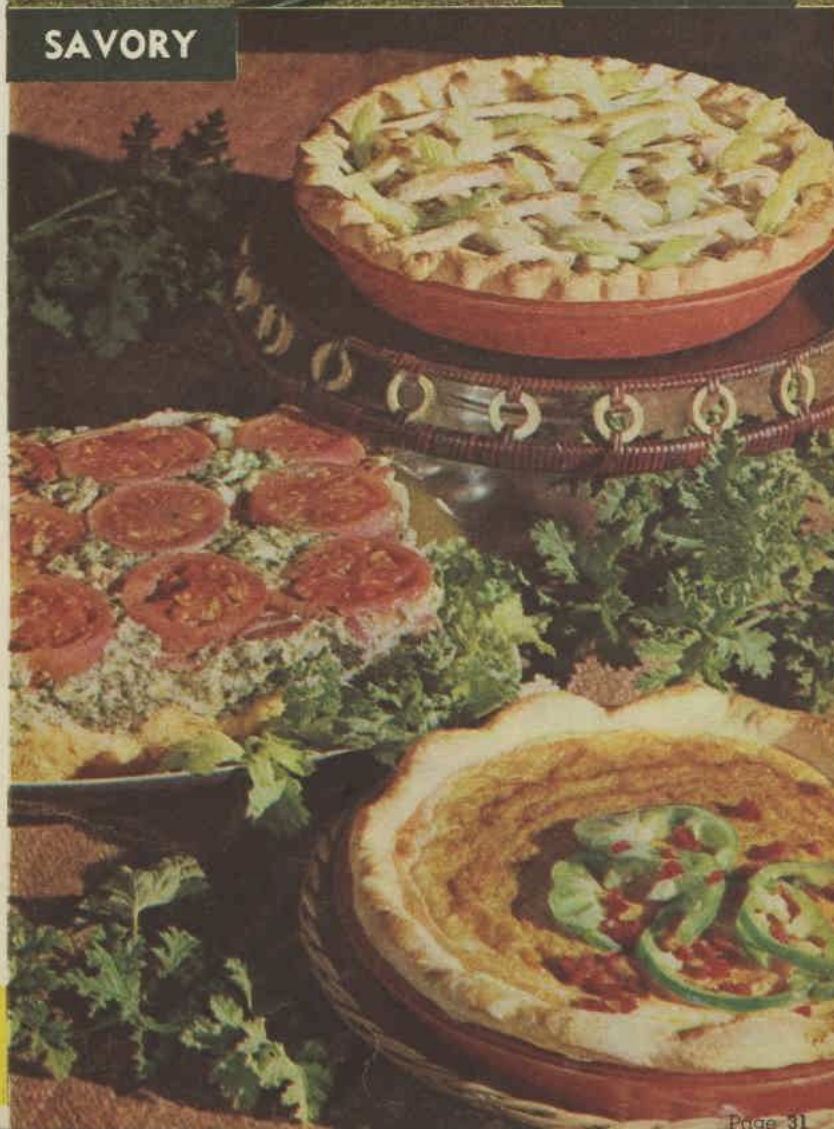
Whether pastry will be short or flaky depends on controlling the action of the gluten in flour.

After pastry has been rolled, it should always be rested; this enables gluten to regain its elasticity and so make pastry rise.

Continued on page 33



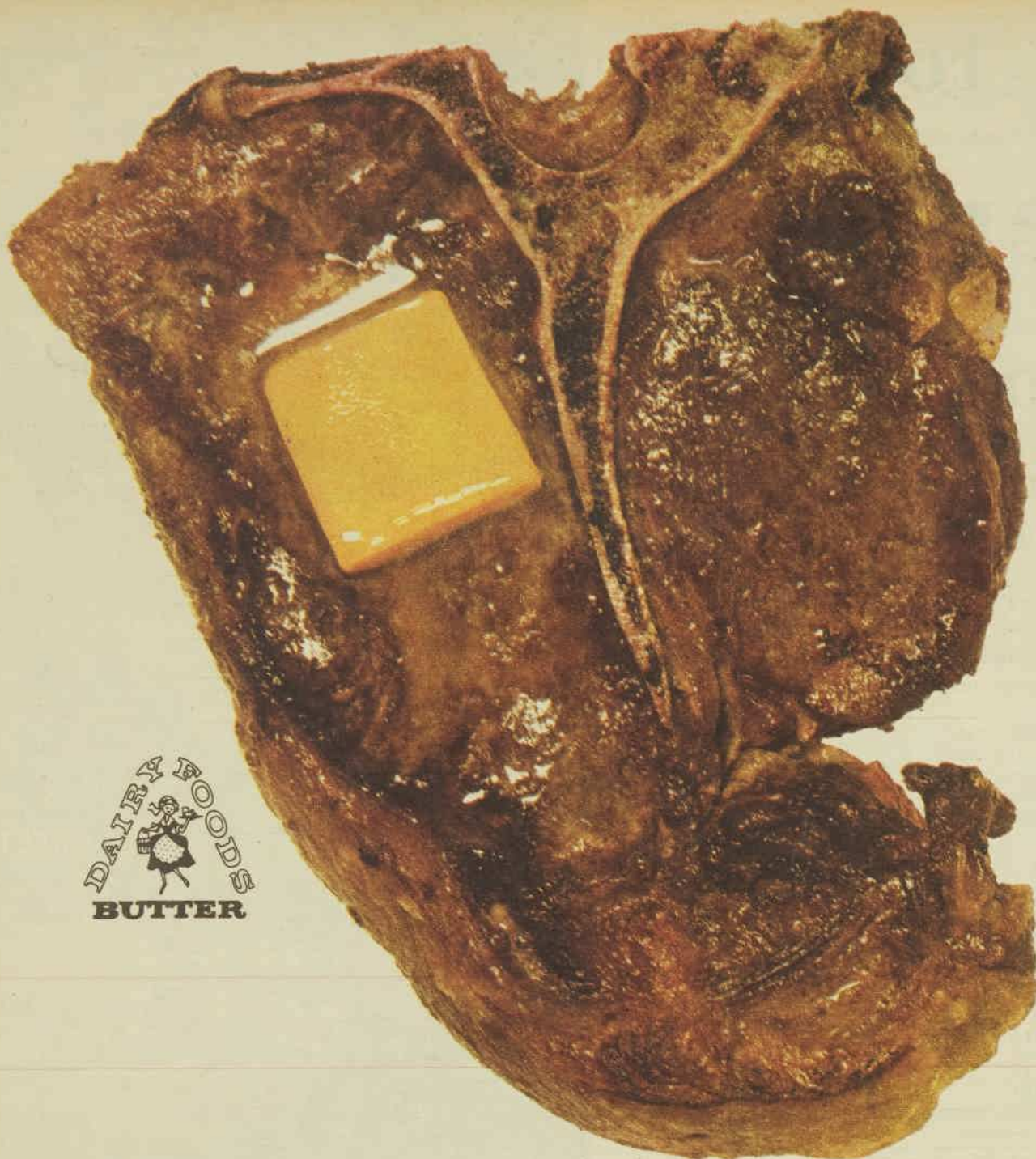
SWEET



SAVORY

SWEET PIES above are Nesselrode Fruit Pie, Ice-cream de Menthe Pie, Jam Cream Tart.

SAVORY PIES at right are Devil'd Cheese Tart, Upside Down Pie, Gourmet Fish Pie.



Whatever the dish — meat, eggs or fish

**Butter makes it better
and better for you too!**



Only butter's natural goodness and unique flavour bring out that real home-cooked taste in everything you serve. How nutrition-wise you are to cook with butter, spread with butter, add butter to other foods.

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

How to make perfect pies ... continued

BELOW are the various types of pastries and the methods of making them. The pastry best suited to a particular type of pie is specified in recipes on following pages.

Generally, a choice can be made from the following:

Savory Pies: Use shortcrust, puff pastry, rough puff pastry, or flaky pastry.

Sweet Pies and Tarts: Almost any type of pastry can be used.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Shortcrust, with its sweet variations, is the easiest to make, can be eaten hot or cold, and keeps well.

BASIC SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Half pound plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 4 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift dry ingredients, rub or cut in shortening until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Mix to dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead very lightly, roll to size and shape required.

SWEET SHORTCRUST

Use shortcrust recipe above but add 1 dessertspoon of castor sugar for every 8oz. flour. Dissolve sugar in the water before adding it to flour.

RICH SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Half pound plain flour, pinch salt, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg beaten with 1 teaspoon cold water.

Sift flour with salt. Cut butter or substitute into flour with knife, then rub in pieces with fingertips until mixture resembles the breadcrumbs. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg and water; add little more cold water if necessary. Knead lightly to make smooth dough. Roll out on lightly floured board to thickness required.

VARIATIONS FOR SHORTCRUST

Cheese Pastry: Add 2oz. grated cheese to rich shortcrust recipe to make cheese pastry. A dry cheddar-type cheese is best. Use for cocktail savories, such as canapés and cheese straws.

Cheese Straws: Roll out cheese pastry thinly into strip about 4in. wide. Cut across to make straws about 1/2in. wide; glaze with egg. Gather trimmings, roll again. Cut some pastry rings with 2in. pastry-cutter, then remove centres of rings with 1 1/2in. cutter. Bake straws and rings in moderately hot oven until golden brown; cool. Fill rings with the cheese straws to serve.

Spiced Shortcrust Pastry: Add to recipe for sweet shortcrust or rich sweet shortcrust 1/2 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg.

Orange Shortcrust Pastry: To recipe for sweet shortcrust or rich sweet shortcrust add 1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind to sifted dry ingredients. Use all orange juice to mix instead of water.

NOTES ON SHORTCRUST

When cooked, short pastry should rise to form a mass of tiny, short, crisp particles; to achieve this, the gluten in flour must be broken up. Mix the fat into flour until mixture looks like breadcrumbs. Thus flour is well coated with fat and flour grains are separate when liquid is added. If this were not done, the liquid would stick flour together in lumps. With flour protected by fat, when liquid is added, the development of gluten in flour is properly controlled and pastry will be short and crisp.

Flour and salt are sieved together to get air into mixture, also to get rid of lumps. Cut fat into small squares to make it easier to rub in.

When adding sugar to shortcrust pastry, dissolve sugar in the water first; otherwise, undissolved sugar grains melt and cause brown spots on top of baked pastry.

When adding egg for rich shortcrust, mix egg with the water so it is distributed evenly throughout mixture.

PUFF PASTRY

This pastry is light, delicate, crisp, with as many uses as it has layers.

THREE-QUARTER PUFF PASTRY

Half pound plain flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, scant 1/2 pint water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt into bowl, mix lightly to slightly stiff dough with lemon juice and just enough water to give right consistency. Knead dough until smooth, shiny, and elastic (about 5 minutes). Place on lightly floured board, cover with mixing-bowl. Let stand 20 to 25 minutes. (This is important; it gives dough time to regain elasticity.) Pull paste gently into four-leaf-clover shape, roll out the 4 ends thinly. Place in centre the butter or substitute, which should be worked with hands until about same consistency as the dough. Fold 4 ends over butter so it is sealed in. (If butter seems too soft, refrigerate 5 minutes.) Place on lightly floured board. Now, with rolling-pin in both hands, flatten butter inside dough by lightly pounding it with rolling-pin. Roll dough into square-cornered, straight-sided rectangle, about 8in. x 5in., of uniform thickness. Fold rectangle into thirds to form 3-layer square, with all edges and corners meeting. This completes the first full turn. Seal the 3 open edges by pressing lightly with rolling-pin. Rest 10 minutes, covered, in refrigerator.

Place folded dough on lightly floured board, with folded edges at sides. Roll out to strip about 9in. x 6in., fold in 3 again, seal edges, refrigerate 10 minutes. Repeat this full turn twice more, resting after each turn; the final rest should be 30 minutes. Roll out to shape, bake in very hot oven.

NOTES ON PUFF PASTRY

Puff paste is used as a golden pie topping for baked shells that are filled later with sweet or savory fillings, such as vol-au-vents or tiny shells called bouchees.

It is not, as a rule, used

quicker to make than the full puff (which uses 1lb. shortening to 1lb. flour).

The main difference between puff and other kinds of pastry is that fat is added to puff paste after dough has been mixed.

The ends are sealed between each rolling so air cannot escape, and fat is sealed in. By the sequence of rolling and folding, the basic dough is layered with sheets of fat in between. This process makes puff pastry flaky. It should be rested between each rolling and for 30 minutes after final rolling. This enables gluten to regain strength, fat to become firm again, and lets in more cold air.

It is important that fat is of right temperature and consistency; it should be as near as possible to consistency of the dough. If it is too

Flaky Pastry.

Short Biscuit Pastry.

Shortcrust Pastry.

Fruity Crunch Shell.

Cheese Pastry.

Biscuit Pastry.

Biscuit Crumb Crust.

Puff Pastry.

BASIC FLAKY PASTRY

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt (or 1 dessertspoon castor sugar for sweet pie), about 1/2 pint water, lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into bowl. Divide butter or substitute into 4 portions of 1oz. each. Rub one portion of fat into flour with fingertips or blender, mix with cold water and lemon juice to give firm dough. Knead until smooth. Rest 10 minutes. Roll out to oblong strip about 8in. x 5in. Take second portion of fat and dot it in small pieces evenly over the top two-thirds of dough. Fold up bottom third and fold top third down. Seal open edges, give dough a half-turn. Rest dough 10 minutes. Repeat twice more until all fat is used. Rest dough 30 minutes; roll to shape.

NOTES ON FLAKY PASTRY

Flaky pastry is correct for delicious Continental-type pastries — thin layers of pastry sandwiched together with jam and cream.

ROUGH PUFF PASTRY

Rough puff pastry is not as rich as puff or flaky pastry, but is much simpler to make.

ROUGH PUFF PASTRY

Eight ounces plain flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, about 6 to 8 tablespoons water, with squeeze lemon juice added, pinch salt.

Sift flour and salt together. Cut shortening into small squares, no larger than 1/2in., add to flour, and toss with knife so each piece of fat is coated with flour but not broken up. Add 6 tablespoons of water, mix lightly with knife, making sure the fat pieces are still kept whole. If mixture seems to need more water, add a teaspoon at a time until all flour is worked in. Sprinkle lightly with flour, gather together with fingertips, turn on to lightly floured board.

Roll out lightly to give long, wide, even strip, about 8in. x 5in. Fold in 3 by turning bottom one-third up and bringing top one-third down. Give pastry a quarter-turn. Leave to rest 10 minutes, then repeat rolling and folding 3 more times. Rest 15 minutes before rolling to shape and baking.

NOTES ON ROUGH PUFF PASTRY

Folding and rolling procedures are similar to those for puff and flaky pastries. Rough puff pastry should never be kneaded because all the fat is in the dough.

Continued overleaf

THE INGREDIENTS ... from previous page

SHORTENINGS: Butter, margarine, lard, clarified beef dripping, or a blend of any two are all suitable. Vegetable oil can also be used for some pastries.

When making pastry in which shortening has to be rubbed in, shake bowl several times to make sure it has been rubbed in evenly; this shaking will bring any large pieces of shortening to top of mixture.

LIQUIDS: Liquid to be used depends on type of pastry and is specified in individual pastry recipes.

Generally, cold water or milk or mixture of both is used for plain sweet or savory pastries; egg-yolk mixed with water or milk is used for rich sweet or savory pastries.

If water alone is used in mixing, add squeeze of lemon juice to improve flavor.

Chocolate Coconut Crust.

soft, it will ooze out from between layers of dough; if too hard, it will break through pastry and ruin it.

Before each rolling, dust pastry with flour; before folding and proceeding to roll again, brush off flour gently but thoroughly. Extra flour would prevent pastry from rising well.

Pastry should never be turned over during rolling. By just turning it round on the board each time it is rolled, fat and water are evenly distributed throughout dough.

When pastry is "rested" cover it with a sheet of waxed paper, then a damp cloth. Waxed paper prevents pastry absorbing moisture from damp cloth.

Puff pastry rises considerably in baking, so it should be rolled out thinly; 1/4in. to 1/2in. is suitable for most purposes, but for large vol-au-vent cases it needs to be a little thicker — from 1/2in. to 1in.

Puff pastry rolled in waxed paper, foil, or plastic will keep 4 or 5 days in the refrigerator.

FLAKY PASTRY

This feathery light pastry is similar to puff pastry, but is quicker to make.



CHAMPAGNE AND BISCUIT PASTRIES

These are sweet pastries with a deliciously short, biscuit-type texture.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Eight ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-

yolk, beat well. Sift in flour and baking-powder, knead lightly until mixture is well combined. Turn on to lightly floured board, roll to thickness required (usually about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for tartlet or pie shells), line baking-tins. Prick pastry well with fork. Bake in moderate oven until golden.

SHORT BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 2oz. custard powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons milk or water.

Sift dry ingredients together into

basin, rub in butter or substitute. Add sugar, mix to firm dough with milk or water. Chill few hours if possible before rolling out. Bake in moderately hot oven.

CHAMPAGNE PASTRY

Half cup each plain flour and self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub or cut in butter, add sugar. Beat egg-yolk with milk, add to dry ingredients, knead lightly. Roll to required thickness.

NOTES ON THESE PASTRIES

Biscuit pastry is ideal for small, sweet tartlets or pie-shells with sweet filling. Champagne pastry is softer and is generally used for small tartlet-shells.

If shells are to be baked without filling, prick them well or line with small piece of greased paper, then fill with raw rice or barley. Cook 10 minutes, remove paper and rice or barley, cook further 5 minutes or until golden.

Tart-cases can be made by covering outside of patty-tins with pastry and cooking them upside down.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.

All the recipes will make 6 to 8 servings.

This method makes slightly larger case.

CRUMB CRUST

Although not a true pastry, this type of pie-case is useful for many desserts, especially cheesecake.

CRUMB CRUST

Half-pound sweet, plain biscuits, 3oz. butter or substitute.

Crush biscuits very finely with rolling-pin (or break up biscuits and drop a few at a time into blender). Melt butter or substitute, add to crushed biscuits, blend well to make a shortbread. Press mixture over base and sides of pie-plate or springform-pan. Use small, straight-sided glass to firm mixture in tin. Refrigerate an hour or so or overnight.

NOTES ON CRUMB CRUST

Always refrigerate crumb mixture after pressing it into pie-dish; this will firm it and prevent any loose crumbs escaping into filling. The crust can then be filled with any previously cooked and cooled filling which needs only to set. Or it can be filled with a firm mixture, such as cheesecake, then baked.

If crust is to be baked, add a beaten egg to melted cooled butter in ingredients. This will make crust easier to slice when serving.

A tablespoon of ground almonds or teaspoon of cinnamon, finely chopped nuts, and grated orange rind can be added to crumb crust for extra flavor.

UNBAKED PIE-SHELLS

These pie-shells do not require cooking; after pressing them into pie-dish, refrigerate until quite firm. Then fill with cooled mixture and chill.

CHOCOLATE COCONUT SHELL

Three ounces chocolate, 3oz. butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 2 cups shredded coconut.

Melt in saucepan the chopped chocolate and butter. Blend milk and icing-sugar. Combine both mixtures, fold in coconut. Press into 8in. or 9in. pie-plate, piling up round edge. Chill until required.

Note: This crust is very rich and requires only a simple filling.

FRUITY CRUNCH SHELL

Two cups crushed chocolate-flavored biscuit crumbs, 1 cup desiccated coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, 1 cup melted butter.

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Press over base and sides of 9in. or 10in. pie-plate, chill well before filling.

HOW MUCH TO USE

When a recipe calls for, say, 8oz. of pastry, this means the amount of pastry made with 8oz. of flour among the ingredients.

The list below will help you assess the quantity of pastry you will need. The basic pastry recipes on this page and the preceding page can be reduced or increased, if necessary to suit the size of the pie you want to make. Be sure to reduce or increase all other ingredients in proportion.

Tart-plates: For 7in. tart-plate, use 6oz. of pastry.

For 8in. or 9in. tart-plate, use 8 to 10oz. of pastry.

Double Crust Pies and Tarts: For 7in. size, use 10oz. pastry. For 8in. or 9in. size, use 12 to 14oz. pastry.

Small Tartlets: For 2 to 24 dozen small tartlet-cases, use 10 to 12oz. of pastry.



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SAVORY PIE RECIPES

These family-size pies make substantial main-course dishes. Glaze pastries with beaten egg-yolk, which can be diluted with a little water or milk.

UPSIDE-DOWN PIE

Vegetable and Bacon Topping: Half-pound bacon rashers, 1 cup grated cheese, 3 cups cooked, drained, and chopped spinach, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 small onion (grated), 2 large tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs.

Dough Base: Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice, 1 egg, 1oz. water or substitute.

Remove rind from rashers, cut them in half; fry in pan 1 or 2 minutes or just until fat is lightly transparent. Grease well in 8in. square or oblong casserole. Arrange tomato slices on base; cover with overlapping slices of bacon. Combine spinach, parsley, cheese, white sauce, onion, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, spread over bacon.

Mix flour with salt and mustard, rub in butter, add cheese, moisten with tomato juice and beaten egg. Roll or pat out gently on lightly floured board to shape of casserole. Bake on top of spinach mixture. Bake in hot oven approximately 20 minutes or until well risen and brown. Let stand 5 minutes, then carefully turn out upside down on serving-plate.

GOURMET FISH PIE

One large can tuna, 1lb. prawns (shelled), 1 large can condensed mushroom soup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion (sauteed until transparent in little butter), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped celery, 2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, egg-yolk for glazing, pastry for two-crust 9in. pie.

In saucepan combine soup, milk, flour, and onion. Cook, stirring, until thickened, add prawns and chopped tuna. Combine celery, shallots, and parsley. Line 9in. pie-shell with half of pastry, cover with layer of filling; sprinkle over half of celery-parsley-shallot mixture. Top with remaining filling, then with remaining celery mixture. Roll out remaining pastry to circle, cut into strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide; criss-cross over filling to form lattice top. Trim and seal ends, fold bottom crust over top to cover ends; flute. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, bake further 25 minutes or until pastry is golden.

DEVILLED CHEESE TART

Devilled Cheese Pastry: Make shortcrust pastry, using 8oz. flour, but add the following ingredients to the dry flour mixture: 1 teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely grated cheese. When stirring in water to dry ingredients, add also 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Roll out pastry, line 8in. or 9in. pie-dish.

Filling: Half-pint milk, few peppercorns, 1 bayleaf, 3 chopped shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, 2 tablespoons cream, 3 eggs, 1-3rd cup cream (extra), 3oz. grated Gruyere cheese, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, red capsicum rings, parsley sprigs.

Add peppercorns, bayleaf, and 1 shallot to milk. Infuse over low heat, covered, 5 to 6 minutes. Melt butter in saucepan, remove from heat, add flour; blend well. Cook 1 or 2 minutes; then add the strained, cooled milk all at once. Blend, then cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until boiling. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes, add 2 tablespoons cream; cool. When quite cool, add well-beaten eggs gradually, then cream, grated cheese, and remaining shallots. Season with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Spoon gently into pastry-shell, sprinkle with nutmeg, bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 minutes. Cover with piece of brown paper if pie browns too quickly. Garnish with red capsicum rings and parsley sprigs.

BEEFSTEAK AND OYSTER PIE

Two pounds beefsteak, flour, butter or substitute, salt and pepper, 2 onions, 1 pint stock or water, 1 bayleaf, 1 dozen oysters, puff or flaky pastry for 8in. top pie-crust, egg-glazing.

Cut meat into large squares, dip in flour, brown in hot butter or substitute until lightly browned. Remove from pan; add chopped onion, saute until brown. Return meat to pan with stock and bayleaf; add salt and pepper to taste. Cook over low heat until meat is almost tender. Put layer of meat in casserole, top with some oysters,

then continue layers until all meat is used. Cool completely. Roll pastry out to fit top of casserole, cut several slashes to allow steam to escape, decorate top of pie with leaves cut from pastry trimmings. Glaze with beaten egg-yolk. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate; continue cooking further 25-30 minutes until pastry is well browned and crisp.

INDIAN CURRY PIE

One cup chopped onion, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. round steak, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons curry powder, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 tomato, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon flour, pastry for two-crust 8in. deep pie-dish, egg-glazing.

Melt butter or substitute, fry onions until lightly browned. Remove from pan. Add meat (cut in 1in. squares) to pan, fry until well browned; add tomato (chopped), curry powder, flour; stir until mixture is well browned. Add vinegar, stock or water, and parsley; cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until mixture has thickened (about 30 minutes); add onions. Cool. Spoon into pastry-lined pie-dish, top with pastry; cut 2 slits in top, decorate as desired. Brush with beaten egg, bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 25 to 30 minutes or until pastry is nicely browned.

VEAL VOL-AU-VENT

One-and-a-half ounces butter, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint chicken stock (or use packaged chicken soup), $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream, salt, pepper, 1lb. mushrooms, butter, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooked veal (cut in small dice), puff pastry made from 8oz. flour, egg-yolk for glazing, extra chopped parsley.

Heat 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook gently several minutes without browning. Gradually add chicken stock and cream. Bring just to the boil, then cook over low heat, stirring, until smooth and thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Fold in the chopped mushrooms, which have been sauteed in little butter, parsley, and veal. Fill into hot vol-au-vent case, sprinkle with additional chopped parsley, serve at once.

Vol-au-vent Case: Roll out pastry $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. Cut out 7in. circle with very sharp knife. Then with sharp knife, using saucer or small plate as guide, cut smaller circle about 5in. in diameter, inside 7in. circle, cutting half-way through pastry. Place on baking-sheet, brush top only with beaten egg-yolk. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderately hot, bake further 30 to 35 minutes or until vol-au-vent is well puffed and brown. With sharp-pointed knife, carefully lift out centre ring of pastry, spoon in filling, replace top cap and serve at once.

After removing centre pastry ring, it may be necessary to return large case to oven a few minutes to dry out centre.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

One-and-a-half pounds chuck or round steak, half ox kidney or 3 sheep's kidneys, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1oz. melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry red wine, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg, flaky or puff pastry for top of 8in. pie, egg-yolk for glazing.

Cut steak and kidney into small cubes, put into saucepan with water, wine, and onion; cook gently until meat is nearly tender, skimming from time to time. Blend flour with mustard, melted butter, nutmeg; add to mixture gradually; cook, stirring, until thickened. Add salt and pepper to taste; cool. Transfer to casserole or deep pie-dish, cover with pastry, make 2 slashes in crust, decorate with pastry leaves, brush with beaten egg. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderately hot; bake further 15 minutes, or until pastry is golden and flaky.

QUICHE LORRAINE

Six slices bacon, 12 thin slices Gruyere cheese about same width as the bacon, 4 eggs, 1 dessertspoon flour, nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons melted butter, 9in. unbaked deep pie-shell.

Grill bacon until fat is transparent, drain, cut in half. Arrange bacon and cheese in overlapping layers on base of pie-shell. Beat together well eggs, flour, little nutmeg, salt and pepper; beat in milk, cream, and melted butter. Pour carefully over bacon and cheese. Bake in moderate oven about 40



● Lemon Meringue Pie is made in a shortcrust pastry-case.

minutes or until custard is well set and nicely browned.

OYSTER PATTIES

One quantity puff pastry, 2 cups thick white sauce, 3 dozen oysters, finely chopped parsley, beaten egg-yolk.

Roll out pastry $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick on lightly floured board. Cut into small circles with fluted-edge cutter. Cut centre from half the circles so they make rings. Brush edge of whole circles with water, place ring on top of each. Place on baking-sheet lined with heavy paper. Brush top of each ring with beaten egg-yolk, replace tiny cut-outs lightly in each ring. Chill 20 minutes, then bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until nicely golden. Remove from oven; carefully lift out with pointed knife the cut-out piece, fill with hot Creamed Oysters, sprinkle with chopped parsley, replace tiny cap, serve at once.

Creamed Oysters: Poach oysters in own liquor until just hot. Transfer to warm bowl, with just enough liquor to keep them moist. Reduce remainder of oyster liquor to half its original quantity by boiling it rapidly. Combine with hot white sauce. Add poached oysters; if necessary, thin with little cream. Reheat all together, but do not allow mixture to boil.

RABBIT PIE

One rabbit, 1lb. bacon, 2 onions, butter or substitute, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine, 1 pint stock, 1 bayleaf, 2 carrots, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, puff or flaky pastry for 9in. top pie-crust, egg-yolk for glazing.

Wash rabbit, divide into joints. Saute in hot butter with sliced onions and chopped bacon until well browned; season with pepper, salt, sprinkle with flour, then continue cooking over low heat until flour has lightly browned. Add wine, stock, chopped carrots, bayleaf; cook over low heat until rabbit is almost tender. Turn into casserole, sprinkle with parsley, cool. Top with pastry, rolled to fit top of casserole; cut 2 gashes in pastry, brush with beaten egg-yolk. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderately hot; cook further 15 minutes or until pastry is golden and well risen.

TOMATO-CHEESE PIE

Quarter-cup cooked rice, 4 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded cheese, 6 sliced olives, 1 teaspoon each sugar and salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 2 onions (thinly sliced), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon oregano, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons flour, unbaked 9in. pastry-shell, plus enough pastry for lattice strips, egg-glazing.

Spread rice in unbaked pastry-shell; top with sliced tomatoes. Saute onion rings in butter until lightly golden, arrange over tomato slices. Combine sugar, salt, pepper, parsley, oregano, flour, and cheese; sprinkle over onion slices, arrange sliced olives over. Top with lattice strips, glaze with beaten egg. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 minutes or until tomatoes are tender and crust is golden.

ZUCCHINI PIE

Six medium-sized zucchini (boiled in salted water 10 minutes), 2 large tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry breadcrumbs mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated parmesan cheese, 1 tablespoon oil, 1lb. minced steak, extra 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each grated onion and garlic salt, 1 teaspoon each salt and oregano, pastry for two-crust 9in. pie, egg-glazing.

In 1 tablespoon hot oil saute steak, green pepper, parsley, onion; sprinkle with garlic salt. Cook until meat is nicely browned, cool.

Roll out good half of pastry to line deep 9in. pie-dish. Slice 3 zucchini, arrange on top of pastry, top with half cooled meat mixture, then with layer of cheese-crumbs mixture. Repeat layers of zucchini, meat and crumbs. Top with layer of tomato slices, spoon over 1 tablespoon oil; sprinkle with salt and oregano. Roll out remaining pastry, arrange over top of pie, cut 2 gashes in top crust. Brush with egg-glazing, sprinkle with garlic salt. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 25 minutes.

DESSERT PIE RECIPES

These pies make delicious desserts to serve at any time of the year. For a golden shine, glaze the pastry with milk or egg-white. Brush it on before baking.

ICE-CREAM DE MENTHE TART

One packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 small can pineapple pieces, 1 large block ice-cream or 2 trays home-made ice-cream (vanilla flavor), 1 9in. baked biscuit pastry-case, Creme de Menthe sauce.

Drain pineapple syrup into cup, measure, make up to 1 cup with water if necessary. Heat to boiling, pour on to jelly crystals, stir until all crystals have dissolved. Chop ice-cream in pieces, stir into mixture. When all has melted, place in refrigerator to chill but not set. Whip until thick. Fold in pineapple pieces, chill until set. Scoop filling in rough pieces into pastry-case, pour over sauce.

Creme de Menthe Sauce: Blend 1 teaspoon arrowroot with juice of half lemon, add 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar. Stir over heat until mixture boils. Add 1 to 2 tablespoons Cream de Menthe liqueur, simmer 1 minute. Cool.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 3 table-spoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, grated rind and juice 2 lemons, 1oz. butter or substitute, 3 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar.

Roll out pastry to fit 8in. or 9in. tart-plate. Glaze edges, prick pastry well, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: Blend flour and sugar in saucepan with egg-yolks, water, and lemon juice. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Blend in butter and lemon rind; cool. Spoon into cool pastry-case, top with meringue.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until stiff and dry; add 6 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Pile on top of lemon filling. Bake in slow oven until meringue is lightly brown.

CHOCOLATE-CHEESE PIE

Two ounces dark chocolate, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 8oz. cream cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon rum, 1 cup cream, chocolate curls, 1 9in. baked pie-shell or crumb crust-case.

Melt chocolate over hot water, set aside. Soften gelatine in cold water, then set over hot water to dissolve. Beat cream cheese until smooth, blend in milk, sugar, dissolved gelatine. Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cups of this mixture into bowl, beat in melted chocolate, pour into pie-shell; refrigerate until set. Stir rum into remaining mixture. Whip cream, gradually fold in. Spoon on top of set chocolate layer, refrigerate until set. Garnish with chocolate curls.

Continued on page 37



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HOW TO MAKE PERFECT PIES . . . continued

What went wrong?

● Perhaps your pie was not a complete success. The guide below will tell you the reason and how to correct the fault next time you bake.

FAULT	WHY
ALL TYPES OF PASTRY	
Soggy pastry.	In double-crust pies, no slit made to allow steam to escape from filling.
Uneven rising.	Uneven pressure in rolling. Always roll to an even thickness all over.
Blister on top of pastry.	Water added too slowly or unevenly.
SHORT OR SWEET PASTRY	
Hard and tough.	Shortening not well rubbed into flour. Too much liquid. Baked too long. Not enough shortening. Over-handled.
Pale on top, not cooked underneath.	Oven heat too low. Placed too low in oven. Not baked long enough.
PUFF, FLAKY OR ROUGH PUFF PASTRY	
Not flaky enough.	Too heavily rolled out or too much rolling. Oven too slow or baked too low down in oven.
Outside crisp, inside heavy and damp.	Oven too hot, baking outside too quickly and keeping steam inside pastry. Too much water.
Pastry soggy inside pie.	Filling not cooled before putting in dish, or slit not made to let steam escape.
Oily, with shortening running on to baking-sheet.	Oven not hot enough. Shortening too soft when rolling. Edges not sealed before rolling. Rolling too heavy.
Pastry shrinking from sides of dish.	Stretched or pulled when rolling out, placing on dish, or trimming edges. Oven too cool.

HONEY-GUSTARD PIE

Half cup honey, pinch salt, 4 eggs, 3 cups milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 8in.-deep unbaked pie-shell, extra cinnamon.
Beat eggs well with salt; add honey, beat again. Scald milk, add little to egg mixture, stirring, then add remainder of milk, stirring constantly; add cinnamon. Spoon into pie-shell, sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 20 to 30 minutes or until custard is set and pastry golden.

WALNUT CHIFFON PIE

Half tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 3 eggs, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons rum, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ pint cream, ½ cup sweet chocolate, 1 9in. crumb pie-shell (well chilled).
Soften gelatine in water. Separate eggs; beat egg-yolks until light and fluffy, add milk, sugar, and salt. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly. When mixture coats spoon, cool slightly, and stir in softened gelatine, stirring until gelatine is dissolved; cool. Beat egg-whites, fold into mixture with rum and walnuts. Spoon into crumb-crust, chill. When ready to serve, cover with whipped cream, sprinkle with grated chocolate.

APPLE PIE

Seven cups peeled, cored, sliced apples (or use 2 small cans pie apples), 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, few cloves, grated rind 1 lemon, 1lb. dry apricots (cooked and mashed to puree), pastry for deep two-crust 9in. pie-dish, water, extra sugar.
Roll out pastry, use half to line 9in. pie-dish, coat sides of pie-shell with apricot puree. Fill dish with sliced apples, sprinkling layers with mixed sugar, cinnamon, and cloves. Sprinkle lemon rind on top. Top with remaining pastry, cut few slits in top crust. Brush with water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce to moderate and continue baking 20 to 30 minutes or until crust is golden. Cut into wedges, top with whipped cream sprinkled with cinnamon.

BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM PIE

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon water, ½ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup water, 1 pint cream, whipped cream, butterscotch candy, 1 baked 9in. pastry-shell.
Soak gelatine in 1 tablespoon water to soften. Separate eggs. Combine ½ cup

brown sugar, salt, and softened gelatine in top half of double saucepan. Beat egg-yolks with milk and ½ cup water. Add to gelatine mixture, cook over simmering water, stirring for 5 minutes or until gelatine dissolves and mixture thickens slightly, remove from heat. Chill, stirring occasionally, until thickened but not set. Beat cream until thick, fold into butterscotch mixture. Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form, gradually beat in remaining ½ cup brown sugar, beat until stiff; fold into mixture. Spoon into cooled baked pie-shell. Chill until firm. Decorate with whipped cream, sprinkle with crushed candy.

EGGNOG-COFFEE PIE

Four eggs, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, ½ cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, extra ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon rum, 9in. baked pie-shell, ½ pint cream, nutmeg.

Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks slightly, combine in top of double saucepan with ½ cup sugar, instant coffee, salt, and hot water; stir constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Soften gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Pour hot custard over gelatine mixture, stir until gelatine is dissolved; cool. When mixture starts to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, blended with extra sugar, nutmeg, and rum. Pour into baked pie-shell. Refrigerate until firm. Before serving, top with whipped cream, dust with nutmeg.

JAM-CREAM PIE

Two egg-whites, ½ teaspoon vinegar, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, apricot jam, 1 dessertspoon rum, 1 cup cream, ½ teaspoon almond essence, canned apricot halves, mint sprigs, 8in. or 9in. baked pie-shell (use biscuit pastry).

Beat egg-whites with vinegar and salt until soft peaks form; gradually beat in sugar until meringue stands in glossy peaks. Spread base and sides of cooled, baked pie-shell with meringue. Bake in moderate oven approximately 10 to 15 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned; cool. Carefully spread generous layer of sieved apricot jam, flavored with rum, on top of meringue. Beat whipped cream with essence, pile on top of jam. Arrange drained apricot halves round edge, with mint sprig to represent stalk.

Continued overleaf

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DATE CREAM-MERINGUE PIE

Half cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup dates (finely chopped), 9in. pie-shell (unbaked).
Meringue: Three egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$

teaspoon cream of tartar, 6 table-
spoons sugar.

Combine in bowl sugar, cornflour, and salt, blend in slightly beaten egg-yolks, melted butter, sour cream, lemon rind and juice. Spread chopped dates over base of pie-shell, pour filling mixture over. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until filling is set. Remove pie from oven, cool 15 minutes. Swirl meringue over, bake in moderate oven further 10 to 15 minutes.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar until softly peaked. Add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Continue

beating until meringue is stiff and satiny.

NESSELRODE-FRUIT PIE

Three-quarters cup sugar, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons gelatine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon rum, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, deep 9in. baked pie-shell.

Fruit Mince: One cup chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each green and red cherries, 1 grated apple, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar.

Combine all ingredients for fruit mince, bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Set aside to cool.

Soften gelatine in milk, add salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; cook over medium heat in top of double saucepan, stirring, 5 minutes, or until gelatine has dissolved; remove from heat. Separate eggs; beat yolks well, gradually beat in milk mixture. Return to top of double saucepan, cook over hot water until mixture coats spoon, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add rum, refrigerate until thickened but not set. Beat egg-whites until frothy, gradually beat in remaining sugar; beat until stiff but not dry. Fold into gelatine mixture, then fold in stiffly whipped cream.



Spoon half of mixture into cooled, baked pastry-shell; cover with layer of fruit mince, then with remaining mixture. Spoon remaining fruit mince on top of pie, wheel-spoke fashion; chill well before serving.

ORANGE COCONUT TART

Half cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 orange, whipped cream, shredded coconut, one 7in. or 8in. baked pie-shell or crumb-crust shell.

Separate eggs; beat yolks until light and fluffy, stir in sugar, salt, orange, lemon juice and rind. Cook in top of double saucepan over boiling water, stirring, until thickened. Soften gelatine in cold water, stir into orange mixture; stir until dissolved. Beat egg-whites until they hold soft peaks, fold into orange mixture; cool until it starts to set. Peel orange, separate into segments, cut into small pieces (reserving few for garnish); blend into filling. Turn into pie-shell, chill until firm. To serve, top with cream, sprinkle with shredded coconut, garnish with orange segments.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT PIE

One 8in. baked pastry-shell, whipped cream, toasted slivered almonds.

First Filling: Two tablespoons custard powder, 2 egg-yolks, 2 cups canned pineapple juice, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter.

Second Filling: Three teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot pineapple juice, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup well-drained, crushed pineapple.

First Filling: Blend custard powder and beaten egg-yolks with little of the pineapple juice. Combine remaining juice with sugar in saucepan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Stir in blended custard powder mixture, cook over heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in butter. Set aside.

Second Filling: Soften gelatine in little cold water, then dissolve in hot pineapple juice. Stir in half of the first filling, just prepared; chill until thickened. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in cottage cheese (which has been pushed through fine sieve), thoroughly mix with pineapple mixture. Fold in grated orange rind, crushed pineapple.

Fill prepared mixture into cooled pie-case, refrigerate until set; cover with remainder of first filling, chill just before serving, decorate with whipped cream piped round edge of pie, sprinkle with almonds.

Prize recipe

THIS week's prize of £5 has been awarded for a recipe for crunchy biscuit squares.

NOUGAT SQUARES

Quarter pound butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup shredded coconut.

Melt the butter, add sugar and cook 1 minute. Add rolled oats and coconut and mix well. Press into greased tin, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Mark into sections while hot and leave in tin until cold.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Wilton, 75 Sproule St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

plain or toasted it's terrific!



Tip Top

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Never before, a fruit loaf with quite so many pieces of delicious good-for-you fruit, or just such a blend of delicate spices! Tip Top Spicy Fruit Loaf adds more appeal and more goodness to after-school and suppertime snacks... pops out of the toaster golden-brown and tempting for morning and afternoon teas. It's Spicy Fruit Loaf time now, so look for it in the cellulose pack with the red, white and blue shield.



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Tip Top

QUALITY STARTS HERE

in the Weston Research Laboratories, where every ingredient used in Tip Top Bread products is checked and re-checked to ensure the highest standards of purity and quality for you and your family.



● Porcelain vases.

Could you give me some information about my plate? It has a fluted edge decorated in green and black. There is a painting of a floral spray in the centre and four holes at one end, which I presume are for a cord to hang it from a wall. The markings on the back are 1881, a coat of arms, lion, unicorn, crown, and a small cross. — Judith McColl, Goondiwindi, Qld.

Your attractive English Staffordshire plate (below) was made about 1815.



● English plate.

OVEN MEALS

GOLDEN CORN CHOWDER

Two tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups raw potato cubes, salt and pepper, 1 cup whole-kernel corn (fresh, frozen, or canned), 1 cup chopped celery, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, 3 cups milk, chopped parsley.

Place butter in casserole with onion; bake in moderate oven until onion is transparent. Remove from oven; add potato cubes, celery, corn, boiling water, salt and pepper. Cover, bake until vegetables are tender. Remove from oven, add milk. Return to oven, bake until soup is heated through. Garnish with parsley.

OXTAIL CREOLE

Two large oxtails, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour (browned in oven), 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chilli powder, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, 1 cup olives, 3 stalks celery, 1 red pepper, 1 green pepper.

The day before, cut oxtails into pieces, toss in seasoned brown flour. Heat oil in casserole in oven, add meat, brown well. Make smooth paste of chilli powder, mustard, 1 dessertspoon of remaining seasoned brown flour, salt, pineapple and lemon juices, and Worcestershire sauce. Stir into meat with raisins. Bake, covered, approximately 2 hours, or until meat is just tender. Remove from oven, cool, refrigerate.

Next day, remove fat from top of casserole, add coarsely chopped peppers, celery cut in 1 in. pieces, and olives. Cook, covered, in moderate oven 45 minutes.

PEACH PYRAMID DESSERT

Three cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 large can sliced peaches, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, additional sugar.

Sift flour and salt. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs; beat well. Add boiling water. Stir to form mixture. Spread layer of batter in greased ramekins, cover with layer of peaches and some chopped cherries, sprinkle with sugar. Top with another layer of batter, add second layer of fruit and sugar. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.

I have a pair of vases decorated with gold on a cream-and-burgundy background. The neck and base of each is dark green and the handles are gold. There are scenes entitled "Garrick Between Comedy and Tragedy" and "Decorating Thebes" painted on the front. The markings are a simple shield and 47. Could you tell me something about them, please? — Mrs. F. Coulter, Devonport, Tas.

Your pair of vases (left) are Austrian porcelain. They bear the mark of the Vienna works and were made about 1875-1885.

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WOW! Look at the scrumptious ways you can serve CHOCOLATE CRACKLES



1. Chocolate Crackles**

(Standard Recipe)
4 cups Kellogg's Rice Bubbles†
8 oz. icing sugar
6 level tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa‡
8 oz. Copha§ shortening

Method: Place into a basin Rice Bubbles, sifted icing sugar and cocoa. Melt Copha over gentle heat, it should only be lukewarm. Pour onto ingredients in basin and mix thoroughly. Spoon mixture into paper cake containers and allow to set. Serve plain or ice and decorate with a cherry.

2. Fruit Slice Crackles

Standard recipe ingredients plus 4 oz. chopped glace cherries, 2 oz. crystallized pineapple, chopped or 2 oz. mixed peel.

Method: Make up as for standard recipe, adding cherries and pineapple. Press mixture

firmly into a shallow tin 11" x 7" x 1 1/2" which has been lined with greaseproof paper. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Cut into fingers or squares. Ice with coffee icing.

3. Date Crackles

Standard recipe ingredients plus 8 oz. chopped dates, 2 level tablespoons golden syrup, shredded coconut for decoration.

Method: Place into a basin the Rice Bubbles, sifted icing sugar, cocoa and chopped dates. Melt Copha over gentle heat, it should only be lukewarm. Add golden syrup to Copha then pour onto ingredients in basin and mix thoroughly. Spoon into paper cake containers. Decorate with shredded coconut, allow to set.

4. Marshmallow Crackles

Method: Make up as for standard recipe, adding 4 oz. chopped, toasted marshmallows. Press mixture firmly into a shallow tin 11" x 7" x 1 1/2" lined with greaseproof paper. Chill until firm. Cut into diamonds, fingers or fancy shapes. Ice and decorate if desired.

5. Party Crackles

Method: Follow standard recipe, press mixture firmly into a shallow greaseproof

lined tin about 13" x 10" x 1 1/2". Chill until firm. Cut into rounds. Sandwich together using 4 oz. coffee flavoured Vienna Cream.

** Chocolate Crackles is a registered trademark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

† World Brands Pty. Ltd., registered user of trademark.

‡ Rice Bubbles registered trademark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

§ Cadbury's registered trademark.



● Each year comes a new array of wonderful camellias, and there seems no end to their number. Australians are finding it easy to choose a group that ensures a supply of blooms without cessation from February to October

on the east coast. Here are a few newer varieties. Many others will be on display at the annual show of the N.S.W. branch of the Australian Camellia Research Society, at Farmer's Blaxland Gallery on July 29, 30, and 31.

CAMELLIAS UNLIMITED



TOP RIGHT, Red Ensign: Glowing scarlet single to semi-double. Blooms mid-season. RIGHT, Ellen Sampson: Large semi-double, with two rows of wavy petals. Long-lasting blooms, mid-season. Compact, and so a good tub specimen.



LEFT, Dr. Tinsley: Outstanding new semi-double. Compact, upright growth, good cold-resistance. Blooms mid-season.



RIGHT, Reticulata Crimson Robe: Very large semi-double; wavy, crinkled crepe-textured petals. Vigorous, spreading growth. Medium to late flowering.



LEFT, Blood of China: Large semi-double to peony form with loose petals. Vigorous, bushy growth. Good resistance to cold. Mid-season to late.



RIGHT, Lady Kay: A large informal red sport of Ville de Nantes. Loose petals, often fringed, with large petaloids. Mid-season to late-season flowering.



LEFT, Lady Gowrie: A charming and gracious semi-double williamsii. Soft fuchsine pink, large cupped petals. Vigorous grower. Blooms come in mid-season.

"You know, Francesca? I think we're going to be seeing a lot of each other."

Continued from page 21

THE SINGING RAIN

He found a room in a house not far away. All day he would be writing—stories, articles, poetry. And always, of course, the novel.

He would bring her a chapter to read. "Is it any good? Do you think it will ever sell? I'm afraid it's completely idiotic." Or he would be filled with eagerness, "I really think this part's good."

He would meet her in the evenings, his eyes glazed with typing. He would sit in Toni's shaking his head to clear it of the thronging ideas, so that he could free his mind to talk to her. They never stopped talking.

"What do you find to gabble about all evening?" Beryl asked, thrusting her head into Francesca's

room, borrowing again, a shilling for the meter, a loaf of bread, seeing them engaged in cooking some exotic meals from scraps, dignifying it with a fancy name, laughing, arguing, running out for a bottle of cheap wine when Martin sold an article, sharing their last cigarette when neither of them had a penny.

Francesca looked up at Beryl, bored and envious in the doorway. "There's such a crowd of things to talk about."

"What eats her?" Martin asked as Beryl left.

Francesca shrugged. "She's gone sour. She thought she was going to be a writer. She did have a novel published, but I don't know

what happened. She seemed to go woolly afterwards. Nothing quite came off again. She's stopped trying now."

It couldn't happen to us, Francesca thought in momentary terror. Martin's novel would be a success; there would be a second novel, a third, and yet a fourth. And she would win her scholarship; she would stand on the great concert platforms of the world, bowing, acknowledging the cheers.

"Don't let her make you think it happens to everyone," she cried to Martin, for Beryl would drop in, would look at Francesca reading the latest sheaf of paper, would glance at Martin. "Ah, yes, the masterpiece. We all had our masterpieces

once." She had a way of making effort seem foolish, amateur, destined to failure.

Martin laughed. "I didn't have to come to London to meet people like Beryl and Miss Cowley downstairs. There are plenty back home. They never quite give up. They never believe enough in themselves, but they never stop believing. But what are we talking like this for? Let's finish up the risotto and go somewhere gay."

Where did they all come from? Francesca wondered, looking round the cellar crammed with twisting, jiving shapes.

Here and there she caught sight of a middle-aged face, out of place in the ceaseless animation like a

thrush among birds of paradise, a waiter or a pianist with an expressionless face as if to say: I have nothing to do with all this. I earn my bread here. I was never young, or if I was it was a long time ago and not in the way that these are young.

In November the novel was finished. Martin parcelled it up in fear and anguish. He had an introduction to a publisher who had seen and liked some of his work.

"I'll take it round myself." He clutched the parcel as if it were some precious child.

A week went by. Two weeks, three. Martin sank into the calm of despair. He no longer raced out to meet every post, was convinced his work was hopeless, took to scanning the evening papers looking for jobs, certain he would never succeed at writing. There was a chance of a job as a reporter.

"I could just go and see the editor," he told Francesca. "It wouldn't commit me."

She could have shaken him. "You've sent off your very first novel. It's only been gone three weeks. Already you're looking for a steady job. You've got another nine months on the grant and even if you don't earn a penny you won't starve."

"You're right." He cheered up at once and was smiling when Beryl put her head in.

"Any chance of a pint of milk?"

"Sorry, I haven't much left myself." Francesca's voice was curt. She didn't want Beryl infecting Martin with hopelessness.

"Have you a tin of milk then?" She came right into the room, opened a cupboard. "Here's a tin."

SHE glanced at Martin. "Still waiting for the masterpiece to be hailed with joy?" Martin looked at her with distaste, said nothing. "Don't give up—yet," she added. "You're rather young for that."

He looked savagely after her. "She'd be hopping mad if I did get it accepted." His mood changed suddenly. "And it will be accepted, you'll see." He twirled Francesca around, gave her an exuberant kiss.

And then one December morning he came running up to the bus stop where Francesca stood.

"Francesca—" The bus roared up, faces stared out. She jumped on to the platform, leaned out to listen.

He held up a letter. "They're going to take it. I have to call there this afternoon. I'll meet you at Toni's at six o'clock."

The bus jerked into motion. She jumped up and down on the platform in excitement.

"Spring's a long way off, sister," the conductor said as he moved between the rows of seats, reached up to touch the bell.

A large woman, weighed down with a basket, umbrella, handbag, struggled to her feet. She winked gaily at Francesca as she went by.

"Don't mind old sourpuss back there. I was young myself once. Make the most of it—it doesn't last."

That's what they all say, Francesca thought with sudden sadness. At what point did one stop, look back and say: I am no longer young? Miss Cowley had slipped beyond youth; Beryl was exactly at the point where a middle-aged person would have called her young and a youngster would think her old.

Francesca got off the bus outside the college, joined the students hurrying through the gates. She reached the room just as the tutor was entering.

"You're late, Miss Hayward." "I'm sorry." She opened the case, took out the violin, forgot about Beryl, forgot about Martin and the novel, forgot everything except the sighing, soaring music and the tutor's voice, encouraging, rebuking, exhorting.

Toni's was filled with an elbowing, jostling throng. Martin sat in a corner. His face looked gay and excited. He pulled her to a seat.

To page 43

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Comes the middle of the morning and aren't you dying for a cup of tea?

It's not surprising—tea gives you more than just refreshment—although it refreshes you superbly. It revives you, too—with a clean, lively taste that's a wonderful reward for the work you've done, a fine preparation for what's still to do.

So make the most of your morning tea break. Make

the tea right—a good big spoonful for everybody and one for the pot. Make enough for more than one cup. That good lively taste of tea will really keep you going.

TEA LOVES THE TASTE OF LEMON. For a change try lemon tea. Made in the same way, just put in a slice of lemon instead of milk.

TRY TEA ON THE ROCKS. Think iced tea's difficult? Not when you make it this way. Just pour normal tea into a glass full of ice cubes. Add a slice of lemon. Cool, man!

ENJOY
THE LIVELY
TASTE OF



Tea Council of Australia

"They think it's good. They're going to give me an advance of a hundred pounds."

"Martin! How wonderful! When will it be published?"

"In the spring, they hope. A hundred pounds, Francesca!" She had a flash of vision, Martin in middle age, established, successful, sending his yearly novel to the publishers, reading the reviews, a little bored by it all, a little staid by years of writing. She shook the thought away. Here at this moment there was only Martin with his eager blue eyes and the note of triumph in his voice.

He took both her hands in his. "Let's celebrate. Let's go out and have a decent dinner somewhere."

She smiled ruefully. "Did they actually give you the hundred pounds?"

His face slipped into dismay. "No, of course not." He pulled out his wallet. "I've got ten shillings till Friday."

She laughed again, searching her handbag. "You're rich. I've got seven-and-six."

He stood up. "It'll have to be coffee then." She nodded up at him, catching this moment, knowing she would remember it for ever, Martin buying her coffee with some of his precious ten shillings, in the absolute certainty of fame, success, happiness.

He came back to the table, put down the cups. "And you — I haven't asked you how you got on today."

FRANCESCA shrugged. "The tutor says I've got a chance."

He sat down. His face looked serious. "There's something else, Francesca." A cold finger touched her heart. Oh, I knew it was all too good to be true, she thought in panic.

"I've been offered a job." Relief washed over her. "Is that all? I thought you were going to say something terrible — that you were going away."

He didn't smile. "The job's in Scotland, on a newspaper. A regular job as a reporter."

She stirred the coffee, not looking at him. Her voice was light, inexpressive.

"Will you take it?"

He put a finger under her chin. "I'd like to, Francesca. The pay would be enough to live on — and I could still write. It would be an experience. I'd meet people. But it depends on you. If you don't want me to go, I won't."

She waited for him to say, "If I went I'd come back; it wouldn't be long." Say it, Martin! she cried in her heart.

"Shall I take the job?" Tears formed at the edge of her eyes. He saw them with astonishment. "What is it? I'd come back — surely you know that?"

She closed her eyes. "Then take it. I'm sure it's the right thing."

He was suddenly happy again. "I'm glad you think so. Look, these are the details." He pulled a bundle of papers from his pocket. "You might be able to come up sometimes."

He came to a sudden halt. "The scholarship — if you win the scholarship you'll be going to Rome in the summer."

"I want to win it," she said gently. They sat looking ahead in silence. Rome, Scotland. The world was full of people, other Francescas and other Martins; there were coffee-bars like Toni's in all the cities of the world. Will he remember me? she thought with sadness.

Will she forget? he thought with pain.

"In six months they might move me back to London. With luck I might even be back in the spring."

"If I win the scholarship it would only be for a year."

He took her hands.

"Let's go for a walk. That's free, anyway."

The evening was wild and scurrying; wind whipped the blood to their cheeks. Martin put an arm round her waist and they walked along, not caring where they went.

Continued from page 42

THE SINGING RAIN

In the doorway of a shop he took her in his arms.

"I'll never forget you. You know that."

"It won't be long, Martin. A few months . . . It will soon go."

Whistles blew, feet walked, scurried, ran. A voice called instructions overhead. The carriages were almost full. Martin found an empty seat, put his case on the rack, came out on to the windy platform.

He locked his fingers behind Francesca's head, stooped and kissed her. "I'll write every day. I'll come back in the spring. We'll go to Toni's again."

She smiled up at him. "I'll make a scrapbook of all your reviews."

Even if the novel makes a fortune we'll still go to Toni's."

There was haste now on the platform. The guard stepped out of his van. Martin leaned out of the window. "Write to me tonight, Francesca. Don't forget."

The train began to move. She stared up at him, imprinting his face on her memory. "I won't forget, Martin."

He was drawn away; his face was blurred and indistinct. She watched till the train was only a vague shape, turned, and walked out of the station into the grey evening, back to her lodgings.

Miss Cowley stood in the hallway, searching the letter-rack. She turned as Francesca came in.

"Nothing for me again. Are you going out again this evening?" She looked with envy at Francesca's wind-rosy face and smiling eyes.

"No, not this evening."

"Where's your young man?" Francesca began to mount the stairs, spoke lightly down. "He's gone away, he's got a job in Scotland. He'll be back in the spring."

Miss Cowley moved toward the basement. "I hope he comes back. They don't all."

"He'll come back," Francesca said.

Miss Cowley paused and looked up at her with sudden bitterness. "How do you know?"

Francesca smiled. "I know he will." She knew he would come back

just as surely as Miss Cowley knew he wouldn't; it was a matter of looking at the universe through different eyes.

Miss Cowley disappeared into the basement. Francesca stood looking back through the glass of the door at the dark winter evening. Already the autumn had slipped away, receded into the past. She smiled again, seeing Martin's face looking down at her with love and pleading. "Don't forget me, Francesca."

Whatever twists of destiny lay ahead there would always be this autumn, this windswept, echoing autumn, star-strewn skies, rain-wet pavements, shadow-haunted squares, wind and rain and stars and love. In the whole of a long and lonely lifetime many people had less than this.

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All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Smart canopy-awning

● If you're a decorator-on-a-budget hunting for simple, effective ideas, make this attractive canopy-style awning.

INSPIRED by the cafe awnings in Paris, this canopy-awning can be combined with curtains or blinds.

First measure the window, then copy the width and depth measurements for each

MORE IDEAS FOR CANOPY-AWNINGS

● In a kitchen, a gingham awning makes a quick pretty-up for the window over the sink. Combine it with crisp white cotton cafe curtains, trimmed at the bottom with a band of gingham.

● In a child's room, a boldly striped awning could trigger off a circus theme. Trim matching striped curtains with appliqued felt animals.

● An awning for an informal dining-room in a small-patterned colonial print would look smart, the edges bound in a plain, contrasting fabric instead of fringe.

● In a living area, a canopy-awning could frame a window with a view.

● Add a canopy over a built-in cocktail bar inside the house, or outside on the terrace.

Trimmings: Fringe is only one suggestion. Scallop can be left plain, highlighted with tassels. Or try jester points trimmed with tassels, or a battlement edging (like the top of old castles) bound with a contrasting fabric.

of the three fabric sections on to the bottom diagram to find how much material you will need. Width of the canopy-awning will vary with each window, but an ideal depth is 16in.

Attach a flat, expanding metal curtain rod, with a 2 1/2in. return at the sides, to the wall about 2in. from edge of window recess.

Because a matching curtain rod with an 8in. return (for the bottom of the awning) is not available, a rod will have to be made.

To make rod: Buy a length of brass lin. wide by 1/4in. thick and bend two right-angle corners where required, allowing 8in. return. The

brass strip will bend easily over a vice. Make another right-angle bend with 2in. return (as shown in diagram) and drill two holes so it can be screwed to the wall. Drill and plug wall to take this bottom rod.

To make awning: Cut three fabric pieces as shown in bottom diagram. A 6in. overhang has been allowed, so add extra if it is to be longer. Allow 1in. all round for seams. Start sewing the awning by stitching the two side pieces to the front piece, matching notches.

Overhang section is lined, so cut strip of stiff material 8in. wide (which includes 2in. extra to make a channel for the bottom rod.)

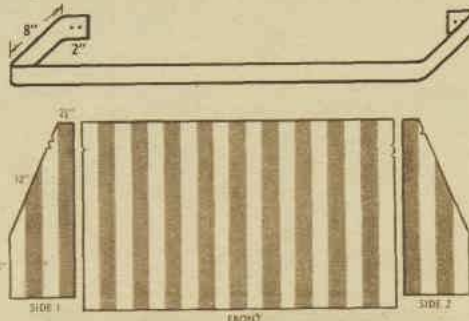


DIAGRAM 1 (at top) shows how brass strip is shaped to support bottom of awning. **Diagram 2** (above) illustrates ideal proportions for fabric. Use a strong cotton fabric.

Pencil scalloped design on wrong side of awning overhang. Make paper pattern first or cut cardboard template. Pin lining to awning overhang with right sides of fabric facing. Machine along scalloped design and sides to within 2in. of lining top, then turn lining to wrong side and press.

Machine side hems of awning, leaving 2in. of lining free.

Turn top 2in. of lining over and machine to make channel for brass strip to be threaded through. Turn 2in. over at top of awning to make channel for top rod.

Attach fringe and press awning. Pass rod and brass strip through top and bottom channels and fix awning in position.



● **NEXT WEEK:** A small home plan.

AT TOP of window, a canopy-awning can be featured singly or with curtains or blinds.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

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Oven cooking suggests "something special." Yet, with Crown Agee Pyrex, you can cook a complete meal in the oven and serve it straight to the table — Recipes on page 39. Look at the mouth-watering meal you see here. It's easy to do. Crown Agee Pyrex is all you need to cook it, serve it and store the leftovers—

Golden corn chowder Oxtail creole Peach pyramid dessert

real one-step preparation. Just think of it—hearty oven-baked meals cooked economically all at once, with no pots to watch, no pots to wash! And these elegant modern dishes welcome the hardest wear and still look fresh. A wonderful idea for yourself or someone else.

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£2250 "Happy Mother and Baby" contest

● If you know why your baby is happy, this is your chance to compete for prizes valued at £2250 in our "Happy Mother and Baby" contest, which seeks a mother and child with a healthy, well-adjusted relationship.

This contest, which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., is open to all mothers in Australia with babies up to 18 months.

The mother and baby who are judged first in all Australia will receive £1000, comprising £500 cash payable to the mother and £500 to be paid into a Trust account to be opened with the mother and bank manager as Trustees, and to mature when the child reaches the age of 14.

In addition they will receive the prize which goes to all State winners—£100 to each successful mother-and-baby team (£50 cash and £50 in a savings account in the mother's name), plus a three-day luxury trip to Sydney, with all expenses paid, for the final judging.

The ten finalists in each State (A.C.T. will be treated

as part of N.S.W.) will receive prizes of six months' supplies of Heinz Baby Food, and ALL entrants in the contest who are not already members of the Heinz Baby Club will receive a gift pack and all the benefits of the club.

How to enter

Our new "Happy Mother and Baby" contest has been designed to make it easy for every mother with a baby under 18 months on August 26, 1963, to enter.

She simply has to number in order of importance (according to her personal views) the 12 statements printed on the entry form and complete the sentence: "My child and I are happy because..." (in not more than 10 additional words).

There is no entrance fee. Entry forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly or those distributed in grocers' shops throughout Australia can be used.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY PHOTOGRAPHS.

It does not matter if either the entrant or her baby was not born in Australia.

Entries must be sent to

"Happy Mother and Baby," Box 57, P.O., Dandenong, Victoria, by the last mail delivered on August 26.

Judges will select the finalists in each State on the basis of the placing of the 12 factors and on the completion of the unfinished sentence.

State finalists will then be judged in person in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and Hobart by panels of two leading child-care specialists and a prominent member of the mothercraft nursing profession.

The winning mother and baby in each State will be flown to Sydney on September 24 for a free three-day holiday, during which the national winning pair will be chosen.

National judges will be two well-known Sydney doctors, both senior child-care specialists, and a triple-certificated nursing sister considerably experienced in infant welfare.

All State winners will be present at a National Baby Day to be held in Sydney on September 26, and the national winners will be announced later in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HEINZ-AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

£2250 "HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY" CONTEST

- 1. WHAT TO DO.** On the official entry form indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance, the 12 characteristics of a Happy Mother and Baby relationship (use numbers 1 to 12 in order of importance). Next, complete in not more than 10 words the sentence "My child and I are happy because..." Only one entry per person is allowed and the entry must be on the official form.
- 2. CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on delivery of the last mail 26th August, 1963. Entries received after that date will not be considered and no responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged, or lost in transit.
- 3. WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to all Mothers in Australia of a child under the age of 18 months on 26th August, 1963. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., its advertising agents and Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.
- 4. JUDGING AND PRIZES.** All entries will be considered. The State finalists will be determined by a panel of judges, judging being based firstly on the placing of the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/child relationship in the order selected by a panel of expert Child Care Specialists. If there are more than 10 correct State entries, State finalists will be judged on their completion of the unfinished sentence. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence relating to this contest will be entered into.
- 5. NOTIFYING WINNERS.** All winners will be notified by mail.

YOUR FREE ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/baby relationship in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.)

Then, in no more than 10 words, complete the sentence below*.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Father in regular job with no serious money worries. | <input type="checkbox"/> Child wanted and loved by both parents. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother who is reasonably calm, consistent and loving in caring for her child. | <input type="checkbox"/> Adequate unshared accommodation. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Child who is healthy, enterprising, but manageable and responsive. | <input type="checkbox"/> Father interested in helping with child and care of home. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good family health. | <input type="checkbox"/> Parents with a sense of responsibility to their fellow men. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secure and happy marriage. | <input type="checkbox"/> Access to regular expert advice on health and child care. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Grandparents or other relatives who help without interfering. | <input type="checkbox"/> Mother who has good average knowledge of nutrition, hygiene, child development and behaviour. |

*My child and I are happy because

(Completed in not more than 10 additional words)

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

BABY'S NAME

BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH

Mail your Entry to
"HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY," BOX 57, P.O., DANDENONG, VICTORIA.

CONTEST CLOSING WITH LAST MAIL, AUGUST 26, 1963

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- * FREE Baby Booklets
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- * FREE Can Caps
- * Special offers to members only

TO JOIN send your name, address, baby's name, date of birth to Baby Club, P.O. Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria — or simply enter the "Happy Mother and Baby" Contest on page 46 and you automatically become a member of Heinz Baby Club.



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to penetrate and get deeper into the fabric where the dirt is. That's why Surf gets your whole wash *cleaner*... cleaner than it's ever been! You get out all the dirt, even oily dirt, without rubbing. And Surf holds it clear of your clothes until rinsing... makes rinsing easier. Try it. Enjoy a pleasant change to Surf.



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cleaner than it's ever been

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Usually this space is filled with accounts of things that have happened or that seem likely to happen. Today I feel like talking about something that has never happened and isn't going to happen.

SUPPOSE you suddenly had four whole days to yourself — four days in which you knew that your husband and children were happy and healthy and having a whale of a time off somewhere on their own — what would you do with your days?

Don't answer too quickly. If you say that you wouldn't enjoy it and that you'd be utterly miserable without some or all of them with you, then you're either a saint or a liar — and there aren't too many saints around in the world.

If you've been married for 10 or 15 or 20 years, then

it's a pretty safe bet that you haven't, in that time, had a single 24 hours that you could call entirely your own, so that you could do what you liked when you liked without thinking about anyone else's convenience.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not bewailing woman's lot, or wishing I had a career instead of a family, or thinking that life is harder for us than for men.

A man who has been married 20 years probably hasn't had 24 hours to himself in that time, either; the only question is whether he wants it quite as much as his wife does. Most of the men I know absolutely detest being alone for more than half a day or coming home to an empty house.



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Page 48

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Today even the poor can afford these riches . . .

NOWADAYS the ordinary person can get his or her hands on all sorts of things that used to belong only to the very rich — quick-freezing gives us out-of-season delicacies in the way of fruit and vegetables; motor cars provide the private transport that once only the wealthy carriage-owner could afford; people can have a bath now any time they want to, they can travel a bit, and have warm, clean clothes when they want them; they can get fire and light and entertainment by flicking switches, and reading matter of all sorts for a few shillings or pence.

In fact, the chief privilege that only the rich once had and we have failed to win is the right, at times, to be private and solitary.

This is the Togetherness Century. We regard people who like to be alone occasionally as psychological odd-bods and people who like to be alone most of the time as subversive sinners.

We've invented a whole new domestic architecture to enforce this togetherness — we've let a ton of light and air and sunshine into our houses, but tossed out nearly all the privacy.

Huge windows made for framing magnificent views stare out across narrow strips of garden into other people's huge windows; walls come down and are replaced by "room-dividers"; utility rooms are designed so that people can practise togetherness while hammering and sawing and reading and writing and machining and studying and stripping the dog and generally getting in each other's hair.

Bedrooms are wrapped round each other like cells in a beehive so that someone turning over restlessly in room A starts the sleeper in room B coughing, and that wakes the baby in room C.

It seems we have to live like that for reasons of economy. We can't any longer afford nice old Victorian houses with their yards and yards of waste space in the passageways.

Admittedly they were hard to heat and quite a job to sweep, but they were wonderful sound insulators, so that you could sing or sulk or study or sew without interrupting anyone else or without their interrupting you.

The great joy of being uninterrupted

THE whole point about having a few days entirely to yourself would be that you wouldn't be interrupted. I'm not quite certain what I'd do with my four days, but I'm certain what I wouldn't do — I wouldn't tell my friends about it, in case they took pity on me and asked me out to dinner.

And I wouldn't do anything useful, like improving my mind or painting the kitchen cupboards.

I think my programme would go something like this:

1st Day: Sleep late (alarm turned off); sit in dressing-gown slowly reading paper and drinking at least four cups of tea without having to think of breakfast; bathe and dress; make coffee to help recovery from this effort; go out in sun with book; 1 p.m., eat favorite fattening dish made by toasting slice of bread, buttering it, spreading it thinly with marmalade and putting fried egg on top; afternoon, read; 7 p.m., open a tin of something, eat some fruit, wash up day's tiny accumulation of dishes, go to bed with book.

2nd Day: Same programme as first, except that start would be later, as I would have read till 2 a.m. By night would have run out of reading matter and fallen back on the nicest reading of all—things I've been meaning to reread for years, like "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney," "Brave New World," "A Bullet in the Ballet," and "A Farewell to Arms."

3rd Day: Wake at 11, read paper, dress at snail's pace, get to town after lunch-hour rush, eat, shop slowly, go to five o'clock session (not because I like them but because I never can with evening meals to be got). Come home, light fire, read while drinking numerous cups of coffee without having to worry about whether it will keep me awake.

4th Day: Wake late, get up briskly, and take dog for long walk, because beginning to feel degenerate. Conscience salved by walk, spend rest of day reading or lying in the sun doing nothing. Go to bed early with hot-water bottle and book, read till 2.30 a.m. (because last chance).

5th Day: Get up at 6.30, madly sweep and polish entire house, welcome returning family with open arms, tell them I have missed them intolerably and mean it because by then totally tired of my own company. Could then face up to the next 10 or 15 years of never having a day to myself, heartily agreeing with the humorist who said, "You've made your own bedlam — now lie in it."

Home and Family

Aussie family turns American

● Just over 18 months ago, Ted and Helen Arnold left Melbourne with their four children (aged from 14 to 20 years) and migrated to America. They're now happily settled in Palo Alto, California, and Helen Arnold here tells her story of what it has meant to her family to become "New Americans."

HOW do you like the American way of life? is the question I'm often asked. Certainly I like it, but I find myself asking, "How does it differ from the Australian way of life?"

There is no tremendous difference and yet there are hundreds of small differences, but which add up to quite a lot.

In the first place, we did not come here because we did not like Australia but simply because my husband was asked to transfer to the parent company of his firm.

He had been here before, knew and liked the people with whom he would work, and knew the living conditions were attractive.

We realised that such an offer could not be passed by.

Our children—John, 20; Helen, 18; Gordon, 16; and Dick, 14, were all at a stage in their education where we felt they had sufficient Australian background to be able to gain from living and studying in another country.

But this move was for ever. It wasn't a temporary move of three or five years as many people have.

This meant saying farewell to all our friends and family and starting off on a completely new life.

It was not a decision to be taken lightly, but we talked it over and decided we would try it, if it was possible to obtain visas.

The American immigration laws are very strict. Quotas are set on the numbers allowed to enter the U.S.A. from each country, and as the quota from Australia is very small there is a long waiting list.

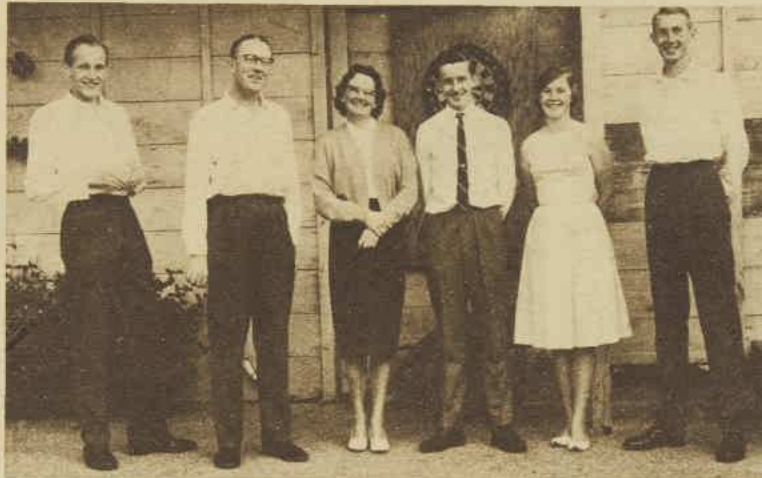
It looked impossible until we found that because I was born in England I could enter the States on a British passport (since the quota from there is seldom filled).

I could bring my husband and children under 21 with me.

We called a family conference, told the children of the plan, and asked if they had any strong feelings against it, as we had decided we would not go unless it was possible to remain as a happy united family.

The children were naturally excited and basically all wanted to go despite odd reservations.

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THE ARNOLD FAMILY, who migrated to America from Australia. They are (from left) Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Dick, Helen, John.

Ted, my husband, had to leave almost immediately on a business trip to South Africa.

I set to work to sell the house and sort and pack our belongings, while the children finished off their year's education—John and Helen at Melbourne University, and Gordon and Dick at Melbourne Grammar.

Meanwhile, we were busy writing to schools and universities in California to see about their transfers.

Ted, who was in South Africa for 4½ months, arrived home on December 18, just 10 days before we sailed.

The day we arrived in "sunny California" the ground was white with snow, the first snow for 80 years having fallen the day before.

This was January 22 and Ted was to return to South Africa for another 4½ months on February 8.

In the short interim we had to get the question of schools for the four children settled, and buy a house and two cars, so there was plenty to do.

New education

The education system here is quite different from that in Australia and both systems have their advantages and disadvantages.

The difficulty for anyone transferring is to find out where to fit in, and each of the children had a specific problem to sort out.

There are very few private schools here except those run by the Roman Catholic Church, so the two younger boys had to go to high school.

These schools, which are supported by local council rates, are free—that is there are no school fees and all books are supplied on loan.

Hence the areas where the schools are better have higher

rates and the properties are more valuable. This meant that the problems of housing and schooling were interdependent for us.

Helen eventually chose to go to Stanford University, so we bought a house in Palo Alto close enough for her to live at home. (Girls at Stanford must live with their parents within a three-mile radius of the school or live in accommodation supplied on campus.)

Gordon and Dick would now attend Palo Alto High School, and they were to make many adjustments.

From the strict discipline and atmosphere of an all-male Australian "Public School," with its navy-blue uniform and all its traditions, to the casual attitude of an American co-educational school, where 40 per cent. of the students drive their own cars to school, is a tremendous and interesting change.

I am often asked whether the children found that they were ahead of or behind their American counterparts.

We think that the American student has a broader education, but is not as advanced in any one subject when he finishes high school.

However, he catches up during his four years at college or university, and as many go on beyond a bachelor degree, they generally finish with a higher education.

The outstanding feature of the schools here is their wonderful equipment.

It would make most Australian teachers' mouths water to walk into any of the laboratories, etc., or gymnasiums here.

The junior college is also an interesting innovation.

This is a State-operated two-year college which caters for the first two years at university level.

The advantage of this is

that it provides a further two years of free education for the student going on to college, and makes an easier transition period.

Also, most "drop-outs" at universities take place during the first two years of a course, so the students who graduate from junior college are usually destined to complete their degrees.

Junior college

John has been attending one of the newest and most interesting of these junior colleges known as Foothill.

Like Helen and Gordon, he had to work hard for June, which is graduation month here.

During the three months' summer vacation it is possible for students to earn very good money at many jobs.

Our four all earned a tidy sum last summer and as a result John is paying his way

By
HELEN ARNOLD

through college and Helen owns a small car. Gordon bought a motor-scooter, and Dick got a good bicycle.

From the housewife's angle, life here is good.

I think when one realises that wages here are double what they are in Australia, the cost of food becomes lower in effect.

For instance, it costs me about 50 dollars to 55 dollars (£22/10/- to £24/15/-) per week to feed my family of six hearty eating adults compared with about £15-£20 in Australia.

The supermarkets are wonderful and I can do my whole week's shopping for all food requirements at any one of a dozen nearby stores, all open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. seven days a week.

What has been our greatest problem?

For me it was learning to drive a big automatic car on the wrong side of the road.

Learning a new language was the next problem. The number of misunderstandings we all caused by our different use of the English language made dinner conversation for months.

There is an appalling lack of knowledge of Australia.

Yes, we have met the people who are surprised that we even speak English, but the best story was told by an Australian friend travelling in the centre of America.

When she said she came from Australia she was asked, "That's on the west coast, isn't it?"

I think we have all adjusted to our new conditions very well, and although we miss everyone at home we do enjoy the life here.

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National Baking Quest recipe

THIS week's prize in the margarine National Baking Quest has been awarded to: Mrs. G. D. Stuart, 33 William Street, Ulverstone, Tas. Her prizewinning tart recipe is below.

BONANZA TART

Pastry: Four ounces margarine, 6oz. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Filling: Three bananas (mashed), pulp of 4 passion-fruit, 4oz. raisins, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1oz. sugar, 2oz. margarine.

Topping: Two ounces margarine, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 1oz. ground almonds, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 4oz. self-raising flour, 5 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons slivered almonds.

Pastry: Rub margarine into sifted dry ingredients, mix to firm dough with egg-yolk, lemon juice, and water. Roll out thinly, line greased 9in. pie-plate; reserve pastry trimmings. Chill while preparing filling.

Filling: Soften margarine, beat with sugar. Combine with remaining filling ingredients, mix well. Place into prepared pie-case.

Topping: Cream margarine and sugar, add egg, and beat well. Add ground almonds, essence, flour, and milk; blend well. Place on top of filling. Sprinkle with slivered almonds.

Re-roll pastry trimmings; cut into thin strips, arrange lattice-fashion over top of pie. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.



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We had our coffee in the living-room, from exquisite paper-thin Limoges cups, and chattered, and if Elizabeth was "eaten up with worry" (Martha's words), she hid it well. She was the picture of relaxed contentment in a hostess robe of brushed wool—most of Elizabeth's clothes have a textural quality: chiffon scarves, nubby tweed fabrics, silk prints.

The robe was mauve, with satin cuffs, and her opal ring picked up sparks of lavender as, from time to time, her left hand hovered above Captain's harness. The boxer lay at her feet, as much a part of Elizabeth as her cheerful smile; almost human in his attendance upon her.

I concentrated on Captain, who looked for all the world like the man of the family taking his ease after a hard day. Captain was certainly not a beautiful dog, with his square boxer jaw, now whitening with age; he was not a dog to fondle, nor a dog to come bounding at you in welcome—such conduct had been educated out of him, and replaced with the dignity of a worker who knows his job.

But his devotion to Elizabeth was beautiful, and her trust in him complete. Although I had observed his marvellous skills every day for three years, he was still, to me, the eighth wonder of the world, and I could not understand how Martha saw anything sinister in this dedicated animal—until I got up to leave.

ELIZABETH rose, too, to see me to the door, and suddenly tripped, pitching forward and clutching at the empty air. I caught her arm and she steadied herself.

"There must be a worn place in the rug," she said.

But there was no worn place in the rug. Elizabeth had fallen over Captain's forelegs, stretched out in her path. Something in her manner, even then, prevented my saying so, but surely there was something wrong with a guide dog who put his mistress in jeopardy of falling.

Walking back to the restaurant that night, I thought about Elizabeth and her dark world—darker, in some ways, because she knew what she was missing. Martha had discovered this, as she had discovered practically everything about Elizabeth.

"It was some eye disease," she reported, "when she was young and just married. Isn't that too bad? And then to lose her husband, too." And later, "She's had the dog for going on eight years. Like a human, he is." And again, "She works with the blind children. Think of that!"

Actually Elizabeth worked with the parents of blind children, as a guide and a counsellor and, above all, an example. And what an example Elizabeth must have been to despairing mothers and fathers! What a revelation to those poor saddened people to meet Elizabeth—vital, alert, full of curiosity and confidence!

I never ceased to marvel at her; at everything from her broad scope of interests to her self-sufficiency to her figure, which I envy. Elizabeth is in her early forties—a slim, trim, lovely woman with dark auburn hair and the bluish porcelain complexion common to red-heads. She is always dressed in quiet, good taste, for which she credits a woman's specialty shop. For her untrammeled way of life she credits Captain.

She told me once, "It's so easy to say he is my eyes, but you just can't understand what that means. Before my

ELIZABETH AND HER CAPTAIN

husband died, he was my strong right arm, but he took me places," she emphasised the verb. "Now Captain and I go!" She adored the dog.

When I told Frank about it, he pooh-poohed the incident. "The trouble with you, my love—Martha, too—is that you both want to mother Elizabeth and take care of her and smooth her way. And she doesn't need you. She's too much of a lady to shoo you off." Frank's admiration for Elizabeth was immense. "So now you've invented a problem for her."

Martha sniffed eloquently. "Think what you like," she

and the dog seemed keen. But here of late it seems to me she's been hugging close to the store fronts and sort of picking her way along. And the dog . . . well, now, those guide dogs are supposed to take care of their people, aren't they?"

"Is it that he's sick?" I asked Frank one evening.

"No, he's not sick. His coat's good and his eyes are clear." Frank knew dogs, having grown up on a farm. "He just acts . . ."

"Mad?" Obviously, I didn't grow up on a farm. "Lord, no. It's more . . . absent-minded. Just plain

conversation with her about Captain was like the old parlor game where you write down any question and cover the paper, and someone else writes down any answer and the results are ludicrous.

"Elizabeth," I asked one day, "does Captain ever have to have a refresher course?"

"We went to the symphony last Saturday night," she answered, "and I can tell you Captain does not favor this modern music. The whole second half of the programme was that strange, atonal stuff, and I could fairly feel him bristle. Not that I blame him, it's so harsh."

But she must know! I thought.

And, of course, she did.

Captain grew worse—more forgetful, more heedless. One day he started to take Elizabeth across the street right in front of the restaurant, in the middle of the block. She was so surprised and, I suppose, so uncertain about him that she let go of the harness, and the dog darted across five lines of rapid traffic, miraculously dodging cars. Elizabeth stood alone, her left hand suspended in the air and an awful look of fear on her face.

For eight years, Elizabeth had never stepped out of her front door without Captain beside her—her freedom, her safety, her life dependent on him. And she was standing alone now on the edge of the kerbstone. Captain was directly across the street, and it was such a strange picture that passers-by slowed down to watch: a blind woman, stranded on one side of a busy thoroughfare and her Seeing-Eye dog on the other side.

"She could have been with him!" Martha kept saying. "She could have been with him!"

Another time she was, Mr. Killebrew told us about it, reproaching himself because he had been too far behind to help. Kimball Street, where we are, intersects with Brady and Morrison Avenues at the corner: it is a wide-angle intersection and always dangerous with the heavy flow of city traffic, and I can remember days when I have wished I could get across that intersection with as much dispatch and ease as Elizabeth and Captain.

But this time Captain had stopped in the middle of the intersection, distracted and confused. Elizabeth had stopped too, stockstill, afraid to move, trying to orient herself, when the dog suddenly broke free of her grip and bounded to the far side of Morrison Avenue, leaving her abandoned in the middle of the street.

A policeman had taken her across, his face as bewildered as hers was pale. "Your dog left you, ma'am."

"Where is he?" Elizabeth had said, and called to Captain. "He wasn't . . . killed?"

"I wish he was!" Martha declared passionately when she heard the story. "Then she'd have to do something." "It'll not be the dog that's killed," Mr. Killebrew said, shaking his head. "It'll not be the dog."

"Why doesn't she get another dog?" I asked Frank. "I remember," he said, "when I was fourteen years old and my beagle died."

"But this is different. Captain isn't just a pet."

"No, he's a working dog. But Elizabeth can't give him a gold watch and send him home to grow begonias. And she can't get a new dog and still keep Captain. And she can't give him to somebody else."

"You don't mean he'll have to be put away?"

"I think so," Frank said.

Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 67. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/2/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/8/6.

Registered postage 6/- extra on all sizes.

said. "There's something wrong with that dog. Why, every two or three days I see him take her right past the door . . . sometimes all the way to the corner. Then she'll stop and turn him around and back they come. She leads the dog more than half the time."

During the next week, I made a point of watching for Elizabeth and Captain at noon, and time after time I would see them go past the door and down the street—never very far, because of course Elizabeth has an acute sense of distance—then turn and come back haltingly as Elizabeth listened for the familiar sounds of the restaurant.

We weren't the only ones who noticed Captain's curious behaviour. Little Mr. Killebrew, whose chief excitement in life seemed to be the care and feeding of his ulcer, spoke about it.

"Funny thing," he said. "Elizabeth seemed to get more enjoyment out of life, eyes or not, than most of us. She'd march along, head up, and a big smile on her face,

absent-minded . . . like so many old men," he said. "I think he may have had a small stroke. Not enough to cripple him, but enough to slow his responses and make him forgetful."

A week later, Frank went to Chicago for the Restaurant Owners' Convention, and with all his paper work to do I had to leave the cash register and the front of the restaurant to Martha and the other girls. By the time I was back at my accustomed post, a lot of customers had begun to notice Elizabeth's difficulties. Mr. Killebrew made Elizabeth his personal responsibility, following her all the way back to the Blind Institute every day.

"It's only three blocks out of my way," he told me, "and somebody should keep an eye on her, with the dog the way he is. You know other people—strangers—wouldn't know about Captain and they might not help her if she needed it."

The one person who refused to recognise any change was Elizabeth. Any

Continued from page 19

to cast aside this best of friends.

It was an odd feeling—as if all the rush and hustle of the city revolved around the small core of Elizabeth and Captain and small, scattered disparate sets of people.

Of our own group, Martha spent a large part of every day demanding that we do something: talk to Elizabeth, talk to the people at the Institute. The chef made such quantities of sherry biscuits (his only means of offering a sympathetic gesture) that Frank told him we'd have to take out a liquor licence.

The season now was full spring, with trees bursting into leaf, and grass pushing up in the cracks between sidewalk blocks, and it was on such a warm, soft evening that I saw Elizabeth in the park.

It is extravagant to call it a park: one of those tiny patches of grass and trees and benches set out in the middle of the city, but it is all the park we have.

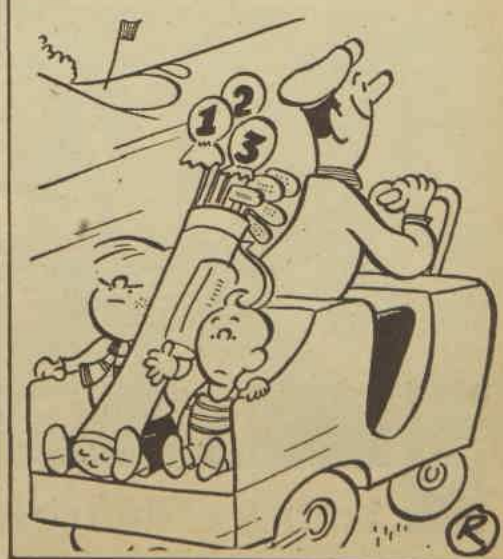
I was not surprised to see Elizabeth. She is a great walker, and I supposed she preferred to risk the dangers of a walk with Captain, rather than forgo any walk at all. I had stepped out for a breath of air after the supper rush, and I saw her sitting on a little stone bench.

Then I noticed that she was wearing one brown and one white glove and, knowing Elizabeth, that detail spoke volumes of worry and distraction of mind.

To page 52



"It's such a beautiful day, Harry. Why don't you take the children for a nice long ride?"



She was talking to Captain, rubbing his head behind his ears. "Poor fellow," she said, over and over. "Poor old fellow. Poor fellow."

I had intended to speak to her, but now I could not. I waited, though; it was just dusk-dark, and Elizabeth's suit was dark, too, and hard to see. So I waited and followed her to her apartment building.

Her neighbor, Mrs. O'Brien, who polished the furniture every day, was inspecting the tiny lawn in front of the building and Elizabeth greeted her cheerfully and then went on up the stairs. I introduced myself and explained about following Elizabeth, and she nodded.

"Shame, isn't it?" she said. "The poor thing just can't bring herself to have him put away."

We looked up at Elizabeth's windows as the light came on.

Continued from page 51

"That's for the dog," Mrs. O'Brien explained. "She puts on the light for him."

Elizabeth did not come in to lunch the next three days, which made Martha about as useful as a six-dollar bill. From 11 till 1.30, she hovered at the end front window and by evening of the third day had convinced herself and me that some catastrophe had befallen Elizabeth.

"She probably has a cold," Frank said, "and stayed home from work."

"She never has in three years," Martha insisted. "She's not the sickly sort, at all. Something's happened with her and that dog, that's what! And how will we ever know?" Which was true —

ELIZABETH AND HER CAPTAIN

we weren't family, to be notified in case of accident, or even intimate friends.

For all his show of unconcern, Frank was worried too, and around 6 o'clock he and I went to investigate, taking a tray of supper at Martha's urging. "Just in case she is poorly. Not that I believe it, for a minute!"

Elizabeth greeted us with more than ordinary welcome; as if she were almost pathetically grateful for company. Captain lay against the far wall on a rag scatter-rug, and took no notice whatever of our arrival or of Elizabeth's moving around. From time to time he got up, pawed at the rug, and then lay down again, heavily. His muzzle

was now entirely white, his eyes looked dim and cloudy, and he moved, it seemed, only with the greatest effort.

"We were afraid you might be ill," I explained. "We haven't seen you."

"That Martha!" she said, and chuckled. "She does worry. No, I'm fine, though I haven't been to work." She hesitated a minute. "It's Captain . . . I can't trust myself with him any more. It's not as if I could see, and protect him. But when he breaks loose and wanders away, I'm helpless to watch out for him. It isn't safe."

Frank looked over at me. "You mean . . . for Captain?"

"Yes." She sounded almost de-

fiant, as if daring us to suggest that her own safety might be of more concern. "Poor Captain — he's old and tired and forgetful. But then you know that, don't you? I don't know — it just doesn't seem fair to reward such long service by casting him out. And yet that's what I must do."

So she had decided. I didn't like to think about the past three days, with Elizabeth alone in the apartment, coming to that final realisation.

"I have my plane reservation to New Jersey, to get a new dog, and before I go I'll have to take Captain out to the Animal Home on Kincaid Street. Dr. Jackson there has seen him from time to time for shots, and, of course, I've been taking him there these last few months when I was stubborn enough to think something could be done for him. All I have left to do, really, is to take Captain there and leave him."

I thought that perhaps Frank had been mistaken — that, after all, Captain could live out the last of his days in a kennel — but I hesitated to ask and Elizabeth, with her rare sensitivity, realised that.

"He must be put away, you know. That's what makes it so hard."

Her tone was so bleak and dispirited that, had I been alone, I suppose I would have damaged all her resolve with fruitless sympathy and comfort, but Frank offered positive action, which was much the better thing to do.

"Let us drive you out to the Home," he said. "Wouldn't that help?"

I think it did. I think it was easier for Elizabeth to make that painful trip with us than in an impersonal taxicab, though we did

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not go in with her. She snapped the harness on Captain and led him — pulled him almost — up the stairs and through the door, and, in such a short time, came back herself . . . alone.

Before Frank could help her, she had negotiated the stairs, feeling the edge of each step with her toe, and then walked quickly right to the car. In her left hand she carried the empty harness.

As we drove back into town she talked about the Seeing-Eye programme, the training period, and the adjustment of dog to master, and only once she broke off in the middle of a sentence and sighed. "Oh, poor old fellow!"

Elizabeth is back now from New Jersey. She walked in yesterday at noon, and Martha promptly went all over the four beef-stew orders and had to go back to the kitchen.

Elizabeth's new dog is named Jaffrey. He is a German shepherd, and he guards her like a piece of precious china. And, because Elizabeth is Elizabeth, she has given herself over to him completely, without any bittersweet comparisons or memories.

And I know that all along Elizabeth's accustomed routes there are people who feel as we do; who will according to their occupations or temperaments, weep into the beef stew or furiously mix up batches of sherry biscuits or, like Mr. Killebrew, cast caution and ulcer to the winds and eat everything in sight with a high heart!

(Copyright)

fell out of the sky into the ocean and we picked it up. We figured that it had been dropped by one of the planes providing an umbrella overhead."

"Well, hadn't it?" asked the President.

"I don't think so — now," said Dr. Meidel. "I remember the label on the wine bottle. It was Pinot Grand Fenwick. I thought at the time it was odd that one of our plane pilots should be carrying a bottle of so rare a wine in his plane. But I had too many things to attend to and it all slipped my mind."

"Now that it has all come back to your mind," said the President musingly, "what about the wine bottle?"

"It wasn't just a wine bottle, Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel. "It was a sputnik — put into orbit by Grand Fenwick. It can have been nothing else."

"You mean they orbited a wine bottle?" demanded the President, aghast.

"Yes," said Dr. Meidel. "It's as good an object for orbiting as a solid gold sphere — and costs less."

"What happened to it?" asked the President after a moment of shocked silence.

"Senator Ridgeway took it home and gave it to one of his kids as a souvenir."

THE President groaned. "That about puts it in a nutshell," he said. "Grand Fenwick orbits a wine bottle. It is picked up as a souvenir for a school kid. Grand Fenwick announces its plans to send a rocket to the moon. Everybody believes they're actually installing bathtubs. Grand Fenwick invites us to the launching of the rocket. We don't even bother to reply. Then Grand Fenwick launches the rocket — and here we all are, caught flat-footed. Completely unprepared."

"The Russians are in the same boat," said the Secretary of State tentatively. "It's a terrible blow to us. But it's a terrible blow to them, too. I don't think that anyone can fairly accuse me of being unpatriotic. But in a way I'm glad Grand Fenwick succeeded. If we'd made it first, or the Russians had made it first..." He shrugged and did not finish the sentence, knowing that the purport of what he had in mind was clear enough.

"The trouble with the Russians," said the Secretary of Defence, "is that they will probably never announce to their people that Grand Fenwick reached the moon."

"That's true," said Dr. Meidel. "There has been very little mention in the Russian Press even of the various big successes we have achieved so far. They may decide to utterly suppress the Grand Fenwick feat as being too much of a blow to their prestige for them to absorb."

"We're getting a little ahead of ourselves," said the Defence Secretary. "The Grand Fenwick rocket hasn't got to the moon yet. It won't get there for about nine days. Anything can happen to it in the meantime."

The President turned to Dr. Meidel. "What do you think?" he asked. "What are its chances?"

"I can't say," said Dr. Meidel. "I haven't enough to go on. I have only what I heard over the radio and read in these papers here. But the basic problem of space exploration has always been fuel. Our fuels are all of the combustion type — depending upon burning oxygen with various other chemicals to provide thrust. The oxygen has to be taken with the rocket because there isn't any in outer space."

"If Grand Fenwick has indeed devised a nuclear fuel, they are twenty years ahead of our research and Russia's, too. I'd say that if they have a nuclear fuel they can get to the moon and back again as readily as I can board a train, to New York, and return."

"From what you've heard and read about this in the past couple of hours, is this fuel feasible?" asked the President.

"Certainly," said Dr. Meidel. "Do you believe that Grand Fenwick has such a fuel?"

"Made from a hoghead of wine and a barrel full of iron filings," mumbled the Defence Secretary, who was in a bad temper.

Continued from page 25

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

"Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel, ignoring the Defence Secretary, "will you use that telephone there to find out whether the Grand Fenwick rocket is still on its way?" The President looked at him dubiously, pressed a button on the telephone, and was connected with O'Hara.

"Is the Grand Fenwick rocket still climbing?" he asked, listened for a few seconds, granted, and put the telephone down.

"It's still on its way," he said. "The last report is from Woomera in Australia and says the rocket is maintaining a steady speed away from the earth. The speed is still one thousand miles an hour."

"Then I'd say that Grand Fen-

wick has a nuclear fuel as is claimed," said Dr. Meidel. "The speed is the real clue. We have to blast off at tremendous speeds to get up sufficient acceleration to carry us beyond earth's gravity. Our rockets actually fire charges which project them forward like artillery shells. A speed of a thousand miles an hour with an oxygen-based fuel would be ridiculous. The oxygen would all be gone before the rocket got out of the gravitational pull of the earth."

"Plainly the Grand Fenwick rocket has plenty of power available and is just keeping up sufficient thrust to overcome gravity and yet remain below a speed that would provide friction problems for the

Saturn. It's quite probable that they'll make it to the moon. About getting back I don't know. There are a thousand hazards involved which they seem to be blithely ignoring."

"What kind of hazards?" asked the President.

"Well," said Dr. Meidel, "there's the nature of the moon's surface to start with. What is it like? Is it buried under a mile of fine dust as some think?"

"Even if it is solid, how solid is it? Is it composed, at least in part, of hard, igneous rocks or of some crumbling material which might cause the rocket to tip over on its side on landing so that it could not be launched again?"

"Then there's the matter of temperature. On the side of the moon exposed to the sun, the temperatures are like those of an electric furnace. On the night side they are far below anything experienced on earth — even in our polar regions. If the rocket is exposed to the furnace heat of the lunar day followed — without any cooling period — by the absolute cold of lunar night, there is a possibility of the metal collapsing or cracking into a thousand pieces."

"These are some of the hazards. And these, as you know, Mr. President, are some of the reasons why our own lunar project has gone forward slowly and cautiously. Our plan has been, and remains, to orbit several space stations around the moon, first with instruments and

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***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 24.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, rose.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21—JUNE 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, red.
* Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 21—JULY 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, lilac.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 21—AUG. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, blk.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 21—SEPT. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, gold, spots.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 21—OCT. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, lilac.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 21—NOV. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 21—DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21—JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, mvle., blue.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20—MAR. 19
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continued from page 53

then with men, to report on landing conditions. We will land ahead of our own astronauts all the instruments and apparatus needed for their safety when they themselves land on the moon.

"Whatever Grand Fenwick has done I do not see that we could have proceeded in any other way or should proceed in any other way. The Russians' programme, as far as we know (and we know a great deal about it), follows pretty closely to our own approach." He smiled wryly. "Science does not bow to economic philosophies," he said. "Capitalist and Communist have to solve the same scientific problem in the same manner."

The President felt a prickle of irritation at the last remark, which struck him as being smug. "Grand Fenwick seems to have discovered differently," he snapped. "They just went ahead with a simple plan—to land on the moon—with our money and our rocket." The Defence Secretary was about to remark that it was their wine, but sensing the atmosphere was wrong held his peace.

The President glared around at the members of the Cabinet, for he well knew what the public reaction was going to be. The public wasn't now going to be satisfied with the cautious step-by-step approach, involving the expenditure of billions, which the United States had followed to date. Nor was the public going to be mollified by the fact that the Soviet Union hadn't got to the moon, either.

The great question to which an answer was going to be demanded was going to be: How can Grand Fenwick get to the moon with fifty million dollars when the United States can't get there with a hundred times that expenditure? And the question immediately following that

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

would be: When will the United States send a manned rocket to the moon?

The President put that question squarely to Dr. Meidel. "Just when can we expect to land on the moon?" he asked.

"In a year's time, Mr. President," replied the scientist smoothly.

"What about next week?" demanded the President.

"Next week?"

"Yes. Haven't we got any-

portant—to scientists—I don't pretend for one moment that it isn't important to humanity, either. But I am not the President of a nation of scientists but of people who have been paying out high taxes for a long time for space research and who will want to know (and rightly) how come we were beaten.

"They'll want to know how Grand Fenwick got there with last year's wine crop, and we couldn't get there with the whole United States economy.

late, Mr. President," he said. "A country as big as ours entering into a sort of spatial footrace with a little nation like Grand Fenwick is undignified, to say the least. If we got to the moon first we would be the big bully that pushed the little boy aside and snatched the prize. World reaction would be unfavorable to us and I think justly so.

"Furthermore, Mr. President, let us not lose sight of what has been always a larger objective with us—our constantly reiterated and sincere desire to internationalise the conquest of space. If we compete with Grand Fenwick

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



thing ready to send to the moon now — faster than the Grand Fenwick rocket, so that we can get there first? Just what have we got? A whole lot of plans and instruments and data and no rocket that will do the job?"

"We have the rocket, Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel. "We've had it for two years. But it would be unscientific to dump all our careful preparations and just take off for the moon merely to get there ahead of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. Unscientific and extremely wasteful."

"Unscientific and extremely effective," the President snapped. "I don't want to underestimate the value of your work and of the various scientists associated with you. I know that it's all very im-

"The prestige value of making the first lunar landing is enormous. It is quite beyond anybody's ability to calculate. The American people have the right to that prestige and sorely need it in the world today. And so I ask you — why can't we send a manned rocket to the moon right now and get there ahead of Grand Fenwick? I'd like to hear what you gentlemen have to say on that subject."

"You already have my views," said Mr. Meidel. "I think it would be the foolish throwing away of enormous research benefits in favor of — of a childish gesture."

The President granted and looked at the Secretary of State. "What do you think?" he asked.

"I think it is already too

now we give the lie to all that has been said with sincerity before the United Nations and the world."

The others nodded their agreement.

"We get a black eye, but we have to take it," said the Secretary of State. "We can legitimately point out that the Grand Fenwick triumph was made possible by United States funds. It looks very bad for us now, I know. There's going to be a lot of angry public reaction. But later our aid will loom larger without any special propaganda effort on our part. Nations will begin to appreciate that our funds don't always have a tag attached to them; and in the long run it

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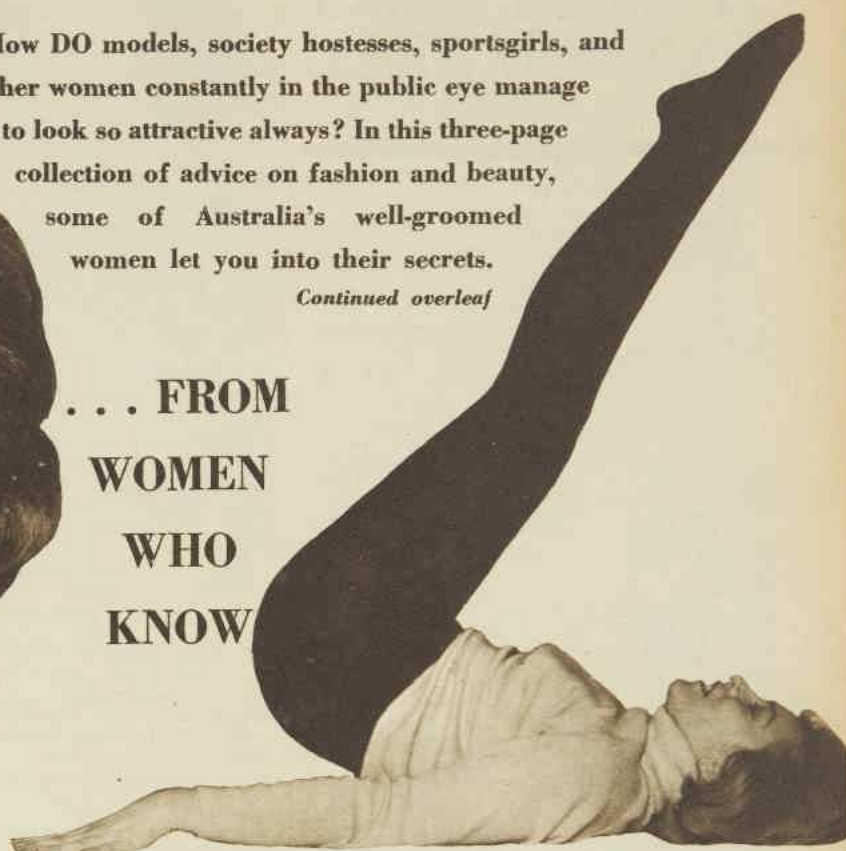
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Continued overleaf

... FROM
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MAGGIE FITZGIBBON finds this exercise wonderful for stretching all the muscles of the leg, especially for lengthening the thigh muscles. "Be sure to point and stretch the toes," she says. Beginners, she recommends, should give themselves little boosts, with their hands placed under their hips, to lift up their legs.

Actresses

GOOGIE WITHERS: "Women should sleep wearing eye masks. I have done this for the past 10 years and find that it relaxes the eyes wonderfully. It's especially beneficial in Australia with the strong morning sunlight which makes you screw up your eyes even though you're half asleep. The mask I'm using at present is quite pretty — pale blue velvet with motifs of sleeping eyes. It is sequined."

Beauty Queen

TANIA YOUNG, former Miss Australia, wears very little skin make-up, gives most of her attention to her eyes. She never uses cleansing cream. Every night she washes her face with only hot water and a good glycerine soap. She applies the same simple principles to her clothes. "The simpler the better," she says, "and then you can wear them anywhere."

Model

ELLY LUKAS, of Melbourne, washes short kid and suede gloves in mild soap flakes, then puts a cupful of white vinegar in the rinsing water. The vinegar keeps the leather soft. She hangs the gloves on plastic hangers in a shady place to dry quickly. When nearly dry she smooths them out on her hands. (Long kid gloves must be dry-cleaned.) Once a month she checks all her 16 pairs for repairs.



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GOOD-GROOMING GUIDE

Continued from page 55



Hostess

THE HON. MRS. SIMON WARRENDER, Melbourne, has a special beauty facial. She makes a hot potion from a handful of camomile leaves and boiling water. She wrings a towel through the mixture and places it over her face (which has already been oiled with almond oil). "This sends the oil deep into the skin tissues and tones up the skin," says Mrs. Warrender. "Unfortunately, I don't have time to do it more than once a month." She uses almond oil instead of a nourishing or tissue cream. The camomile facial was passed on to Mrs. Warrender by the famous interior decorator Elsie Mendl.

CORINNE KERBY, Melbourne TV personality, uses brushes for just about all her beauty care... for hair, lips, eyebrows, and also for her complexion. Once a day she scrubs her face and neck with baby soap and a soft nylon brush. It is just an ordinary nylon nailbrush which has been worn in for about six months to a desired softness. When one brush is just right Corinne buys a new one to break in the same way. After the "scrubbing" she smooths a little baby oil into her skin. Corinne says the gentle brushing was first recommended to her years ago by a dermatologist to improve the circulation of the blood to her face and neck.

EUNICE BEVEGE, Sydney fashion compere, says she goes against the advice of experts by scrubbing her face with soap and water until it really tingles, then patting in moisturising lotion. "And, whenever I have a whole day at home, I indulge in the special luxury of not wearing any make-up except lipstick. This lets my skin breathe again."

LADY NATHAN, Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, finds a tiny enamel hair-lacquer spray is an essential piece of equipment when she is on official duty. "When you wear hair upswept and high as I do," she says, "there always seem to be untidy ends flying around. Spraying them with lacquer is the only way to conceal them."

HENRIETTE LAMOTTE, a Frenchwoman, who is one of Sydney's leading milliners, "Never wear a hat just because it is in fashion. A hat must be flattering — that is all that matters. And never a hat that is utility. You are better hatless. Every elegant Parisienne knows the value of accessories — shoes, gloves, handbag must be impeccable. If they are of cheap quality they will ruin the effect of the whole outfit."

ELAINE WHITE, Sydney TV producer, compere, and beauty writer, advises neck care: "From girlhood a woman should make a point of daily massage and nourishment for her neck. If it is forgotten or neglected it becomes a sure barometer of age."

SENATOR DAME ANNABELLE RANKIN, Government Whip (who lives in Brisbane when the Senate is not sitting), is another extremely busy woman who believes beauty and grooming are "at hand" for everyone. She says: "Spotless gloves freshen any outfit. With a busy office routine and many outside engagements, I always have a spare pair of gloves in my desk drawer or handbag."

Sportsgirl

MADONNA SCHACHT, Brisbane, one of Australia's top women tennis players — the girl American sports writers voted "The most beautiful sportswoman of 1963": "For outdoor games use minimum make-up, non-oily foundation cream with light dusting of powder and a little lipstick. For extra outdoor glamor use a liquid waterproof eyeliner. Heavy make-up, strong sunlight, and perspiration combined clog the pores and coarsen the skin."

JUNE DALLY-WATKINS, Sydney deportment school and model agency head, says that milk is a wonderful beauty aid. "Ten minutes to spare and half a cup of icy-cold milk can make a new woman of anyone who is tired and jaded at the end of a heavy day," she says. "The face and neck must first be cleaned with three applications of cleansing cream, each thoroughly wiped off with tissues. Then dip a piece of cotton-wool in the milk and gently wipe it over the face, under the eyes, and on the neck. Next lie down with a pillow under the feet as well as the head, squeeze out two puffs of cotton-wool, also dipped in the milk, and place a milk pad over each eye and relax. The milk dries very quickly, and so after three minutes the pads should be turned over while you rest for another three minutes. Finally, rinse off the milk pack with cold water. You will find the eyes are clear and sparkling and the skin just so firm and silky."

MARY ROSSI, Sydney mother of seven and former TV women's session hostess: "With two teenage daughters and a ten-year-old who take my size in gloves, I haven't a hope of keeping my gloves strictly to myself. So all are kept in a 'pool.' This way we never have any trouble finding a clean pair."

MRS. ASHLEY COOPER, of Brisbane, a former Miss Australia, gives three beauty tips: (1) After a windy winter day out of doors, add one or two tablespoons of baby oil to a warm bath for an overall feeling of soft, smooth skin. This, she says, is marvellous for expectant mothers, whose abdomen "complexion" has to expand and later contract; (2) Any dark-haired girl who wants to look natural or who finds mascara messy should try using a speck of petroleum jelly to make eyebrows hold their shape and eyelashes look a bit more lustrous; (3) Buy in small numbers the best-quality clothes you can afford. If not too extreme, good things will always look good.





CAROLYN NOBLE, 20, Perth TV children's hour hostess, washes her face at night with hot water. Carolyn puts cleansing cream on her skin first. She has two sisters with whom she swaps clothes.

DAWN LAKE (Mrs. Bobby Limb), Sydney: "I always use a lipstick pencil to outline my lips. This gives me a smooth even line, and then I fill in with ordinary lipstick. For the outline I use a darker shade than the main lipstick."

Television Stars



JACKIE ELLISON, Brisbane TV singer, dancer, choreographer, and comedienne, says: "My answer is a lemon. I start the day with a lemon drink, and always use a few drops of lemon juice in the rinse after shampoo to keep my hair shining-clean. When I have a spare moment I cut a lemon in halves and rest my elbows on them. This, followed by a little cream, prevents scaling and keeps elbows smooth. Freckles fade if frequently treated to a lemon massage. I also find a silk headscarf indispensable. With my job requiring so many quick dress changes I don't always have time to re-do my facial make-up and hairstyle. So I completely cover my hair and face with the scarf while changing."

GAIL SPIRO, compere of a Brisbane TV children's session, university student, and top teenage model: "Young working-girls give their shoes a tremendous amount of hard wear. Never be afraid to polish new shoes. It acts as a water and dust repellent, also helps prevent cracking. Have shoes heeled BEFORE they need it. To prevent pointed toes from turning up like pixie feet, stuff the points where the toes don't reach with cotton-wool immediately you buy them. Never put shoes away wet."

PAT WOODLEY, director of a Sydney model agency: "I have a surefire method for achieving strong and attractive nails. First watch your diet — a deficiency here can lead to weak, brittle nails. However, a dessertspoonful of gelatine taken every day in lemon or orange juice or sprinkled on cereal will work wonders. Care for your nails by oiling them frequently and having a regular weekly manicure — why not do it yourself while watching a TV movie? Use your nails with care. Press lift bells with your knuckle, use a plastic telephone dialler or your knuckle, button garments with fingers, not nails, roll on a girdle using fingers not nails, wear rubber or protective gloves for rough work."

HELEN HOMEWOOD, Melbourne model (and secretary of the Mannequins and Models' Guild), has a favorite skin-toner — $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cooking salt mixed with a cup of warm olive oil. Helen works the mixture into her face and neck, leaves on for five minutes, then removes with warm water. "I read it years ago as being a beauty secret of Greta Garbo," says Helen, who finds that while the olive oil softens her skin the salt acts as a stimulant, rubbing away rough skin.

MRS. HAROLD HOLT, a fashion designer and wife of the Federal Treasurer, travels regularly interstate and overseas. She says a blessing, when travelling, is being able to find the right pair of shoes easily and quickly. So, to save time and temper, she always packs her shoes in clear plastic bags.

VIKKI HAMMOND, Melbourne television star, says that a light after-bath rub-down — all over — with baby oil is the ideal treatment for a rather dry skin, especially in summer. Vikki attributes her lovely long eyelashes, which are often mistaken for false ones, to the oil treatment.

DR. LEONIE KRAMER, Associate Professor of English at the University of N.S.W., says clothes must always feel comfortable. She likes whatever she wears to be of good-quality material and well cut, so that it doesn't readily lose its line or appear dated if a hem has to go up or down. She chooses uncluttered classic styles, which can be dressed-up with discreet pieces of jewellery.

LADY CILENTO, of Brisbane, mother of actress DIANE CILENTO: "Women facing middle-age—or past it—should rub special nourishing night cream into the face at night. Rub in an upward direction on WET skin, not dry. Give attention to under the chin and the neck—especially below the ears, where you don't see yourself in a mirror. This is the telltale spot which gives away your age. Next morning the skin will feel and look very fresh."

LORRAE DESMOND, Sydney, outlines her eyes with black pancake make-up, applied with a very fine hard-pointed brush. She wets the brush before running it across the surface of pancake, and outlines the top eyelid just above the lashes with light deft strokes without dragging or pulling the skin. Lorrae gives her mouth a "three-dimensional look" by first faintly tracing the outline of her lips with black pancake make-up. This outline is then covered with a brushing of dark red lipstick, before filling in the top lip with several shades of richly toned lipstick and using paler pink for the bottom lip.

JUDY ANN FORD, Melbourne television and radio personality and beauty expert, has a weekly ritual that she calls a "beauty bath," which can last up to two hours. "I like to soak in a bath full of bath salts or oil and just completely relax," says Judy Ann. Before entering the bathroom she creams her face (leaving the residue on), removes the phone from the hook, and takes in with her the paper or books and often a mug of soup with toast. In the bath she attends to her nails — removing polish, filing, and rubbing in a thick nail cream. Each fortnight she gives herself a complete pedicure. After a brisk rub-down with an enormous towel, Judy Ann massages herself from top to toe with hand lotion, paying special attention to knees, heels, and elbows. She applies, in order, deodorant, talcum-powder, cologne, and concentrated perfume (always the same), and a moisturiser to her face and neck.

COUNCILLOR ESTHER LIPMAN, of Adelaide: "I believe in health as the first step to beauty of face and figure. Outdoor exercise is the best thing to bring a healthy glow to the skin and to keep the figure trim. I have tremendous energy, which I put down to the fact that I keep healthy. I still play tennis and go swimming with my teenage grandchildren and I thoroughly enjoy it."

Announcer

DIANA WARD, Sydney TV announcer, has a shampoo and set once a week, always by the same hairdresser. She doesn't sleep in a hair net, finds her hair falls naturally into different stylings when she brushes it out each morning. Diana also has a professional comb-up between settings. Before her shampoos she gives her hair very special brushing.

Society Diarist

NOLA DEKYVERE (Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere), Sydney hostess and columnist, believes gloves are a "must" whenever a woman steps outside her home. "Sports clothes, casual wear, and slacks need gloves to set them off — loosely knitted or crocheted string ones for preference. In summer tiny wristlet gloves give girls wearing the simplest, pretty cotton frocks a special air. At night, long gloves 'make' an evening gown—whether it is long or short. They don't have to be expensive (the Queen wears fabric gloves to balls and receptions), just spotless."



is possible that we may benefit, internationally, from Grand Fenwick having got to the moon first more than if we had got there first ourselves. As you know, Mr. President, in international affairs it's the long run that matters. Short-term gains are soon forgotten and not worth the effort."

The President grunted a dubious approval of these arguments and turned to the Defence Secretary. "What do you think?" he asked.

"I have to look at this from the point of view of the Russian reaction," said the Defence Secretary. "Getting to the moon isn't just a scientific and propaganda achievement. It's a military achievement. The moon represents a huge space platform that can be used for military purposes. I think we've fooled around with the scientific

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aspects far too long and in far too great a detail and forgotten the military aspects. You can bet the Russians will attempt a lunar landing as soon as they can now. And I think we should do the same.

"Dr. Meidel tells us that they've been taking the slow, deliberate scientific approach as we have been doing. This alters the whole thing. They'll want to get there as fast as they can to establish a national claim to the moon. They won't give a hoot for the Grand Fenwick claim. They're likely to argue that Grand Fenwick's success will inevitably lead to our making an all-out assault. I say that we should get a manned rocket to the moon and we should get it there

as fast as we can. Tomorrow, if that is possible."

"I have to warn you that there would be grave risks involved for the astronauts concerned—risks I would not like to be called upon to ask them to take," said Dr. Meidel.

"Aw, nuts," said the Secretary of Defence, who for many years had chafed under the cautious approach of the scientific hierarchy of government. "What kind of a state is this country in if we can't ask some of our young men to take a calculated risk on behalf of the United States? I know that any of the men we have trained as astronauts would leap at the chance. They are sick of delays and

being fitted into space suits and asked whether they chafe them under the arms or are too tight across the seat. They'd go this very minute if we asked them, and thank us for the honor."

"Well," said the President, "when could we be ready for the take-off?"

"Blast-off," said Dr. Meidel, who liked the sporty vernacular of the rocket man. "I'll have to check, Mr. President. I can't answer that question off the cuff. It is all very well for some to talk about scientific fussiness, but a rocket such as our Saturn Mark Two is a more complicated piece of apparatus than a city like New York with all its telephone, elec-

trical, and other services. Then there's the weather factor . . ."

"What's your best guess, Doctor?" asked the President, pressing mercilessly for a commitment.

"A week—maybe ten days," replied Meidel.

"I feel that I should warn you again, sir, about making a spectacle of ourselves by entering before the world into a space race with Grand Fenwick," said the Secretary of State. "We will be accused of exactly what we are trying to avoid being accused of—determination to dominate outer space in our own national interests."

"I think we should keep one thing clearly before us, gentlemen," said the President. "Since we have so far found it impossible to achieve a reliable agreement with the Soviet Union over the internationalising of space, domination is the only path left open to us. Either we dominate or they do, and if that's what the choice is it is going to be us."

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

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THE Defence Secretary shifted in his seat, took out a cigarette, examined it thoughtfully, and tamped the tobacco in it by tapping the end against the polished top of the conference table. He was a big, heavy-set man with a forthright way of talking which people often took for rudeness or bad temper. But behind the bluntness of his speech there was often considerable subtlety of mind and he displayed some of that subtlety now.

"We could say that our object is to help Grand Fenwick," he said, examining the end of the tamped cigarette carefully.

"Help Grand Fenwick?" echoed the President.

"Sure," said the Defence Secretary. "We're not trying to get there first or compete with them in any way. But going to the moon is a dangerous business. We are just going to send a rocket there to stand by and see that the Grand Fenwick boys don't get into any trouble. It's just a matter of being available in case they need us."

"Of course, there isn't anything to stop us raising Old Glory on the moon if we happen to get there first. And the chances are that we will get there first—about two and a half hours after blast-off. But that's not our object. Our object is to render assistance to our Grand Fenwick friends in case they need it." He took a long pull on his cigarette, stubbed it out in the ashtray, and looked mildly around him, as if to see whether everybody had understood what he had in mind.

"By thunder! That sounds like the best idea that's come up yet," said the President. "We ought to be clear about one thing, though. Do we get to the moon before Grand Fenwick or after them?"

"Before," said the Secretary of Defence with a slight smile.

"We announce, however, that our effort is to render assistance, if needed, to the Grand Fenwick astronauts. We emphasise that we are not trying to beat Grand Fenwick to the moon. But factors of weather, rocket speed, and so on may result in our arriving on the moon first—though our object is international co-operation and help for another country."

"I'm for that," said the Secretary of State. "It would be a tremendous gesture and enormously add to our prestige and demonstrate that we actually are capable of getting to the moon."

"Do we make a public announcement?" asked the President.

"Sure, Chief," said the Defence Secretary. "Have a Press conference tomorrow, extend our hearty congratulations to Grand Fenwick, mention that it was American money and aid that made the feat possible, stress that we were seeking internationalisation of space and so on. And then say smoothly that we will be sending a rocket of our own to the moon to stand by in case the Grand Fenwick rocket gets into trouble."

"It will immediately allay all the public anger about being beaten by Grand Fenwick," said the Secretary of State.

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"O.K.," said the President. He turned to Dr. Meidel. "Get the rocket and the men ready," he said. "You've got the ball now. Don't fumble it."

The news of the take-off of the Grand Fenwick rocket reached Russia through the Tass radio monitoring service as well as the Reuters teletype in the offices of "Pravda."

It produced no national sensation as in the United States for the reason that the people were kept ignorant of the event, and in any case had been informed only that morning by "Pravda" that the Grand Fenwick effort was a massive propaganda bid by the American imperialists, the money having actually been spent on bathtubs.

That the money had not been spent on bathtubs provided as much of a shock to the Government of the Soviet Union as it did to the Government of the United States.

A crisis meeting of the Soviet Cabinet was immediately held, paralleling that held in the White House. The discussion followed much the same lines as the American conference. The Defence Secretary pressed for the sending of a Russian rocket immediately to the moon to get ahead of the Grand Fenwick rocket. The Commissar for Foreign Affairs argued that this might be resented in Albania—a nation the Soviet Union was having some trouble keeping in line.

It was the Minister for Propaganda who supplied the solution. "Let us send a rocket there to help our comrade workers in the Duchy of Grand Fenwick," he said. "No exception can be taken to that."

"Does our rocket arrive there before the Grand Fenwick rocket?" asked one of the members of the Cabinet.

"Before," said the Minister of Defence, "but we point out that we are only trying to be helpful—to assist our comrade astronauts from Grand Fenwick."

"Comrade workers," someone interrupted. "We must beware of cultism."

"There is nothing to stop us raising the Glorious Flag of the Revolution on the moon after we arrive first—which we shall do," said the Minister of Defence.

"What do we do about the 'Pravda' story on the bath-tubs?" somebody asked.

"We will attribute it to American sources and expose it as a capitalist lie," was the reply.

And so Russia and the United States readied high-velocity rockets to get to the moon ahead of Grand Fenwick. Meanwhile, the Grand Fenwick rocket plugged steadily on into space at a thousand miles an hour.

Vincent of Mountjoy found the journey to the moon some-

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what tedious, although it was exciting enough in the first couple of days. He had been fascinated to watch through the retro-periscopes, with which the rocket was equipped, the earth revolving magnificently below them, its continents gleaming with platinum brightness in the sun when not obscured by cloud. But after a while the sight paled and he began to feel like a man who was condemned to sit in a planetarium for a long period watching the astronomical display upon its dome.

He had never taken much interest in astronomy and though he was surprised at the blackness of the heavens once they were fairly on their way, and the intensity with which the stars burned in that blackness, and was enchanted by the softer glow of the planets, weaving their way across the void, he finally became bored by it all.

Nor was there much about the mechanism of the rocket to keep him busy. The mechanism was basically simple and it all worked. There was nothing for him to do but the cooking and cleaning up, disposing of the tin cans out of which their meals came through pressurised ports of a design somewhat similar to torpedo tubes.

Unfortunately the microwave radio with which they had intended to communicate daily with Grand Fenwick failed after the first few hours of flight. It would neither receive nor send and Dr. Kokintz, after examining it, announced that it had become radioactive as a result of the Pinotium 64 fuel which, with the bin of iron filings, powered the rocket.

"It will probably work again when we reach the moon and the reactor is turned off. Until then..." He shrugged and looked a little said. "I had not thought to be so long without news of the bobolinks," he said.

HOPING to cheer him up, Vincent brought out the chessboard, and the scientist brightened and put the pieces in place. "Watch the pawns," he said. "Poor players always neglect them. But the real power in chess lies with the little pawns, who, though limited in their movements, can by co-operation threaten knights, bishops, queens, and even kings. There is room for a thesis on the possibility that the game of chess, the most ancient game in the world, provided men with the key to the evolution of democratic forms of government."

He went on with his explanation of the game as an exercise in both strategy and philosophy, and Vincent became completely absorbed in it.

Meanwhile, there was a tremendous flurry of activity in both the United States and Russia as these two nations readied the most powerful of their rockets to race Grand Fenwick's ambulating spaceship to the moon—in the guise, of course, of being ready to help the Grand Fenwick astronauts.

The United States' effort characteristically started off with a committee meeting of top rocket men, which was unfortunate. These, confronted with the problem of how to get a rocket to the moon and back, split into technical subcommittees to deal with such matters as fuel, air-conditioning, interior heat control, exterior heat control, telemetry, waste disposal,

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health maintenance, and psychological aspects of space travel.

There was even a librarians' committee to advise on what books should be carried, and inside two days as many as fifteen hundred people were swarming around on the U.S. rocket venture, each convinced that his own aspect of the problem was the one of vital importance.

In vain the President consulted with Dr. Meidel, urging him to hasten the American effort and demanding that all red tape be cut and the rocket released. Dr. Meidel had a mind like a mosaic in

that, if one tiny stone was missing, this seemed to him more important than the whole picture. He swamped the President with such a deluge of information on the various aspects of the rocket preparation that the Chief Executive was all but drowned in the details and, though he several times lost his temper, was unable to spur the rocket men under Dr. Meidel any faster.

"Even when all is got together," said Dr. Meidel at one of his many meetings with the President, "we still have to take the weather into consideration. And over that, I

am afraid, we have no control."

"Weather or no weather, I want that rocket off to get to the moon before the Grand Fenwick rocket," snapped the President.

"Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel, "forgive me for reminding you of the other side of this coin. If we fail—if the rocket explodes or goes into an orbit in space or crashes on the moon through failure of the landing gear—the disaster would be far more terrible than Grand Fenwick's getting there before us."

"Besides, since the Grand Fenwick rocket is not in communication with the earth, we do not know whether those aboard it are alive. We know that the rocket is still on

its way. We are able to pick up the reactor emission on radar. But whether Vincent of Mountjoy and Dr. Kokintz are still alive—that we cannot say."

"All I am asking," said the President, "is that you cut out some of these committee meetings and get the rocket ready."

"Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel smoothly, "you are overconcerned. The U.S. rocket will have a speed of eighty thousand miles an hour. Less than three hours after taking off from Cape Canaveral, it will have reached the moon. We can launch then when the Grand Fenwick rocket is only three

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thousand miles from the moon, and still get there before them. It is perhaps fortunate," he added, "that they are not in radio communication with earth. Otherwise they might speed up."

With that the President had to be satisfied and the committee meetings of the American "crash programme" went on.

In Russia matters were somewhat different. Such committee meetings as were held were convened not for exploration and discussion but so that those involved could report on progress and receive orders. But Russia had her problems, too. The only Soviet rocket capable of the journey had been equipped with a space platform in the nose section which had been intended to be put in orbit around the moon. This had to be removed and replaced with a compartment for the two Russian astronauts. This called for a considerable revamping of the Russian rocket, and the Soviet programme being rigid the revamping was difficult to achieve.

But the Soviet rocket scientists, like those in America, were confident of success. Their rocket would do 100,000 miles an hour, and being 20,000 miles an hour faster than the American rocket could readily pass the U.S. spaceship even if both were launched at the same time.

The Soviet strategy indeed was to wait for word of the American launching. They would then launch half an hour later, calling world attention to this fact, and when they got to the moon first, would gain all the greater prestige from their late start.

MEANWHILE, all in Grand Fenwick were in deep distress about the radio silence from the Duchy's spaceship. Tully Bascomb sent signals on his transmitter every hour on the hour, but without obtaining contact. The whole Duchy was afraid of what might have happened to their two astronauts and their fear was such that, by tacit agreement, they did not discuss with each other the radio silence and what it might mean lest in some way the discussion itself might bring about that which they feared.

Gloriana, on the advice of her consort, Tully, did issue a short statement to the people of Grand Fenwick on the subject.

"Radio silence from the rocket," the statement said, "cannot but cause us concern. But in every great venture there must be setbacks and we would be unworthy of our two astronauts if we allowed ourselves to become despondent at this point. The rocket is maintaining both its course and its speed, and there can be no question but that both Dr. Kokintz and Vincent of Mountjoy are alive and well."

"We, whose task it is to wait, must match their courage with our own. In the silences of space, they also must endure this lack of communication which weighs so anxiously upon us. There is here a bond of suffering which, met with patience, will add to the nobility of that which they have set out to achieve. Let us then continue with our daily work in good heart and with trust in God, Who has ever had us in His care."

In a short, taped radio interview, Cynthia Bentner said, "I can only pray that all is well and my man will come back safely to me."

The world, divided on every other point, joined in that prayer.

It was not until the fourth day out that the moon began to show any dramatic increase in size to the two astronauts in the Grand Fenwick spaceship. On leaving earth's magnifying atmosphere the satellite had been enormously reduced and its growth in the days that followed, though perceptible, was not striking.

But on the fourth day it started to swell tremendously and the various "seas" and craters and mountain ranges on it could be plainly seen with the naked eye, though still quite tiny. At the start of the voyage the moon had been at an angle of over fifty degrees from the course of the rocket. That angle, as the moon sped through the heavens at a rate which Dr. Kokintz said was .063 miles per

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second, to the point at which they would rendezvous with it, had now been reduced to around twenty degrees.

The moon then lay to the right and ahead of the rocket, rather than to the right and behind it, as had been the case at the start. It was soon the dominant body of the sky, far more imposing than the flaming ball of the sun and the remoter stars. It began now to grow bigger and more majestic with the passing of each hour. Stars which had been plainly in view before were lost behind its looming bulk. Craters which, when first seen, had been but the size of match-heads now grew, as the days went by, to the size of shillings and then half-

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crowns. Victor was amazed at the extent of them.

"Good grief," he cried, examining one huge crater, as big as a football though still sixty or seventy thousand miles off. "How big are those things?"

"That one," said Dr. Kokintz, "is called the Bailey Crater after the man who identified it. It is one hundred and eighty miles in diameter."

"If we were to land in the centre of it, we would not know we were there, for the crater walls would be far out of view over the lunar horizon from us."

"How high are the walls of the craters?" Vincent asked.

"The highest about thirty thou-

sand feet," replied Kokintz. "The equivalent almost to the peak of Mount Everest on earth. Others are twenty thousand. That would be an average height."

"Sleep?" asked Vincent.

"Yes," said Kokintz. "But that won't bother us exploring. Even I, weighing only one-sixth as much as I do on earth, but with the same muscles, will be able to jump fifteen or twenty feet straight up at a leap on the moon."

Vincent did a little mental arithmetic and said, "In that case we should be able to get to the top of a thirty thousand-foot crater on the moon in an hour."

"Yes," said Kokintz. "Exploring will not be very exhausting. The

dangers are from heat, cold, ultra-violet rays, and the nature of the surface."

Vincent spent the next several hours rechecking the pressurized space suits obtained (secondhand through war surplus) from the United States along with the rocket. He checked the valves and regulators on the oxygen tanks they would carry on their backs, rather like scuba divers on earth with the difference that they would use re-breathing equipment which would conserve their oxygen while getting rid of carbon dioxide produced in respiration.

He was tired when he went to bed and Dr. Kokintz was already asleep, his thick glasses still on his nose. Vincent removed them gently and pulled the metal shutters over the ports of the compartment to

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produce darkness, for since they were in space and not rotating, there was no day and night on the rocket. It was bathed at all times in the eternal burning merciless light of the sun. The darkness gave him a sense of security, but lying on his bunk there came to him for the first time, just before he fell asleep, the sudden acute realization that they were alone in space, dizzily out in the void, far, far from the safety of earth.

He wanted to wake up Dr. Kokintz for comfort, but he didn't. He closed his eyes and forced himself to think of the courtyard of the Castle of Grand Fenwick where he had last seen Cynthia Bentner. The weathered courtyard seemed like a paradise to him now.

When the rocket was a little more than seven days on its journey it

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entered the gravitational field of the moon. The effect of the gravity produced a slight acceleration of the rocket's speed. In relation to the surface of the moon, which now loomed before them as a tremendous glittering pock-marked stone ball, the two men in the rocket were now standing upside down, prevented from falling to the ceiling of their compartment by their magnetised boots, which anchored them to the floor.

Dr. Kokintz was annoyed, however, to have his glasses slip off his nose and fall to the ceiling and other objects which were not fastened down floated gently to the ceiling in the same manner, so dreamily that the two were able to

grab them in midair as they drifted off like feathers.

There was nothing in this that was not expected, and Vincent wanted to make a circuit of the moon if possible, photographing that side of it which is always hidden from the world. Kokintz voted against this.

"No tricks," he said. "We must get down as fast as we can, get a few samples of the composition of the surface and then take off again. We are not equipped for sightseeing."

"But it would only take a few hours to make a circuit," said Vincent. "We have plenty of Pinotium and it would be a pity not to do it while we have the chance."

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"You are forgetting about the temperatures," said Kokintz. "On the sunless side the cold will be perhaps a hundred degrees below zero on the Centigrade scale. To suddenly plunge from the terrible heat into that cold would cause the whole rocket to contract so fast that it might crumble into pieces. We will go ahead with our plan, which was to land in the twilight zone on the moon where we can hope the temperatures will not be extreme. That is the safest place for us. And since the lunar day lasts about thirty of our days on earth, the twilight zone will persist for a long time to protect us. I repeat — no tricks. Remember that

we are in a place we are not designed to be in."

Vincent agreed, though with some reluctance; and with the lunar surface but six thousand miles or six hours' travel distant, so that it filled the whole sky before them, turned to the task of preparing the rocket for its landing.

At Cape Canaveral all was ready for the launching of the six-stage U.S. spaceship to the moon, and Dr. Meidel, with six hours in which to reach it with the rocket, was feeling very pleased with himself. The two American astronauts, fully dressed for space travel, were in the ready room with Dr. Meidel and the President, who had come to Cape Canaveral for the launching.

"We have plenty of time in hand, Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel. "We will launch in two hours' time and get to the moon an hour before Grand Fenwick. Everything has been checked and rechecked and the weather reports are favorable. I am sure you will agree that this method—the scientific approach—is the best after all."

The President nodded. He was highly nervous and excited and hardly heard what Dr. Meidel was saying.

"When will the fuelling be done?" he asked. He knew the answer, for he had a timetable of the whole of the last-minute procedure before him. But he felt the need to ask a question, just to relieve his anxiety.

"In one hour," replied Meidel, looking at the clock in the ready room. "It is in its final stages."

THE President turned to the two astronauts. "I won't feel happy until you boys are successfully on your way," he said.

"Nor we, either," said one of them with a grin.

There was a battery of telephones on a table in the ready room and one of these started ringing now. All four present gave a little start and stared at it, and Dr. Meidel picked the instrument up.

"Meidel, ready room," he said into the mouthpiece and then listened for what seemed to be an age.

"Bring it in to me immediately," he said, and put down the receiver and looked at the President, his face ashen.

"What is it?" asked the President.

Before Dr. Meidel could answer a man clad in flameproof coveralls came into the room and, ignoring the President, put a sheet of tissue paper on the table.

"We found it in the filtering system," he said.

They all stared at the piece of paper. In the centre of it lay a little black blob.

"What is it?" demanded the President testily.

"A fly, sir," said the man in coveralls.

"A fly?" echoed the President.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "It was in the kerosene. The fuel for the rocket."

"Well, what of it?" demanded the President. "It was filtered out. That's what the filters are for, I presume."

"Only half the fly is here, Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel. "It is reasonable to assume that the other half somehow got into the rocket. We will have to unbunker the rocket and refuel all the kerosene." He glanced at the clock. "That means we can't make it first to the moon, I'm afraid," he said. "It will take four hours to unload and refuel."

"Damnation!" cried the President. "For half a fly! We are to be beaten to the moon by half a fly? Do you mean to tell me that half a fly that may or may not be in the fuel tanks of that rocket means that we are to be beaten to the moon?"

"I'm afraid so, Mr. President," said Dr. Meidel. "We can't risk the whole rocket and the lives of these two men when there is a reasonable certainty of impurities in the fuel. Of course, if you give the order we will go ahead. But my advice is to empty the bunkers and refuel all the kerosene."

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Whiter wash?



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Continued from page 61

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

The President glanced at the two astronauts. They said nothing, but seemed to be pleading with him to give the order to go ahead, anyway. He looked from them to the mutilated corpse of the fly and then said inaudibly, "All right. Refuel." Then he got up and left the ready room.

In Russia the Soviet scientists waited patiently for news of the American take-off. The launching site was in a remote area, far to the east of the Urals, and a radio signal from Moscow was needed to give the word for the blast-off. The Russian astronauts were ready in their capsule and the rocket fully fuelled. But the hours went by and no signal came and the rocket remained on the launching pad.

The Grand Fenwick rocket landed on the moon without any incident whatever. By changing the angle of

Kokintz. "There's no wind. No atmosphere."

"Well, I'll hold it out and then you'll take the picture."

When they had their space suits on, had checked them for leaks and to see that the pressure was that of the earth's atmosphere at the surface, they both entered a small airlock in the side of the rocket. Kokintz had a camera and a portable battery-operated tape recorder with him, and Vincent carried a flagstaff with, at its head, the double-headed eagle banner of Grand Fenwick saying "Aye" from one beak and "Nay" from the other.

They shut the door of the airlock behind them and then opened the exterior door leading outward to the moon. There was a tremendous hiss as the door opened and the air in it rushed outward into the lunar vacuum. Both were swept off their feet, sailing out of the rocket and landing fifty or more feet from it.

"You hurt, Doctor?" asked Vincent, switching on his walkie-talkie. (There being no atmosphere, communication between the two had to be by radio.)

"No," said the scientist. "It was stupid of me to let you open that door so fast. Well, one can't think of everything on an expedition of this sort." They dusted themselves off and looked around. The prospect before them was of utter bleakness and the starkest solitude. Vincent felt that he had landed on a drawing done in black ink on blinding white paper. Something seemed horribly wrong about the perspective and when he took a step forward he felt dizzy.

"There's something the matter with it," he said. "It looks all wrong."

"It is the lack of atmosphere," said Kokintz. "The mountains in the distance are as sharply outlined as the ones close by. There is no air to soften things as they become distant as there is on earth. The shadows are all jet-black, the highlights blinding white."

"I feel like I'm going to bump into one of those mountain walls next step," Vincent said.

"You'll get used to it," said Kokintz.

"Well, we'd better get the flag raised," said Vincent. He glanced around and, seeing a rocky escarpment only twenty feet away, got to it in two bounds. Kokintz followed, drifting through the air at each step like Peter Pan with a soap bubble over his head.

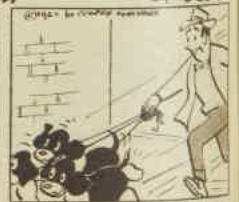
They got to the top of the escarpment without trouble

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

By TIM



and Vincent produced a sheet of paper in his father's handwriting from a pocket in his space suit.

"Got the tape-recorder hooked up to your receiver?" he asked.

"Yes," said Kokintz. He wasn't paying much attention, but was looking up at the sky rather anxiously. Vincent started to read from the paper as follows:

"Know all men by these Presents, that I, Vincent of Mountjoy, on behalf of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, a sovereign and independent nation on the planet known as Earth, do here and now claim complete sovereignty over all the territories of that satellite of Earth known as the Moon on which, together with Dr. Theodore Kokintz, I am the first man to land.

"In token of our claim to possession of the Moon as a territory of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick to be subject in every way to the laws of the Duchy, I now raise the flag of Grand Fenwick on this peak and call upon all the nations of the Earth to respect the rights here asserted. God Save the Duchess Gloriana XII. May she live forever."

With that, Vincent raised the flag, thrusting the staff into the pumice-like stone of the escarpment. He had no sooner done this than he was smothered in a shower of tin cans which floated down out of the heavens about him, as if the earth having listened to his speech, had thrown all its garbage at him. Empty cans of barbecued beans, of frankfurters, sauerkraut, condensed milk, beer, together with glass jars that had once contained peanut butter, pickled herrings, and grape jelly—in fact, all the garbage which he had thrust out of the rocket during their nine-day journey from earth now clattered around in a pile which buried both him and the flag.

"Damnation!" roared Vincent, fighting his way out of this pile.

"Who did that?"

"You did," said Kokintz. "That's all the garbage you threw out of the rocket." He surveyed the odious pile sadly. "Even without a flag," he said, "it would be plain that people from earth were here."

VINCENT started to move the cans and bottles aside. He found that he could kick an empty can a good quarter of a mile. But Dr. Kokintz was upset. "Such a litter," he said. "It would be better to dig a hole and bury them. What a disgrace—to come all this way and make the moon into a garbage dump."

He was so distressed that Vincent helped dig a hole and bury the cans and bottles, though this seemed a curious way to spend part of their precious time on the moon. The actual task of digging was not difficult. The moon's surface at this place was composed of material rather like soft pumice stone, covered with a couple of inches of fine powder. Beneath it the rock was cracked and they could lift up huge pieces with their hands. They soon had a hole big enough for the cans and bottles. But when they looked up from their work, they found they were swathed in a fog so heavy that, though they could see each other, the rocket, not more than a few yards away, had utterly disappeared.

"Pumice dust," said Kokintz. "With the low lunar gravity, it will probably take an hour for it to settle again. Come. We must walk out of it."

He led the way, Vincent following. Two steps took them twelve feet and well out of the column of dust, which rose a hundred feet up over the area in which they had been working. The top of the column, catching the rays of the sun, glittered with an angelic light. Kokintz studied it with interest. Then he turned and bounded across the bottom of the crater to the lip, which he proceeded to climb. Vincent followed him.

The lip of the crater was rimmed with sunlight as with liquid fire.

There the heat would be appalling, a terrible challenge even in an insulated space suit. To Vincent's surprise, Kokintz bent down, picked up two handfuls of dust and flung them up over the lip of the crater. Immediately a vast smoke screen was laid over the area, casting a soft shadow on the side away from the sun.

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THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

"What are you up to?" asked Vincent.

"Investigating a method of exploring the side of the moon exposed to the sun," replied Kokintz. "It is very simple. All that is needed is to make a smokescreen with the dust and walk in the shadow of it."

"Hang the dust," said Vincent. "It gives me the willies. We could lose each other or the rocket in a minute. What causes it, anyway?"

"Alternating heat and cold," said Kokintz. "It has reduced the surface of the moon to powder. The powder acts as an insulator to protect what is below. But it is plain that the moon is gradually crumbling away. Soon it will be nothing but a ball of dust, no more solid than a fog bank."

"How soon?" asked Vincent.

"In about a billion years," said Kokintz.

"Then we can let someone else worry about that," said Vincent. "Come on. Let's look around some more."

But first they decided to try the radio again and call Grand Fenwick to announce that they had landed on the moon and taken possession of it in the name of the Duchy. They returned to the rocket, entering through the airlock, into which they pumped sufficient air to bring the pressure to that of the earth's surface.

"Eagle calling Grand Fenwick,"

signalled Vincent, that being the code agreed on. "Eagle calling Grand Fenwick."

"Come in, Eagle," said the voice of Tully. "Is that you, Vincent? Are you safe? Is all well? What happened?"

"Everything is fine," said Vincent. "The radio went out, but it is working now. We've landed on the moon safely, half an hour ago. What do you want us to do with it?"

"I'm proud of you, my boy. Proud of you," came in the trembling voice of the Count of Mountjoy. "This is indeed a magnificent day in the history of our country. Not even Spain in the great days of Columbus and of Magellan could

point to a feat as magnificent as you have achieved on behalf of your native land. Have you seen any sign of the others?"

"What others?" asked Vincent. "The Russians and the Americans?"

"Are they supposed to be about?" cried Vincent, very surprised.

"They took off two hours ago," said the Count of Mountjoy. "Officially, both nations have sent rockets capable of tremendous velocity to the moon to help you, should you get into any trouble. Actually, it is a face-saving device, and I suspect that there is more to it than that. I suspect that both the Russians and the United States astronauts, on landing, have been instructed to claim the moon

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Continued from page 63

for their different countries. You are sure you got there first?"

"Positive," said Vincent. "Absolutely nobody around when we got out of the rocket. That's right, isn't it, Doctor?"

"Yes," and Kokintz. "How are the bobolinks?"

"Hang the bobolinks!" shouted Mountjoy. "Now listen to this very carefully. We are at a time of crisis and the fate of the world for generations to come may be in the balance. It is vital to humanity that our claim to the moon be fully established."

"I am going to announce your arrival on the moon ahead of any other nation and announce that you have claimed the moon for Grand Fenwick. That should take it out of the East-West conflict and will be of immense value to everybody."

"I expect to be able to rally the support of all the smaller members of the United Nations for our claim — though I am unsure of the Arab bloc. Anyway, if the Americans and Russians arrive and attempt to raise their standards on the moon, you are to demand that they take them down. If they do not comply, you may resort to whatever force is necessary to make them comply."

"We are not here an hour and you want us to start a war?" asked Kokintz.

"Quite the wrong way of looking at it," said the Count of Mountjoy. "I want you to ensure the peace by the threat of war. Militant pacifism. Pacifism alone is nothing short of war-mongering. It should be possible to enter into an alliance with the Americans, if this is necessary, by discreet promises of mineral rights, to join you against the Russians. That would make the odds overwhelming — four to two — and ensure your success. Is there anything further you want to know?"

VINCENT looked bleakly at Kokintz. "There is one thing I would like to know," said Kokintz.

"What is that?" asked the Count of Mountjoy.

"How are the bobolinks?"

"Damnation!" said the Count of Mountjoy, quite beside himself.

"Fine," said Tully. "I think the eggs will be hatched in two or three days."

"That is the only good news I have heard on the moon so far," said Kokintz, and that ended the communication.

They got out of the rocket into the terrifying, sharp, perspectiveless landscape of the moon again and headed for the lip of the crater, soaring over the ground like thistle-down. Beyond the lip of the crater was a massive and gaunt peak. It rose in the form of a triangle, one side of it a blinding white in the sunlight, the other side the deepest black. By common consent they decided to scale this peak, which would give them a tremendous view over the moon. The peak seemed to be but a mile away, but proved to be some ten miles distant so that they were something like an hour in gaining the base of it, though able to take ten-foot strides over the surface.

They crossed a number of big canyons or fissures which were, in places, fifteen feet wide. Here they stopped on one rim and with a medium jump sailed readily over to the other side. Dr. Kokintz looked very peculiar jumping, for when he was half-

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

way over these canyons, he would, in a burst of scientific enthusiasm, crane his head and trunk down to see into them as much as he could, so that once he performed a slow somersault over a fissure and at another time landed on his back on the other side.

"You've got to be more careful," warned Vincent. "If you rip that space suit, you'll be dead in a moment."

In a little while they had gained the base of the peak, which was of some sixteen thousand feet. They rested a little, looking back over the trail they had come, which was plainly marked by a kind of intermittent smokescreen of dust raised during their progress and not yet settled back to the ground. Then they climbed to the summit without much more labor than a man might experience in going up a flight of stairs on earth.

When they got to the top they found on the other side an even bigger crater than the one in which they had landed. Dr. Kokintz estimated the distance across it as eighty miles. Beyond that was a range of mountains, small, to be sure, because of the distance, but plainly seen, the edges as sharp as the teeth of a saw. Some of these mountains were very high, so that the horizon, which was ringed with them, was like a fringe of pyramids against the jet-black sky, in which the sun blazed, a huge glowing ball which it was impossible to look at directly.

As they stood looking toward this appalling horizon which, though so distant, seemed near enough to touch, earth raised herself over the lunar desolation — a lovely huge blue liquid jewel, hung in a sky of sable.

The sight was so entrancing that neither of them could speak. It was magnificent beyond anything they had ever seen, and the light which earth now gave to the moon was not the harsh, blinding light of the burning sun, but a gentle bluish light, consoling as a benediction, taking the savagery out of the terrible craters and fissures and mountains of the moon and investing them with a softness that made them almost lovely in turn.

"I never knew it was so beautiful," said Vincent at last. "It is lovely beyond everything else in all the heavens."

"It is our home," said Dr. Kokintz simply and sadly.

The splendid light which the earth threw on the moon was much stronger than the brightest moonlight experienced on earth and Kokintz and Vincent, a couple of little dots on the top of a gaunt peak, with bubbles for heads, spent a long time just watching the earth soaring up into the black heavens. The stars seen from the moon were very much brighter than from earth, and there were literally millions more of them.

Vincent was quite lost as far as placing the points of the compass was concerned. No earth compass would work on the moon, and unable to find the Big Dipper he could not place the celestial north.

"There's no north in space," Dr. Kokintz said. "It's just a name we use on earth for our convenience. But if it will comfort you, north is that way and the rocket, over there, is to the south-south-east." Vincent turned around to look at the rocket.

"Look," he shouted. "A tiny shooting star. Over there — By golly, there's two of them." He pointed excitedly to the southern horizon where two points of

light, hardly of the magnitude of pinpricks in the diamond blaze of the heavens, were flashing against the sable sky.

"Russia and the United States," said Dr. Kokintz. "It looks like a deadhead."

It was a deadhead. The two rockets zoomed toward the moon, hardly increasing in size for quite a few seconds, and then suddenly becoming very big and flashing even brighter than the stars, for they were high enough above the moon's surface to catch the rays of the sun.

They were nose to nose as they plummeted down. They zoomed over the peak on which Kokintz and Vincent were sitting, noiseless as ghosts; and then, as if both were controlled by the same hand, they upended themselves and settled down in the huge crater at the foot of the peak, with all the precision of a couple of ballet dancers.

NO sooner were the rockets firmly settled on their extensible legs than doors opened and out of each of the rockets jumped two men in bubble-headed space suits. They exchanged hurried glances, looked anxiously around, and both pairs made for a small eminence near the rockets. They got there in the same second and one man in each pair erected a long pole firmly on the eminence while the other two backed off apparently to take photographs.

Then it happened. Two separate showers of tin cans and bottles rained down on the two astronauts who had but a moment before raised their standards to claim the moon for their respective nations.

"There is a lot more to be said for garbage than I had thought," said Dr. Kokintz mildly. "Come, let us go and meet our enemies."

When they got to the little eminence a few minutes later, a heavy argument was raging between the two Russian astronauts and the two American astronauts. It was conducted in English and Vincent and Kokintz could hear it over their own radios.

"Take that thing down," said the American astronaut.

"This is American territory."

"I have claimed the moon for the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the workers of the world," said the Russian astronaut.

"Welcome to the moon," said Dr. Kokintz, cutting in.

The four whirled around to look at Kokintz and Vincent. "Where did you come from?" demanded one of the Russians.

"The Duchy of Grand Fenwick," said Vincent. "By the way, you people are now on the territory of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. Do any of you have a visa?"

"What the hell do you mean, visas?" demanded one of the Americans.

"It's very simple," said Vincent calmly. "We got here first — a clear hour ahead of you. We have claimed the moon for the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. A visa is required by any alien entering the territory of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. So I repeat. Have any of you got visas?"

All four of them looked blankly at Vincent and then at each other.

"I see that you haven't," said Vincent. "Well, we are interested in encouraging the tourist trade, so I don't want to appear discourteous to you. The circumstances are, I will admit, unusual. If all four of

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you will step over to the Grand Fenwick rocket I will give you permits to land. The fee is one pound sterling, but you can pay that when you get back to earth. However, I must insist that you take down those flags."

"I will never take down the glorious banner of the comrades workers of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics," said one of the Russians.

"I'm not going to make a speech about it," said one of the Americans, "but we are not going to haul down Old Glory for you."

"In that case," said Vincent, "you are both committing an open act of aggression against the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, an act of aggression, I might add, which is quite unprovoked. I will report this immediately to the Duchy by microwave and the matter will be taken up before the United Nations in a few hours. I think you ought to consider what you are doing. Do both of you want to appear before the world as contriving to get to the moon merely to commit an unprovoked act of aggression against the smallest nation on earth?"

AGAIN there was an exchange of glances, but no move to lower the banners.

"I will give you an hour to think it over," said Vincent. "You will perhaps want to consult with your Governments. I think you ought to know that the news of our prior arrival here and our taking possession of the moon in the name of Grand Fenwick has already been radioed back to earth and broadcast all over the world. It is hardly possible then for either of you to pretend to be the first arrivals. Our rocket is over the ridge there and I will expect to see you there at the end of an hour. If you do not appear I will reluctantly have to report to my Government that an act of aggression has been committed against us by your Governments, and the matter will be immediately placed before the United Nations."

Still they stared at him, not saying a word.

"It will look rather peculiar," continued Vincent smoothly, "if the world learns that, having come here on the pretext of standing by to help us in case of trouble, you instead indulged in what can only be called a vulgar piece of claim-jumping. Come on, Doctor."

He led the doctor away and the two took up a position on a nearby ridge to watch what happened.

The first thing that happened was a consultation between the two Russian astronauts. Although the words could be plainly heard by all present, they were unintelligible for the Russians were speaking in their own language. They then returned to their rocket, but immediately reappeared armed with spades and crowbars.

"What do you suppose

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they are going to do now?" asked Vincent.

"I think they are going to build a wall," said Dr. Kokintz.

It was true. The two Russians started flinging up lumps of pumice and other rocks into a wall which, work being ridiculously easy on the moon, soon extended for two hundred yards and was six feet high — as closely as could be seen through the dust.

The American astronauts had gone into their rocket presumably to consult with their Government and returned to see the wall divid-

THE MOUSE ON THE MOON

ing their rocket from the Russian rocket. They looked at each other dumbfounded, and then one of them, without a word, took a prodigious leap. He soared twenty feet up in the air, cleared the wall like a bird and came down gently on the other side.

"Seems that walls don't work on the moon," said Vincent. "Come on. Let's go back to the rocket. Wish we had something more to eat than the pickled herring and those darned barbecued Western-style baked beans."

They were hardly back at the rocket, however, before both the Americans and Rus-

sians appeared at the entry port.

"We've taken down our flag after consulting with Washington," said one of the Americans. "The moon is yours."

"We've taken down our flag in the interest of co-existence and peace among the workers of the world," said one of the Russians. "The moon is yours — for the present."

"Excellent," said Vincent. "Come in and I'll give you your landing permits and make it all legal. By the way, do any of you fellows have anything on board other

than Western-style barbecued baked beans? We're a little overstocked with them."

Two hours later the Grand Fenwick rocket took off for earth, but since it chugged back through space at a mere thousand miles an hour, it arrived several days after the return of both the Russian and the American rockets, which rather took the edge off the homecoming.

To be sure, the return to Grand Fenwick, where the rocket landed neatly in the courtyard of the castle, produced a tumultuous welcome. Gloriana XII presented Dr. Kokintz and Vincent of Mountjoy with a medal struck especially for the occasion.

Cynthia Bentner could

hardly say a word when Vincent got out of the rocket, but ran to embrace him and kissed him as soon as he got the bubble helmet off his head. A big banquet was held that night, preceded by a tour of the twenty elaborate bathrooms with which the castle had been fitted.

Later the Count of Mountjoy took his son Vincent aside and said:

"You did splendidly, my boy, in raising our banner on the moon before the others and so claiming it for Grand Fenwick. Not that we have any real use for it. I propose, subject to the approval of the Council of Freeman, of course, to turn the moon

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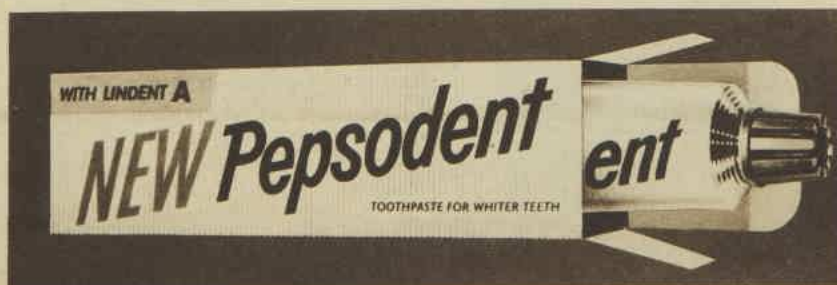
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over to the United Nations as being the proper body to administer the planets. Our claim is quite firm, I think.

"We were there first and raised our flag first and the whole world was informed that we had arrived before the others. That is quite clear. It is a pity, however, that there is nothing in writing acknowledging our sovereignty. A great pity."

"The Americans can be relied upon to honor their commitments. But the Russians trouble me. They are great sticklers for the written word, you know. If it is not in writing it isn't legal as far as they are concerned."

Vincent fumbled in his pocket, took out his wallet and from it extracted two pieces of paper.

"We have something in writing," he said. "Here it is." He handed

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the two pieces of paper to his father. They were copies of the landing permits he had issued to the American and Russian astronauts.

One read:

I, Vincent of Mountjoy, on behalf of the Government of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, do hereby grant permission to the two American astronauts, Colonel Charles Seibert and Colonel Wilbur Reeves, to land on the moon, which is part of the territory of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, on payment of one pound sterling. The aforementioned, having no currency of the Duchy with them, are hereby authorised to pay the fee for this landing permit in kind by providing two chickens and

one canned ham to myself as representative of the Duchy, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged.

Signed: Vincent of Mountjoy.

The second piece of paper, issued to the Russian astronaut, was identical except that the landing fee was two one-kilogram cans of borscht and a blood sausage weighing one kilogram. Both papers bore not only the signature of Vincent of Mountjoy but also the signatures of the astronauts to whom they had been issued.

"Excellent, my boy!" cried the Count of Mountjoy. "Excellent. By Jove, I see the makings of a great statesman in you yet. Engineering is all very well for people of a certain intelligence, but the full scope of

man in all his vigor, his cunning, and his imaginative powers is reserved for statesmanship. You will be a great Prime Minister of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick one of these days. Make no mistake about it."

"I thought it better to get some written acknowledgment of our claim to the moon from our two principal rivals," said Vincent. "But I must confess that I little thought that the moon was to be had for two chickens, one canned ham, some borscht, and a blood sausage."

"Ummmmmm," said the Count of Mountjoy thoughtfully, "the incident is not quite without precedent. The whole of Manhattan Island was obtained, I fancy, for rather less."

Later that night the Count of Mountjoy luxuriated in his huge bathtub of polished pale green Connemara marble and thought how splendidly everything had come out. The hot water was magnificent, and available in the most generous quantities. Running hot and cold water was now featured in all the homes in Grand Fenwick. A wing of the castle had been fitted up for the start of what he knew would be a most profitable tourist trade — though Bentner would fight that tooth and nail. The moon was to be internationalised. And it was all, as he reasoned, the fruit of his own work.

Of course, every penny of the American money had been spent. Every penny. But it had been worth it. And there was really nothing more that required to be bought — nothing at all.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright in his bath.

"Oh, my heavens," he exclaimed. "The fur coat. We forgot the Imperial Russian Sable fur coat for Her Grace the Duchess!"

THE

United States Secretary of State surveyed the stack of Red Folders on his desk and saw on top of the pile a folder with which he had become all too familiar in recent weeks. He reached for it with a sinking heart, opened it and there found a letter on the elaborate stationery of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. Like a man in a trance he started to read the letter. It went:

The Secretary of State,
Government of the United States
of America.

Washington, D.C.

Greetings:

I have the honor, as the Principal Minister of State of the Duchess Gloriana XII, to apply for a loan of 50,000 dollars for the purpose of purchasing a fur coat for Her Grace the Duchess to surprise her on her birthday . . .

"Oh, no!" groaned the Secretary of State. "Not again!"

He stared at the letter for a moment in horror and disbelief and was about to call for his expert on Central European affairs, but instead he reached for the telephone and said: "Give me Saks, Fifth Avenue, New York." The connection was made in a moment and the Secretary of State asked for the fun.

"This is the Secretary of State," he said, "and I might add this is an emergency. I want you to send to the Duchess Gloriana XII of Grand Fenwick immediately one Imperial Russian Sable fur coat, full length, and send the bill to me personally at the State Department. It is for my private account. There's only one thing: I don't know her size."

"That would be size twelve, Mr. Secretary," said the man at Saks.

"How do you know?" asked the Secretary, surprised.

"We make it our business to know the size of everyone in the world of sufficient eminence to one day buy an Imperial Russian Sable fur coat," was the reply.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the Secretary and he hung up.

Gloriana loved the fur coat and in an address of gratitude to the Council of Freeman said that no sovereign in the world was better served than she.

As for the hobolinks, they hatched out a thriving family of four which, when they had grown sufficiently, took off on the annual migration to the South American continent, but did not return the following year to Grand Fenwick. "They had their little adventure," said Kokintz philosophically to Tully. "For them it was quite as big a journey as our trip to the moon."

"About Pinotium Sixty-four . . .?" said Tully.

"Ah, yes," said Kokintz. "A pity it only occurs in a Premier Grand Cru Grand Fenwick wine. And nobody can say when a Premier Grand Cru crop will occur. It is, like everything else, in the hands of God."

"Yes," said Tully soberly. "In the hands of God."

(Copyright)

"The Mouse on the Moon" is published by Frederick Muller and will be available shortly in Australia.



CONTINENTAL CHICKEN CASSEROLE

See easy recipe below

TASTE THAT CHICKEN!

Unmistakably Continental

Taste it in every rich sip of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. Only Continental has such a rich, all-chicken taste, such home-made goodness! Taste that goodness tonight. Serve the soup with the all-chicken taste: Continental brand Chicken Noodle . . . Australia's biggest selling soup.

Look for the colourful new Continental packs. There's a different recipe on the back of each one!



Taste it in every luscious mouthful of Continental Chicken Casserole!

A wonderful new recipe with Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup ingredients.

12 oz. haricot or lima beans; 8 oz. salt pork; 4 cloves of garlic, chopped; 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup; 1 chicken joint per person; 1 oz. margarine (use Fairy or Vidale where available); 1 lb. ripe tomatoes, peeled & cut into slices; 1/2 tsp. sugar; 1/2 cup dried breadcrumbs.

Method: Soak beans in cold water 12 hours. Place in a saucepan with pork, garlic and soup. Blend in 1 1/2 pints water. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 1 hour. Melt margarine in pan and fry chicken joints. Place in a deep casserole dish a layer of beans, then chicken joints, then remainder of beans; season. Cook tomatoes to pulp with sugar, spoon over beans. Sprinkle breadcrumbs on top. Place in barely moderate oven (300°F. gas, 350°F. electric) for 1 hour. Serves 4-6 portions

Taste the home-made goodness of

Continental soup

BRAND

CN1/05WW118C

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 5348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7365. — Small girl's frock with short or long sleeves. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires, "A," 1½ to 4 yds. 36in. material; "B," 1½ to 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F4229. — Baby's four-piece layette, infant's size only. Requires: Slip, ½ yds. 36in. material; frock, 1½ yds. 36in. material; nightgown, 1½ yds. 36in. material; pilchers, ½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



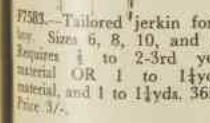
F7365



F4229



F7015



F2470



F7583



F4314



No. 839



No. 840



No. 841

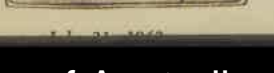
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 839.—SET OF TEA-TOWELS
Tea-towels are cut out to embroider on multi-colored striped linen tea-towelings. Set of three, 21/- plus 1/6 postage. Individually, 7/3 plus 9d. postage.

No. 840.—FANCY PEG-BAG
Peg-bag is cut out to sew in colored cotton with embroidery design already worked in contrasting shades. Blue binding is supplied. Price 12/6. Postage 1/0 extra.

No. 841.—FULL-TRIMMED BLOUSE
Pretty blouse is cut out to make in green, blue, aqua, bone, apricot, pink, and red poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/-.

Postage 2/- extra.



• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

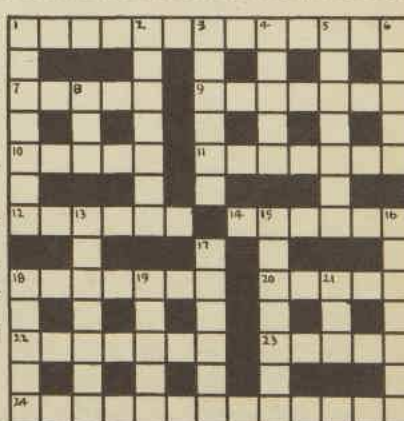
After a magic show, a young woman tells Mandrake she is haunted by a real ghost. She says she woke one night to see a strange young man who suddenly disappeared. He reappears on a beach. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- One of these shifty characters is in Oliver Twist (6, 7).
- Around a trial (5).
- Beastly king in the making (4, 3).
- Grinding tool in the mouth (5).
- Partitioned what seven French consumed (7).
- Pry due for the art of deceiving (6).
- Be a moa for a protozoan of ever-changing shape (6).
- Crawling animal with a slab of baked clay for a tail (7).
- Three sheets in the wind (5).
- Low Serb (anagr., 7).
- A theatre in Athens may do one (5).
- Send a best girl for this furniture (8-5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Startled, but when all is said is not defenceless (7).
- Tree rut (anagr., 7).
- Loosed with criminal intent (6).
- Languish and is poor when headless and turned back (5).
- Even lac could be territory surrounded by foreign territory (7).
- The silver eel is such a fish (5).
- Unctuous liquid in a boiler (3).
- Young North American Indian child (7).
- A plant believed to cure canine insanity (7).
- Sideways as a neck (7).
- Diminish by fifty on a great German industrial town (6).
- A bird can be furious (5).
- Smite the separate articles in an enumeration (5).
- Employ in a ludicrous ebriety (3).

Solution of last week's crossword.



Quick Saturday lunch

Simply serve Sao biscuits
with butter, cheese, salad and
fruit—quick, easy and
satisfying—everyone can relax,
including Mother.

Arnott's
F A M O U S
SAO
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 31, 1963

Teenagers'

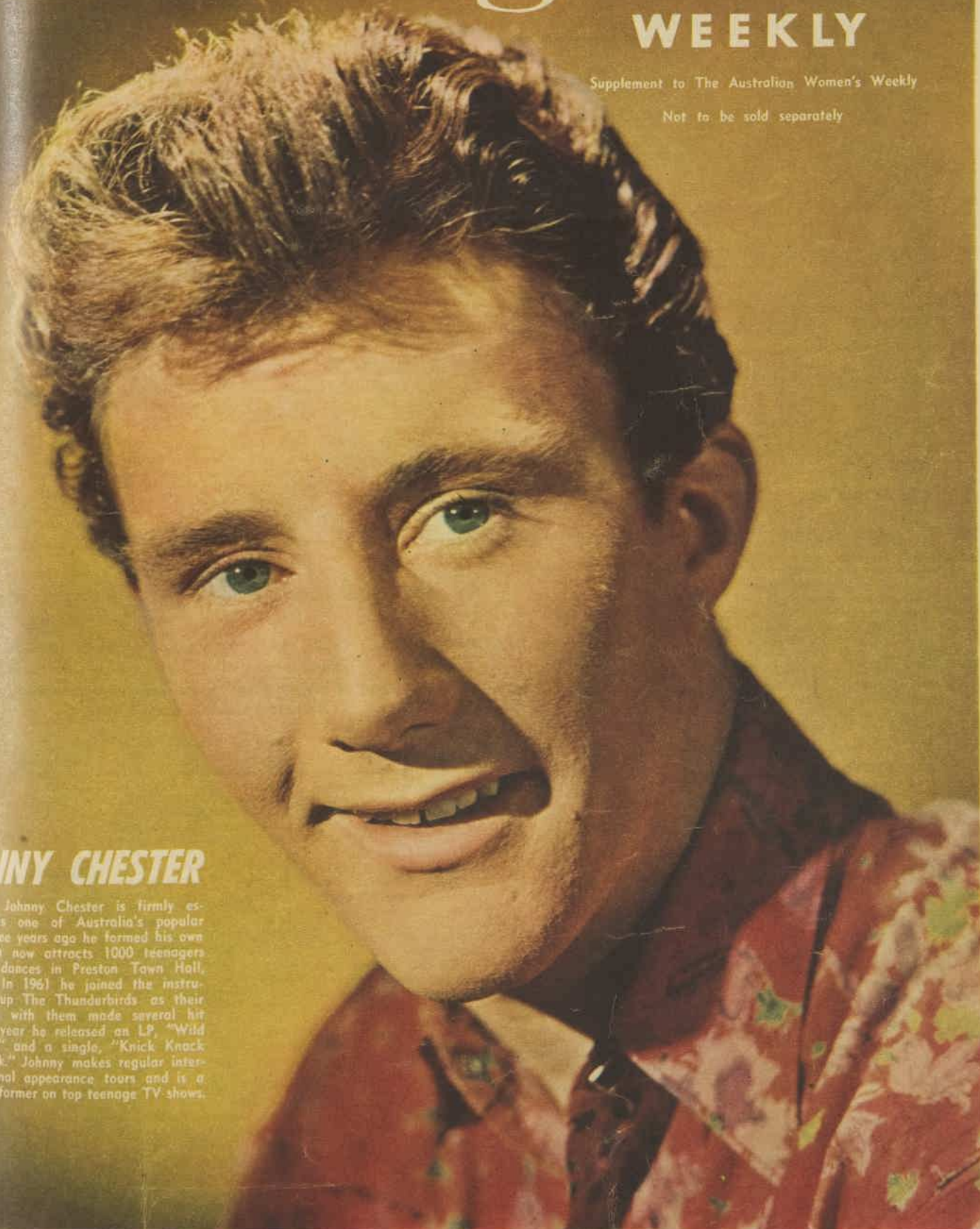
WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

JOHNNY CHESTER

• At 21, Johnny Chester is firmly established as one of Australia's popular singers. Three years ago he formed his own band, which now attracts 1000 teenagers to regular dances in Preston Town Hall, Melbourne. In 1961 he joined the instrumental group The Thunderbirds as their singer, and with them made several hit discs. This year he released an LP, "Wild and Warm," and a single, "Knick Knack Paddy Wack." Johnny makes regular interstate personal appearance tours and is a familiar performer on top teenage TV shows.



LETTERS

Daughter succeeds on her own

OUR eldest daughter had a very poor record at school and left after her Intermediate year. She found herself a job entirely through her own enterprise and spent £2/10/- of her own pay packet each week on driving lessons.

At the first test she obtained her driver's licence and is now saving enthusiastically to buy her own car.

Her father has reimbursed her the money she spent on the lessons and will similarly meet the cost of the car when she has purchased it.

We have found that her abilities have expanded and improved enormously since she was left to do things for herself and through her own pocket.

I am sure there must be many other young people not giving their best efforts at school or in the home who would benefit from similar treatment. — "Independence," Epping, N.S.W.

Thinking big

A GREAT invention for the winter would be a 3ft.-long hot-water bottle. Too often my hands are warm while my feet freeze, and vice versa.

A long hot-water bottle would warm hands and feet simultaneously and ensure an easy night's rest instead of continual passes of the "hotty" from feet to hands.

This would be a blessing to all who climb into a freezing bed futilely clutching a hot-water bottle of a frustratingly small size. — "Chilled Lil," Camberwell, Vic.

PUZZLE

• A man lost an important paper bearing figures of a problem he had worked out. He found the paper, but 18 of the 28 figures were illegible.

However, from the 10 figures he could still read he was able to work out the remainder.

Here is his problem, with x's representing the missing figures:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \times \times \\ 215) \times \times \times \times \times \\ \times \times \times \\ \times 5 \times 9 \\ \times 5 \times 5 \\ \hline \times 4 \times \\ \times 4 \times \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Can you fill in the missing figures?

Answer, page 7.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Unemployed

THERE is much concern today about the future of young students fresh from school who have been unsuccessful in obtaining employment. Many public leaders, parents, and students themselves blame this state of affairs on the Government, employers, and sometimes even teachers.

Has it ever occurred to them that the students' laziness may be the cause?

During my high-school years I found that the majority of the class wasted their time by fooling during school hours and spending the evenings at dances or before the television set.

For the sensible and conscientious ones those years meant hard work and little play. However, they were well rewarded with good results and positions waiting for them.

Surely the loafers cannot expect to step into wonderful jobs after spending several years enjoying themselves and wasting time?

I am pleased with my results and good job, and I can enjoy watching TV now while some of my fellow-students are worrying about being unemployed. — "Student," Wynnum North, Qld.

Talking point

WHEN it is so obvious that closer relations in both trade and culture with Asia are inevitable, why does the Australian school system still emphasise the study of European rather than Asian languages?

I do not advocate the complete cessation of the study of the former by any means, as there is no disputing their value both as means of communication and as sources of culture without which no education is complete.

However, it is incomprehensible to me that no apparent effort has been made by the Education Departments to introduce even one Asian language into our secondary schools.

Apart from the many practical purposes of knowing the languages of the "Far East" (which is our very "Near North"), these countries have a vast culture which would interest many Australians. — L. Harris, Lindfield, N.S.W.

Optional vote

AS a matriculation student I would like to see 18-year-olds given an optional vote, so that they could vote if they wanted to.

At this stage young people would be able to think about politics and formulate their own ideas without being subjected too much to the influence of parents and older people who have firmly rooted ideas. — Miss S. M. Keable, Kalorama, Vic.

Island crabs

A STRANGE thing about Christmas Island, where I live, is that we have red crabs which come out of the jungle at the end of every year to the seaside, where the female lays her eggs in the rocks.

After some time the male crabs leave the sea and go back to the jungle, followed by the females, and then the newborn, tiny, dotted crabs.

During this time roads, drains, holes everywhere are covered with red patches of crabs. Many are killed by the hot sun, some are run over by vehicles, and many die under the feet of pedestrians.

They seem to know the way, the place, and the time each year they have to leave the jungle for the sea. — M. Y. Cheong, Christmas Island.

BEATNIK



"Been in any good mass movements lately?"

Work first

TO all advocates of the theory "Enjoy yourself while you are young" I say by all means enjoy yourself, but let your pleasure be secondary to the important task of making a career for yourself.

After that you can enjoy yourself with no worries for the future. Too many people who only enjoy themselves wind up with dead-end jobs. — "Career First," Cooma, N.S.W.

[Paul Anka, on opposite page, gives the same advice.—Ed.]

Next week

• The Sara quads become teenagers in August, and to celebrate their thirteenth birthdays they have been given brand-new wardrobes of clothes. Next week we have colorful pictures of all the quads wearing their choice of the latest casual and party teenage fashions.

Wedding rings for men

• "Curious" (T.W. 12/6/63) asked if it is considered old-fashioned for brides to give their husbands wedding rings. She said that many of her married friends had a greater sense of security if their husbands wore a ring.

IT is not old-fashioned to give your husband a wedding ring. On the contrary, it is becoming very popular, and I think you will find a large number of married men now wearing a ring.

Some girls feel it is a sign to the world that this man is already married, hence "eyes off" to anyone else. However, the true significance for the husband, as for the wife, is that a wedding ring is a symbol of love, as it always has been.

During our wedding ceremony we exchanged rings at the same time during the service. This makes it far more significant than to slip it on your husband's finger some other time.

You will find that all husbands who wear wedding rings are proud to do so. — "Gold Bands," Mt. Lawley, W.A.

THIS custom was considered old-fashioned several years ago, but Australia's migrants are starting to in-

crease the popularity of wedding rings for men.

My husband wears one — he even bought it himself — and it certainly makes me feel better to know that other girls can see that he is already married. — R. Beeck, Bairnsdale, Vic.

I DOUBT if a woman really feels any greater security when her husband wears a wedding ring. If a man is a faithful, dutiful husband, his wife should not need to demand a greater security by labelling her husband "married" by persuading him to wear a wedding ring.

Although my husband of three years wears a wedding ring, I can truthfully say it is not to give me a sense of greater security.

Many people say a man who wears a wedding ring is a "sissy," but a wedding ring has a meaning, whereas most signet rings which adorn men's fingers these days mean nothing. — "S.M.," Hawthorn, Vic.

IT is a tradition worthy of being followed and would give many wives a sense of security. It doesn't matter if the idea is old-fashioned, as long as the husbands are proud to wear a wedding ring. — "Vicky Lee," Thorna, Vic.

WHEN you marry there must be trust on both sides. Certainly give your husband a wedding ring, but only because you wish him to have it to celebrate your marriage, not to give you a sense of security.

A man marries a girl because he wants only her, and an atmosphere of mistrust will start him wondering if he made the wrong choice. — (Mrs.) M. Reinhardt, Binalua, Qld.

IT is not old-fashioned to give your husband-to-be a ring. A bride always wears one, so why not the groom? To exchange rings gives a marriage deeper meaning and trust for each other. — (Mrs.) I. Kokshoorn, Morwell, Vic.

**FOR THIS TRULY BUDDING ARTIST,
EVERYTHING LOVELY IS IN THE GARDEN!**

His business is always blooming

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Frank King, 17, of Dandenong, Vic., is planning an unusual career — floral art.

FRANK attends Dandenong High School, but every minute he can spare from studies is devoted to flowers and flower arranging.

"I don't really remember how I started on this," Frank said as he put the finishing touches to an arrangement. "But I've always loved flowers and I must have been working with them for about ten years now."

Even before he reached his teens he helped at a local florist's shop and continued doing this for years. He now works alone at home, but he doesn't really consider what he calls "make-ups" — wreaths and wedding bouquets — his forte.

"I get commissions for corsages from some of the girls at school," he said. "But I really don't have much time to do them."

Frank's dream is to be able to do arrangements in people's homes for parties and receptions, and to be known as a "floral artist."

"There is an art in arranging flowers just as there is in painting," he said.

Show record

Frank graduated in May this year from a floral art school in Melbourne (gaining a diploma of floral art with honors), but he had been exhibiting his work with much success in Melbourne flower shows for four years before going to the school.

Frank's show record is consistently good. Earlier this year, for instance, he won the championship sash for the best exhibit in floral art at the Dandenong Horticultural Society's show.

"I won both the first and second place in this section with two arrangements," he said. "I was glad about that because the second place proved that the winning arrangement wasn't just a fluke."

Frank tries out a new arrangement at home before he

shows it in public. His mother, Mrs. Coral King, is his most interested critic. She doesn't arrange flowers herself — she doesn't have to.

Before he actually takes to pinholder and flowers, Frank always works out his show arrangements on paper, making many sketches of a new idea.

Frank considers the best arrangement he has ever done was one for Prince Richard of Gloucester to give to Lady Casey as a thank-you gift at the end of his stay at her home earlier this year.

"It was a white urn of white gladioli, white dahlias, with pink Ann Letts and Sims roses," Frank said. "I felt it had a very feminine appeal."

Grows his own

Frank grows in his parents' garden many of the flowers he uses in his arrangements. Last year he grew his first roses and used them very successfully in show arrangements.

For the extra bits and pieces that flower arrangers always need he has a standing agreement with five or six neighbors to help himself from their gardens.

Part of Frank's ambition is to write a book on floral art. He is actually halfway through it.

"It's the sort of book I was looking for when I started doing floral art and just the kind of inexpensive book a housewife needs for doing arrangements at home," Frank said.

"It just deals with the fundamentals of floral art."

Plan for studio

When he gets established, with a large enough clientele, Frank intends to have a studio in a fashionable Melbourne suburb, like Toorak or Malvern.

Meanwhile, he has work enough to keep his out-of-school hours occupied. His biggest jobs are occasional weddings. One this year in South Yarra involved the decoration of seven reception rooms in a private home, as well as the bridal bouquets.

TEENAGE floral artist Frank King, of Dandenong, Victoria, with one of his show arrangements—chrysanthemums, dahlias, carnations, pokers, roses, molucca balm, and grapes, in a tall gold container.



It's never too early to start a career

By PAUL ANKA

● I say there's something cockeyed about the whole business of success nowadays. People achieve it too late in life.

I BELIEVE that a man should be a success by 30. In other words, John F. Kennedy is not too young to be President of the United States. He is almost too old!

I think most teenagers are allowing the best years of their lives to become a tragic waste of time.

Too late at 20

At 15 I had a burning desire to write the finest songs this side of Rodgers and Hammerstein and to become a king-pin in show business.

Your ambition may be to be a great scientist, newspaper editor, business executive. Whatever it is, set your sights on it early. Plan your schooling and activities programme with your ambition in mind.

I know of no outstanding athlete, a champion of Olympic calibre, who started from scratch, literally, after the age of 20.

We recognise that athletic achievement is based on a rigid pre-20 regimen of tireless training and practice. And yet — in the much greater race of life — parents let their kids loaf along without making any decisions or facing up to a single responsibility.

Teenage years should be

practice time for the big after-school showdown.

I guess it'll sound funny coming from a singer you've always associated with sentimental teenage songs, but I happen to think that kids have things a little too easy for their own good — and for their chances of success.

Boys and girls who are perfectly happy with themselves enjoy life, art, books, and music. But the likelihood of the completely self-satisfied kid having the drive to actually write a book, paint a picture, or set the business world on fire is pretty slim.

It's dissatisfaction with yourself and your lot that spurs achievement.

I don't mean that a teenager has to starve or live in a garret. We all have plenty of problems during those years — even if they're seemingly minor catastrophes.

Problems help

What's important is that kids learn from having to grapple with a problem, that they find out that life is more real and earnest — and more full of opportunity — than a string of parties and sporting events.

As a kid of 15 I had two problems which I think fed my zeal to excel. First — I was only about 5ft. 1in. tall. (I have

now sprouted to a statuesque full-bloom of 5ft. 6in.) Being undersized filled me with ambition to make my voice heard and made me impatient with parties where I seemed always to be dancing on a level with girls' Adam's apples.

The second blow — one I have never mentioned in print before — is a bout of TB I had as a kid. Tuberculosis to me had never meant anything. Now I had it.

Be prepared

That brush with deadly disease made me even more serious than I had been. It gave me time for the kind of reading, personal stocktaking, and direction-finding which made me realise that the years, the days, and minutes are too precious to waste — that teenagers should steer their destinies long before they reach 21.

If I'm a success it's because I was prepared for success. Nothing about this business scared me.

Once, in a misguided moment, I dashed off a tune called "Put Your Head On My Shoulder," which sold two million records.

Now that I'm older I'd like to sing another tune entitled "Stand On Your Own Two Feet." The lyrics would harp on three vital words: Start living earlier.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3



IF YOU LIKE lots of color in your fashion life, here's the catch of the season in a rainbow-like array of hats, shoes, gloves, purses, scarves, and costume jewellery to help you make your choice. The floppy straw hat (left) is £6/15/11, and the butterfly on the brim is just for fun. Red-and-white bowler is £5/19/11.

COLOR GALORE IN LATEST SHOES, HANDBAGS



TAKE your hands off over the waist and the citrus straw bag and front buttons.

● Perhaps the most exciting news in current fashion is the big swing to bright, sharp colors in footwear and handbags for day wear. The pictures on these pages give a vivid idea of the delicious effects that can be achieved with shoes, bags, and color-cued accessories of all sorts, if you're a girl with a flair for color and use it right up to the hilt. No doubt about it, now is the time to let your head go and splurge in a big way.

Fashions and accessories from Hordern Bros., Sydney, pictured by staff photographer Adelle Harles.



PUR-PUNCH is the catchy name of the frivolous sandal-like footwear. The shoe is a leather sling-back with medium points, thinly strapped at sides and back, and standing on middling heel (79/11).



POLAR-ICE pumps (the color's not-quite-white, not really beige, and currently smart) of fine calf (79/11). Square-shaped, straw-fabric handbag with tortoiseshell-like frame (79/11).



WHAT'S AFOOT? Against small-heeled, colored snakeskin and black patent shoes (79/11) put a strappy straw bag in contrast color (99/11).



VIVID shoe and bag set, very gay and youthful, the diminutive, catout courts edged with gleaming black patent leather (79/11). Straw-tabric handbag in popular melon shape (E5/5/-).



PLAY OF COLOR—or how to win the color game in a highline shift (E14/14/-), made doubly fetching by the cling and fall of shimmering Thai silk, worn with toning shoes, and carryall-type bag (E5/5/-). Accent colors are in pale straw hat and gloves.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Sneaking out

"I AM 14 years old and very much in love with a boy of 16. I am not allowed out with boys, but because I like him so much I cannot stop seeing him. I don't see him during the week, only at weekends. My parents found out that I was going out with him and I wasn't allowed out anywhere for quite some time. My mother now trusts me and is quite reasonable, but my father doesn't trust me as much. I am still seeing the boy in spite of all the lectures I have had. I know I am wrong in doing this behind their backs, but I would be very unhappy if I didn't see him at all. I have been out with boys before, but this particular boy really sends me. Please help me as I am desperate."

"In Love," Vic.

As you know you're doing the wrong thing, I don't have to repeat it, do I? But have you realised that for the sake of a schoolgirl crush (which you will probably have forgotten this time next year) you are building a pattern of deceit which could damage both your character and your future relationship with your parents? You will need their love and protection for quite a few years yet.

Go to your mother straightway and tell her you've been meeting this boy. If you do this now, and apologise for your behaviour, perhaps she will persuade your father to let you invite the boy home occasionally at weekends. Not that you deserve it after your poor repayment of her trust in you.

"Ring" the changes

"WOULD you please tell me on which hand and fingers it would be correct to wear my rings? I have a signet ring given me by a relative, and for my eighteenth birthday in a few weeks' time my parents are giving me a dress ring. Also, my boy-friend plans to give me a friendship ring in two months' time."

"Rings," N.S.W.

Wear your rings on your third finger, right hand. But (please!) not all three at once. Just one at a time—maybe two occasionally if you're "dressing up" for something special at night.

Married man

"I AM a 15-year-old girl. I work in an office as a junior secretary. I wear glasses, so naturally I'm not as attractive to boys as other girls. My problem is that recently I went with a nice boy to a drive-in theatre. About two days later I was told by a friend at work that he was married and had a child. Lately he has been saying 'hello' to me, and I was wondering if I should say 'hello' back to him, or just ignore him."

"What to Do," N.S.W.

A married man who chases a 15-year-old girl deserves to be snubbed. Ignore him. And forget about your glasses complex. Plenty of boys are attracted to girls who wear them.

Nail-gnawing

"I AM 13 years old and have a problem which I'm sure a lot of other girls have, too. I bite my fingernails terribly, and I am very embarrassed when I go out. Could you please tell me how I can stop this dreadful habit?"

B.A., Tas.

Find another nail-biter among your schoolfriends and have a nail-growing competition with her.

As soon as they're long enough (they don't have to be claw-length), have a manicure session with her and put on clear or pale nail-polish. Mother may even agree to let you have a professional manicure as a reward for your perseverance. You'll be so proud of your glamorous nails that you'll hate yourself if you spoil them by gnawing and you'll try even harder the next time.

Humble home

"FOR the past two years I have been going with a wonderful boy whom I love dearly, and he returns my love. We intend to marry. But even though we should share everything, I can't confide my one problem to him. I am living with his mother and him, and they have a lovely home with every

modern convenience. He has met my family, whom he likes very much. My problem is that I have never taken him to my parents' home in another town. I cannot bring myself to do this as we are very poor and our home has few conveniences. He would not mind, but could you please tell me how to tell him, because it is making a nervous wreck of me? It may seem very paltry to anyone who has been fed from a silver spoon, but poverty is the most depressing thing in the world. I can't live a lie all my life. I love my parents very much but am unable to go home very often to see them, as I would have to take him with me. There is no one here to confide in, so please help me."

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

Poverty may be depressing, but it is nothing to be ashamed of.

Just tell your fiancé, quite matter-of-factly, that you feel it's high time you took him home to your place for a visit. If he doesn't know it already, you could mention your father's occupation, which should give him some idea of your family's financial status.

He probably has some inkling of the reason you haven't taken him home before this — unless you've been misleading him (have you?).

Whatever you do, DON'T make a "confession" of your family's lack of money. If he loves you, your humble background won't matter a hoot to him, but he'll think more of you if you make no apology for it.

Cars in her eyes

"I AM a boy of 16, and I am going steady with a girl of the same age. She is always talking about boys with sports cars who want to take her out, but says she does not realise that she does this. I wonder if she is trying to make me jealous? What would you suggest I do?"

"R.S.," N.S.W.

Tell her to go out with the boys with sports cars.

Beauty
in brief:

NECKLINES

THE girl who has a long and slender neck is definitely "in" in current fashion.

Not only that, she's also in good company — along with some of the most glamorous photographic models about the place.

Don't ever try to hide a long neck because you think you're too tall. You can't, anyway, so turn it to advantage.

You can do this in several ways — by keeping your head erect and at the same time making sure not to thrust out your chin; by searching out necklines that impart a smooth, uncluttered look, and by carefully watching the "line" of your hairdo.

By the same token, you can, of course, always accentuate the positive by sweeping your hair right up and away from the neck into a topknot.

Whatever grooming you give your face — and this goes all the way from washing to make-up — extend it to your neck at the same time.

The skin of the neck responds well to any sort of bracing treatment, so after your daily wash with soap and water (try a lemon soap with a faintly bleaching action if you like) pat the skin briskly, using a



face-cloth or even a pad of cotton-wool soaked in skin-freshener.

This is a good little pick-up to remember, especially in winter, when the throat and neck, covered up most of the time with sweaters, scarves, and the like, probably get less attention than usual.

Need I stress the need to "do" your neck — all round, front and back, and up behind the ears — whenever you make up your face? Otherwise you could look as though you're wearing a rather exotic mask.

—Carolyn Earle

A word from Debbie



AN ancient Japanese legend has it that pearls are tears shed by the moon.

But do you know how to look after them?

According to an expert, the best way to pamper your gems is as follows:

To clean real or cultured pearls, dip them quickly into lukewarm sudsy water, then rinse them in water of the same temperature.

If the gold or silver setting is very dirty, scrub it gently with an old toothbrush, but don't touch the pearl.

Never use detergent or very hot or icy-cold water. Dry with a very soft cloth. The mounting will weaken if you leave your pearls soaking—so don't.

Artificial pearls are more delicate and should be cleaned with a slightly damp chamois.

Diamonds are a girl's best friend, so you can give them the "brush off" without worrying—they don't mind.

Put your diamond ring into a solution of hot water and soap-flakes. Add a tablespoon of household ammonia.

Now brush the back and front mounting gently with a soft toothbrush. Rinse in hot water and a spoonful of ammonia.

Indulge your gems by storing them in a silk-lined box to prevent damage.

Wife unfriendly

"I HAVE quite a worrying problem — my boss' wife objects to me. My boss and I are not only good business associates but also very good friends, and this has tended to turn his wife against me. We have never shown any indication that we are more than just good friends, but she is obviously cold toward me. I try so hard to make her like me and am always polite and friendly, but to no avail. Despite this, I like her and understand how she must feel if she is jealous of me. Should I keep trying to be friends or just write it off, taking it that all wives are jealous of their husbands' secretaries?"

"Anxious," S.A.

Don't believe that all wives are jealous of their husbands' secretaries. It's not true. Admittedly there are many who are jealous without reason and many who have reason to be.

You should give the situation some honest thought and decide whether there is any danger that your boss' wife COULD have reason to be jealous of you — not because you are more than "just good friends" now but because either you or he might have feelings that could develop beyond friendship. (Many wives have an instinct about these things.)

If this is the case, you'd be wise to change your job. If you're sure it isn't, continue to be polite and friendly to her. And concentrate also on seeing that your manner toward your boss isn't familiar in any way.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts

New girl singer with pretty accent

● There have been a lot of new male faces hitting our TV screens lately, so it's nice to see one of the girls coming into the limelight — a dark-eyed 16-year-old, Denise Keene.

DENISE came to Australia three years ago from her home city of Cardiff, Wales, and already has appeared on "Sing, Sing, Sing," "Bandstand," and "Saturday Date," singing pop songs in her delightful Welsh accent.

She began singing lessons at six, and when she was 12 appeared on a Sunday afternoon TV show, singing Welsh folk songs. The show was seen in southern Scotland, western England, and all over Wales.

Denise made regular appearances on the show for 18 months and she so enjoyed it

that when she came to Australia she decided that as soon as she left school she would take up singing as a career.

But like most of the young people starting off in show business, she found herself a steady job first. "When I feel I have enough singing engagements to keep me going, I will resign my job and concentrate on my career," she said.

Denise also sings at a dance at Katoomba once a month, and is taking drama and dancing lessons as well as advanced singing. She likes to sing jazz numbers as well as pop.

"I even thought of singing a Welsh folk song, but I don't think anyone here would understand the dialect," she said.

JIMMY LITTLE has just left for a two-week tour of north-west New South Wales with Rob E.G., Noleen Batley, Lonnie Lee, Kevin Shegog, and the Dave Bridge Trio.

The gang are keeping their fingers crossed for dry weather conditions, as the last time they were out that way their cars got bogged and for two days they had no food or water. They finally found a farm and rang for some tow-trucks to haul them back to civilisation.

Jimmy, by the way, is booked solid with work until the end of November.

ELAINE McKENNA, popular Melbourne songstress who is getting more work than she can cope with in nightclubs in the States, writes that the Mapes Hotel in Reno, where she is appearing at present, is overrun with Australians.

"Lucky Starr," she writes, "is working downstairs in the lounge with Norman Kaye. Also Vicky Gayle, a dancer from Sydney, is doing a marvellous Roaring 20s act."

JUDY STONE, who is always easy to listen to, has a new single, "I Cried" (Festival 45). It's a pretty disc, but Judy sounds so broken-hearted that I nearly cried, too.

Judy, with Col Joye, The Delltones, Dig Richards, Rob E.G., The Joy Boys, Warren Carr, The Dee Jays, and Buddy Bohn are the stars on the new "Bandstand 63" album (Festival) hosted by the ever-popular Brian Henderson. Need I say more?

A FINE group of folk singers in the U.S.A. are The Journeymen. The mellow voices of Scott McKenzie, John Phillips, and Dick Weissman have produced an LP, "Coming Attraction — Live!" (Capitol).

It's a good disc if you're fond of commercial folk music. The boys' moods change as they present "Dark As a Dungeon," "Gypsy Rover," and a mad song, "Metamorphosis."

IN her column in "Housewife" magazine, Ginette Spanier, director of the House of Balmain, mentions that Helen Shapiro called in while she was in Paris.

"Helen had great poise, charming manners, hair impeccable, and wore an orange suit with a little black-and-white check blouse," she said. "In fact, there was nothing beatnikish or untidy about her."



DENISE KEENE, the 16-year-old pop singer whose Welsh accent is delighting Australian TV audiences.

Helen was in Paris to arrange to record her first disc in French and give a concert at the Olympia Music Hall.

A new Columbia LP, "Cabaret Night In London," features Helen as well as Shirley Bassey, Cliff Richard, Victor Silvester, and Bud Flanagan, so this disc should have something to suit everyone. It would make a good present if you're not sure of the kind of music your friend likes.

PAUL ANKA has a new single, "You've Got The Nerve To Call This Love," backed with "Hello, Jim" (R.C.A.) I like Paul Anka's voice, but I don't think either number is particularly out-

standing. There's a nice picture of him on the jacket, however.

Puzzle answer

Here is the answer to our puzzle on page 2:

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      1 7 3
2 1 5) 3 7 1 9 5
      2 1 5
      ---
      1 5 6 9
      1 5 0 5
      ---
        6 4 5
        6 4 5
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(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Prohlischstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

WORTH HEARING

BARTOK: Concerto for Orchestra

BARTOK used to be regarded as a bogymen of modern music, who wrote nothing but distorted melodies and dreadfully dissonant harmonies. Nowadays we have grown so used to what used to be called dissonance that even Bartok's most extreme works would not frighten most younger audiences, and Bartok — especially in his later years — did in fact write several works that are far from extreme.

In fact, I would recommend as one of the best possible introductions to contemporary music Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra — especially in the dazzling performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf recently put out by R.C.A.

This work was given its first performance by this same orchestra in December, 1944, less than a year before Bartok's death. The composer, living in New York as a refugee from Nazi-occupied Hungary, was a sick and disappointed man when he wrote it, although one would not guess it from this electrically exciting, often vigorous and sometimes playful, music. Only in the slow introduction and the passionate middle movement (called "Elegy") do we get a hint of the tragic background to the writing of the work.

The title "Concerto for Orchestra" may sound like a contradiction. But Bartok intended the work as a display piece for a virtuoso orchestra, and every player is given a chance to display his technical agility. The Boston players come through the challenge brilliantly.

— Martin Long

EVER SEEN A BEAM WALKING?

● I see that a Paris dress designer is putting out a paper throwaway party dress.

A GIRL can buy dresses in packets of six. Each one can be worn twice. The wearer then tears it up and discards it.

I congratulate the designer, former Dior man Jurgen Michaelson, 27. No, I won't attack his idea. As they say, if the foolscap fits, wear it!

But I do hope the dresses aren't inflammable. If they are, how could a lad carry a torch for a girl in one?

She might too quickly become an old flame, literally. Boys might also find some paper dresses not very conducive to romance.

You know the old saying: two's company, quarto's a crowd.

On the other hand, a dress of paper pulp could attract over-ambitious males like flies. They would probably become known to girls as *papier mashers*.

Some other paper dresses could give colds to their wearers.

I refer, of course, to ones made out of atishoo paper!

Perhaps M. Michaelson could make a raincoat to go with his dresses — out of blotting paper, naturally.

For all their novelty I must say that the new dresses won't much alter women's attitude to clothes.

Now they'll just sigh and say, "I haven't got a thing to wear."

And while there mightn't be the old maintenance problems at £8 a set, girls will still be able to take their husbands and fathers to the cleaners!

Many dress shops would have to be renamed only slightly. I suppose there'd be a crop of shops called Carbon Tons!

All in all, I like the idea fine.

Even if the paper dresses are nothing to write home about, at least they're something to write home on!

I just hope there won't be too many paper bags!

— Robin Adair

Ice-hockey champion

● One day about 11 years ago Wayne Brown decided that ice-skating was strictly for the birds. Today it's the most important thing in his life.

FOR where 11 years ago Wayne found it a lot easier to sit on the ice than to skate on it, today he's such a speedy and talented skater that he's one of Australia's top ice-hockey players.

And this is no mean achievement. Anyone who has watched this fast, furious, and exciting sport knows that it takes a skater and a half to make the grade.

Wayne, now 19, is a Glebe Lion—a member of the club which won last year's Sydney and State Cups.

The Lions then went to Melbourne to meet the Victorian premier team, St. Kilda's Black Hawks, in the first Australian Championship ever held.

Ice-hockey is a strong sport in Melbourne and the New South Welshmen were relatively "green."

Though the sport in N.S.W. goes back many years, it "died" with the closing of the Sydney Glaciarium in 1955 and

By Cynthia Robinson

has been revived only since the construction of two new rinks within the past four years.

Despite this the Lions won the championship by 5-2.

Much of the credit for this unexpected victory went to Wayne Brown, a rugged 6ft. 3in. defence player.

Possibly Wayne was the most excited member of the team, but the proudest player was Wayne's uncle, Mr. Harry Cameron, of Botany, N.S.W.

For it was Harry Cameron, a Lion in the days before the Glaciarium closed, who took Wayne for his first skating attempts and later inspired his interest in ice-hockey.

Wayne, who works 60 or 70 hours a week as a fitter, somehow finds the energy to train on the ice four nights a week in winter and to play two games a week.

His greatest disappointment was missing out on a trip to Japan for the World Ice-hockey Championships last February.

"After we won the Australian

Championship we were to go, but they just couldn't raise enough money," said Wayne.

"Still, with the sport growing the way it is in Australia (Queensland sent a team to Sydney for the first time this year), I'm sure we'll get to the World Championships before long."

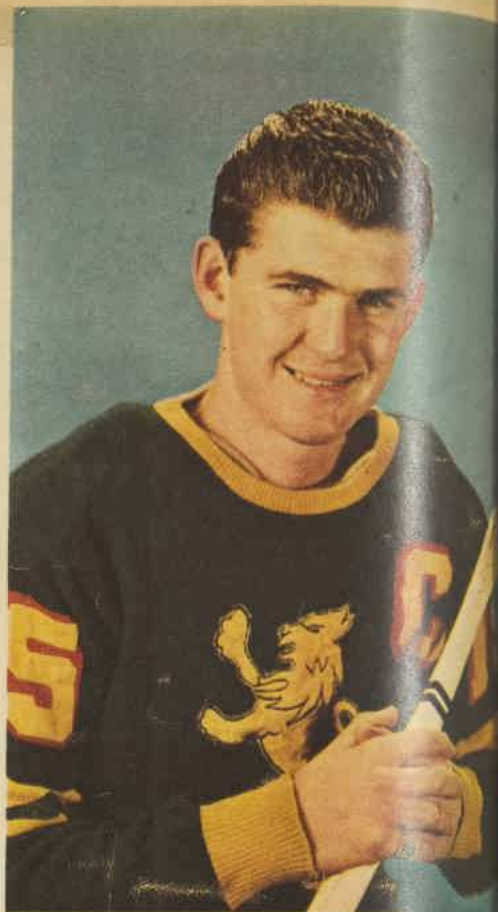
Though Wayne got engaged in June to Lesley Palmer, of Alexandria, and plans to marry in 18 months or two years, it's still true to say that skating rates as the most important thing in his life.

For if it hadn't been for skating Wayne probably never would have started taking out Lesley, who has lived just 50 yards from his home for 15 years.

"As kids we used to go skating together at the old Glaciarium," said Wayne.

"Then a couple of years ago it was skating which again brought us together. Lesley's a good skater now, and she's become a real ice-hockey fan who never misses a match."

Next week: Keith Wheeler.



WAYNE BROWN, the 6ft. 3in. 19-year-old player who last year helped Sydney's re-formed Glebe Lions defeat a Melbourne team for the Australian Ice-Hockey Championship.

